W. Connal. Junr.

HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

THE SPA HUNT.

A Sporting Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JORROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

THE SPA HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

"Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester."—
Midsummer Night's Dream.

"'Ow are ye, my lad o' wax?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, bouncing out in his sky-blue dressing-gown and slippers, as Charles Stubbs appeared at the garden-gate, where we have most unceremoniously kept him standing during his introduction.

"Delighted to see you!" continued Mr. Jorrocks, wringing his hand, and hopping about on one leg; "most 'appy, indeed! Bed for yourself—stable for your 'oss; all snug and comfey, in fact. Binjimin!—I say, Binjimin!"

"Coming, sir!—coming!" replied the boy, settling himself into a fustian coat.

"Take this 'oss to the stable, and bid Pigg treat him as one of his own—warm stall—thick

blanket—lots o' straw—and corn without end. Now, come in," said he to Stubbs, "and get some breakfast; and let's hear all about it."

Despite the disapproval of the editor of "Bell's Life," Belinda took Charles's proffered hand with a blush, and Mrs. Jorrocks re-entered the room in a clean cap and collar just as the trio were settling to breakfast. What a burst of inquiries followed!

"'Ow's the dad?" asked Mr. Jorrocks.

"'Ow did you come?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"How is your sister?" half whispered Belinda.

"Where have you been since we saw you?" was demanded before he had answered any of the preceding.

It appeared that Charles had been at home for some months, but seeing Mr. Jorrocks's advertisement for a huntsman in "Bell's Life," had determined on paying him a visit; and partly by riding, and partly by railing, had at length reached Handley Cross Spa.

We may mention that Charles had long abandoned London, and all designs on the woolsack, though he sometimes "run up" to visit his friends, Messrs. Jorrocks and Bowker. Bill still continued with Old Snarle, and Mr. Jorrocks had had the following letter from him that morning:—

"Dear Sir,—On calling to pay 'The Life' for

your advertisement of 'A hunting-man wanted,' he expressed a wish for you to contribute information respecting the sport with your hounds; and, knowing I had the honour of your acquaintance, he wished me to sound you on the subject. He says he gets lots of pot-house accounts of stag, and bag fox-hunting, with harriers, and suchlike rubbish; but what he wants is real sporting accounts of runs with superior establishments like yours. An editor, you know, can't be every where, or he would like to have a horse in every hunt in the kingdom; but he says if you would have the kindness to furnish off-hand accounts, he would spice them up with learning and Latin. He has Moore's Dictionary of Quotations, and can come the classical quite as strong as the great Mr. Pomponius Ego, who they reckon the top-sawyer in that line. Some gentlemen, 'The Life' says, send their accounts to a third party, to be copied and forwarded as from an indifferent person; but that consumes time, without answering a good end, as the utmost secrecy may be relied upon, and 'The Life' is most particular in combing them into English. In short, gentlemen unaccustomed to public writing may forward their accounts to him with perfect confidence.

"You will be sorry to hear the Slender is in trouble. He had long been suspected of certain spiritual runnings, in the shape of an illicit still, at the back of his horse-slaughtering premises in

Copenhagen Fields, and an exciseman was despatched last Thursday to watch, and, if necessary, take him. Somehow or other the exciseman has never cast up again, and poor Billy has been taken up on suspicion of having sent him to 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' I hope he has not, but time will shew.

"Susan Slummers has cut the Cobourg, and got engaged at Sadlers' Wells under the name of Clarissa Howard. I said if she was choosing a name, she might as well take a good one: she is to do genteel comedy, and is not to be called upon to paint black or wear tights. Her legs have got rather gummy of late, from too constant strain on the sinews, and the manager wanted to reduce her salary, and Susan kicked in consequence; and this reminds me that I have seen a blister in your stable—James's or Jones's, I forget which—that your groom, Benjimin, told me you applied to horses' legs when they are enlarged. Might I take the liberty of asking if you think it might be beneficially applied in this case?

"I am happy to say that tights are decidedly coming in. I was in the Park on Sunday, and saw two tremendious swells in them: one had patent leather Hessians, and rode a horse that lifted his fore-legs like your old string-haltey one lifted his hind ones; the other was a long-legged man, and rode a short-tailed cob. They both seemed well pleased with themselves.

"I hope Mr. Stubbs is well. I was sorry I was at Chambers when he called, but Mrs. B. will send his 'baccy' by the early train to-morrow. Old Snarle's business is sadly fallen off—my fees have diminished a third—and we have only half the number of pupils we had. That, however, makes no difference to me, as I never got any thing from them but sauce. I hope Mrs. and Miss Jorrocks are enjoying the pure air of Handley Cross. We are enjoying a dense yellow fog here—so thick and so damp, that the gas-lights, which have been burning all day, are hardly visible; I tripped over a child at the corner of Chancery Lane, and pitched with my head in an old chestnut-woman's roasting oven.

"P.S.—By the way, I read an advertisement in a north country paper the other day, of 'the eatage of the fog in a park to let.' I wish some one would take the eatage of it here; he'd get a good bellyful, I'm sure. Adieu. Excuse haste and a bad pen, as the pig said when he ran away from the butcher; and believe me to remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"*Lincoln's Inn, London.* "Wm. Bowker.

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Master of Fox-Hounds, &c. &c.
"Handley Cross Spa.

"Please direct to me here, as I get my letters an hour earlier."

Charles and James Pigg soon became thick; our master and they spent hours in the kennel, discussing the shape, make, and probable pedigree of each hound. The hounds were an unruly lot at first, but by dint of trashing and working they soon became handier. Reinforcements were offered from other kennels, but Pigg's experience teaching him that no one parted with any thing worth having in the middle of the season, all contributions were declined.

"We've plenty o' hunds for killin' foxes," he would say; "and a short pack's easier manish'd nor a big 'un."

Benjamin promised badly in the way of assistance, for, unless Mr. Jorrocks was present, there was no getting him to do any thing. He was fond of strutting about in his red coat, and Pigg and he looked quite different beings when properly attired in their new clothes and caps: caps which disfigure gentlemen always look well on servants.

While all this was going on, many of the Handley Crossites waxed uncommonly eager for the chase. "Oh, they would give any thing for a hunt!" and Duncan Nevin swore it was too bad, keeping his hack-hunters standing—eating their heads off.

At length the following announcement appeared in the "Paul Pry:"—

"THE HANDLEY CROSS (MR. JORROCKS'S) FOX-HOUNDS

Will meet on Wednesday next, at the 'Round-of-Beef and Carrots,' Appledove Road; and on Saturday, at the 'Mountain Daisy,' near Hookey Hutch, each morning at ten o'clock.

"N.B.—These hounds will hunt Mondays and Fridays in future."

Mr. Jorrocks's intimacy with Bowker, and *entrée* at the Cobourg, having taught him the benefits of rehearsal, it was agreed that a bye-day in Newtimber Forest on the Monday would be highly advantageous, and contribute greatly to their comfort and appearance on the Wednesday. Accordingly, Pigg was intrusted with orders for the earth-stopper, who received them too late to tell the news to many others. The secret was well kept, and our heroes went to bed, all anxious for the morning.

* * * *

Day dawned gaudily; a red sky and a watery sun raised hopes for certain disappointment.

* * * *

"Doesn't know wot to think of the mornin'," said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, as he rose, and

looked out of the window. "Bright! too fine to last, I fear."

The peacock then emerged from beneath a sun-bright laurel, and, after stretching his neck and flapping his wings, uttered a loud and piercing scream. This bird—Gabriel Junks, as he was called—belonged to the house, and was a great favourite with Mr. Jorrocks. He was a majestic peacock, of great size, and considerable age. Our master would amuse himself for hours in feeding and watching him; and Mr. Jorrocks considered him quite as good as a weather-glass.

"Dash my vig!" exclaimed he, as the scream fell on his ear, "but that's a bad sound: Gabriel Junks is seldom wrong, and I fear we are a-goin' to have weather—snow, or sleet, or vind, or summut nasty."

Still our master went on dressing; and, as he shaved, and pulled on his drab shags and tops, he kept watching the bird as it run restlessly about the garden, or mounted the garden-wall with a scream.

"*Con*found the bird!" muttered Mr. Jorrocks, every time the grating noise disturbed his thoughts. "May be wrong—'opes he is—but my corns are on his side," added he, twitching up his right foot as he spoke. "Howsomever, if we get an 'unt to-day, it will be so much out of the fire;" saying which, our master shuffled himself into a roomy

red frock, with a blue collar, and spurs in hand went down-stairs to breakfast.

"Good mornin', Belinda, my *loove*," said he, imprinting a kiss on her cheek, as she sat making breakfast, assisted by Stubbs. "Put my spurs on for me," added he, sitting down, and cocking up his leg.

"Good mornin', Charley, my bouy! 'ow does the cat jump with you? — Been out yet?"

Charles had not, but expressed an opinion that it was a fine hunting-day.

"Doesn't know vot to say about *that*," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Werry fine *now*; — 'opes it may last. Gabriel Junks is *ray*ther uneasy."

"Oh, but Gabriel is not always right, you know, uncle," replied Belinda. "You thought it would rain the day aunt put on her new bonnet because Gabriel had screamed, but it didn't do so for all that."

"True," replied Mr. Jorrocks, comforted by the recollection; "'opes he'll be wrong this time;" and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks set to most lustily at the breakfast.

Things seemed inclined to go wrong this morning. It was half-past one ere our master got away from the kennel. Every thing was ordered to be ready at ten, but when Mr. Jorrocks and Stubbs went to the stables, they found horses unsaddled, and nobody there. Benjamin was lost

and Pigg was in search of him. At eleven o'clock, Pigg returned, without having gained any intelligence of the boy. Twelve o'clock came, and still no Benjamin. Thinking that feeding-time would be sure to bring him, Mr. Jorrocks dawdled about till one, when, losing all patience, he told Pigg to get a mouthful of something to eat, and they would go away without him.

* * * *

"Never mind, I dare say we shall do quite as well without him," said Mr. Jorrocks, hoisting himself on to Arterxerxes with a swag that would have sent a light-carcassed horse over. "If I could catch him, I'd give him a wopping, jest to make him more careful in futur," added he. "Now, Pigg, you must vip into me; and Charles, if you go a *leetle* in advance, till we get clear o' the town, you'll keep the 'ounds back."

Thus arranged, they set off at a gentle trot, telling the inquirers that they were only going to exercise.

Bump, bump,—jog, jog,—on they went; Mr. Jorrocks now chiding, now coaxing, now dropping an observation fore or aft, now looking at the sky, and now at his watch.

"Dare say we shall find pretty soon," observed Mr. Jorrocks; "for they tells me the cover has not been disturbed this long time; and there's lots of lyin'—nice, and dry, and warm—foxes like

damp beds as little as Christians. Uncommon pretty betch, that Barbara,—like Bravery as two peas,—by Billin'sgate out o' Benedict, I think. 'Opes we may get blood; it'll do them a deal o' good, and make them steady for the Beef and Carrots. Ven we gets the 'ounds all on the square, we will have the great Mr. Pomponius Hego to come and give us a good hoiling. Nothin' like soap.

"Hooi! you chap with the turnip-cart!" roared our master, to a cartman coming up; "vot do you mean by stickin' your great hugly wehicle right afore my 'ounds!—Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact! I'll skin ye alive!" added he, looking at the man, who stood staring with astonishment.

At length they reached the cover side,—a long wood stretching up the sides of a gently sloping hill, and widening towards the summit. On the crown there stood a clump of Scotch firs and hollies, forming a landmark for many miles round. Turning from the highroad into a grass field on the right, the party pulled up to reconnoitre the ground, and make their final arrangements.

"Now," said Mr. Jorrocks, standing erect in his stirrups, and pointing with his whip, which had the effect of making half the pack break towards the cover,—"Now," said he, as soon as he had got them turned, "this is a good big wood—a hundred acres or more—and they tells me the

foxes generally lie on the risin' ground, towards the clump. The vind's north-west; so if we puts in at this point, we shall draw up it, and p'raps get close to the warmint at startin', which is a grand thing; but, howsomever, let's be doin'. Draw your girths, Pigg, or your 'oss will slip through his saddle. Now observe, there are three rides — one on each side, one up the middle, *all* leadin' to the clump; and there are cross ones in all directions; so no man need be afraid of losin' himself. Now let's put in. Pigg, open the wicket."

"It's locked," observed Pigg, running the hammer of his whip into the rails, throwing himself off his horse, and pulling a great clasp-knife out of his pocket as he spoke. "It always gars mar knife laugh to see a lock put upon leather," added he, drawing the huge blade across the stiff band that secured the gate. Open flew the wicket — in went the pack with a dash, a crash, and a little music from the riotous ones, which gradually yielded to the 'Have a cares!' and '*Gently*, Wenus;' 'Gently, Lousey' (Louisa), with the cracks of the whips of Mr. Jorrocks and his huntsman.

"Now, Pigg, my frind, let's have a touch o' north country science," observed Mr. Jorrocks, bringing his horse alongside of his huntsman's. "I'd like *well* to kill a fox to-day; I'd praise you werry much if we did."

"*Aye, aye*," said Pigg. "Hoic in, Lousey! Solid puddin's better nor empty praise. Have at him there, Statesman, old boy,—ye look like a finder. Deil bon me, but ar thought ar winded him at the crossin' there," added Pigg, pulling his horse short back to a cross ride he had just passed. "Hoic in there, Priestess, ould gal," said he, to an old black and white bitch, feathering round some gorse among the underwood; waving his hand as he spoke. "That's gospel, ar warrant ye," continued he, watching her movements.

"What will't tak for t'ard nag?" inquired Pigg, of a besom-maker, who now came down the ride with a wretched white Rosinante, laden with stolen brushwood.—"Have at him, there, Challenger!" speaking to a hound.

"Twenty shillin'," replied the man.

"Gie thee eight!" was the answer.—"Yooi, push him up!" to the hound.

"Tak twelve," rejoined the tinker. "Good horse—can get up of hisself, top puller and all?"

"Aye, but ye dinna want him to poole; we want him to eat," replied Pigg. "*Had still!*" exclaimed he; "*ar has him!*—TALLY HO!" roared Pigg, cramming his spurs into his horse, and dashing past Jorrocks like a shot. Out went both horns—twang—twang—twang sounded Pigg's; wow! wow! wow! went Jorrocks' in

deeper and more substantial notes, and in a very short time, the body of the pack were laid on the scent, and opened the concert with an overpowering burst of melody.

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in raptures, as each hound put his nose to the ground, and acknowledged the correctness of the scent. "Oh, beautiful indeed!" added he, thumping the end of his horn upon his thigh, as though he were cutting large gun-waddings out of his breeches. "'Ow true to the line! best 'ounds in England, by far—never were such a pack! Shall have a rare Chevy—all alone to ourselves; and when I gets home I'll write an account to 'Bell's Life,' which nobody *can* contradict. Hark forrard! hark forrard! hark forrard! away!" continued he, ramming the spurs into Arterxerxes's sides, to induce him to change his lumbering trot into a canter, which having accomplished, Mr. Jorrocks settled himself into a regular home seat in his saddle, and pounded up a grass ride through the centre of the wood in a perfect frenzy of delight, as the hounds worked their way a little to his right with a full and melodious cry.

"Hould hard, ye sackless ould man!" cried Pigg, crossing the main ride at a canter, and nearly knocking Jorrocks off his horse, as he charged him in his stride. "*Had* (hold) *bye*, *ar*

say!" he roared in his master's ear; "or ar'll be dinging on ye down—fox crossed under husse's tail, and thou sits glowerin' there and never see'd him."

Out went both the horns again—twang—twang—twang; wow! wow! wow!

"Hark together! hark! get forrard, hounds, get forrard!" cried Mr. Jorrocks, cracking his ponderous whip at some lingerers that loitered on the ride, questioning the correctness of their comrades' cry. "*Get forrard*, I say!" repeated he, with redoubled energy. "Confound your unbelevin' souls!" added he, as they went to cry. "Now they are all on him again! Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstasies. "I'll lay five punds to a fiddler's farthin' they kill him. Mischief in their cry!—a rare scent—can wind him myself." Saying which, he gathered up his reins again, thrust his feet home in the stirrups, crammed the spurs into his horse, and rolled back on the ride he had just come up. "Hark!" cried our master, pulling up short and holding his hand in the air as though he had a hundred and fifty horsemen at his tail to check in their career. "Hark!" again he exclaimed; "whoay, 'oss, whoay!" trying to get Arterxerxes to stand still and let him listen. "Now, fool, vot are you champin' the bit for?—whoay, I say! He's turned again! Hoick back!

Hoick back! They've overrun the scent," continued he, listening, as the chorus gradually died out.

"*Tally ho!*" he screamed, as a magnificent fellow in a spotless suit of ruddy fur crossed the ride before him at a quiet, stealing, listening sort of pace, and gave a whisk of his well-tagged brush on entering the copse-wood across. "*Hoop! hoop! hoop! hoop!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, putting his finger in his ear, and holloaing as loud as ever he could shout; and just as he got his horn fumbled past the guard, Dexterous, Affable, and Mercury, dashed upon the ride, lashing their sterns and bristling for blood, and Pigg appeared a little below cantering along with the rest of the pack at his horse's heels. "*Here, Pigg! there, Pigg!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks; "just by the old hoak-stump.—*Gently* now! ah, ware 'eel--that's not the vay of him; he's hover to the left, I tells ye. That's him! Mercury has him. Hoick to Mercury, hoick! *get away, get away, get away, 'ounds!* hoick together! hoick together! Oh, Pigg, wot a wopper he is!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, as Pigg joined him in the ride. "The biggest fox whatever was seen—if we do but kill him—my vig! I'll eat his tongue for supper. Have it grilled, '*cum grano salis*,' with a *lee*tle Cayenne pepper, as Pomponius Ego would say."

"Aye," replied Pigg, grinning with delight, his cap-peak in the air and the tobacco-juice

streaming down his mouth like a Chinese mandarin. "Ar'll be the *death of a shillin'* mysel'!" Saying which he hussled his horse and turned to his hounds.

Away they go again full cry across the cover to the utmost limits, and then back again to the far side. Now the fox takes a full swing round, but won't quit—now he cuts across—now Mr. Jorrocks views him, and swears he'll have his brains as well as his tongue for supper. Pigg has him next, and again comes Mr. Jorrocks' turn. "Dash my vig, but he's a tough un!" observed Mr. Jorrocks to James Pigg, as they met again on the rising ground at the top of the ride, where Mr. Jorrocks had been fifteen times and Pigg seventeen, both their horses streaming with perspiration, and the blue and yellow worsted fronts of the bridles embossed with foam. "Dash my vig, but it's a million and a half of petties," continued he, looking at his watch, and seeing it wanted but twenty minutes to four, "that we adwertised, for there's a wast o' go left in him yet, and he will take the shine out of some of our 'ounds before he is done with them—send them dragglin' 'ome with their sterns down."

"Niver fear!" exclaimed Pigg—"niver fear!—whativer ye de keep Tamboreen a rowlin'—yonder he gans! ar wish it mayn't be a fresh un. Arn't draggled a bit."

"Oh, I 'opes not!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair; "Would eat him, brush and all, sooner than that. Oh, dear! oh, dear! a fresh fox would be cruel—'ounds deserve him—worked him well."

"Now they begin to *chass!*" exclaimed Pigg, listening to the ripening chorus. "Aye, but there's a grand scent!—Ar'll be the death of a shillin' if we de but kill him. How way, ould man, how way," continued Pigg, cheeringly, jerking his arm to induce his master to follow. "Whativer ye de, keep Tamboreen a rowlin'!"

On they go—now they meet Charles, and all three are together. Again they part company for different rides, each according to his fancy. There is an evident improvement in the scent, but whether from a fresh fox, or the hounds having got nearer the hunted one, is matter of doubt. Mr. Jorrocks is elated and excited beyond expression. The hounds are evidently working the fox, but the fear of a fresh one rather mars his enjoyment. The hounds turn short, and Pigg and Charles again join Mr. Jorrocks.

"A! man alive, but they are dustin' his jacket!" exclaimed Pigg, pulling up to listen;—"iv'ry hund's at him;" saying which he pulled out a large steel box and stuffed his mouth full of tobacco.

* * * *

A sudden pause ensues—all still as death—not a note—not even a whimper!

"*Who hoop!*" exclaims Mr. Jorrocks in ecstasies—"*Who hoop!* I say—heard the leadin' 'ound crack his back! Old Cruiser for a guinea!"

* * * *

"*Yonder they gan!*" cried Pigg, pointing to a hog-backed hill on the left, over which three couple of hounds were straining to gain the body of the pack—saying which he clapt spurs to his horse and dashed off at full gallop, followed by Charles.

* * * *

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair—"wot shall I do? wot shall I do?—gone away at this hour—strange country—nobody to pull the 'edges down for me or catch my 'oss if I gets spilt, and there's that Pigg ridin' as if there was never no such man as his master. Pretty kettle of fish!" continued Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on in the line they had taken. A bridle-gate let him out of cover, and from the first hill our master sees his hounds going like pigeons over the large grazing grounds of Beddington Bottoms, with Pigg and Stubbs a little in the rear, riding as hard as ever their horses can lay legs to the ground.

* * * *

"'Ow that Scotch beggar rides!" exclaimed

Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing Pigg going as straight as an arrow, which exclamation brought him to his first fence at the bottom of the hill, over which both horsemen had passed without disturbing a twig.

"'Old up, 'oss!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, seizing the reins and whip with one hand and the cantrel of the saddle with the other, as Arterxerxes floundered sideways through a low fence with a little runner on the far side. "'Old up!" repeated he, as they got through, looking back and saying, "Terrible nasty place—wonders I ever got over;" adding, "Cuss those Seidlitz pooders! 'Eavens be praised, however, here's a gate—and a lane too," saying which he was speedily in the latter, and gathering his horse together set off at a brisk trot in the direction he saw the hounds going.

Terribly deep it was, and great Arterxerxes made a noise like the drawing of corks as he blobbed along through the stiff, holding clay.

Thus Mr. Jorrocks proceeded for some miles, until he came upon a red-cloaked gipsy wench stealing sticks from a rotten fence on the left.

"'Ave you seen my 'ounds, ould gal?" inquired he, pulling up.

"Bless your beautiful countenance, my cock angel!" exclaimed the woman, in astonishment at the sight of a man in a scarlet coat with a face to match; "You're the very babe I've been look-

ing for all this blessed day—cross my palm with a bit o' silver, and I'll tell you *sich* a fortin!'

"CUSS YOUR FORTIN!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, grinning with rage at the idea of having pulled up to listen to such nonsense.

"I hope you'll break your neck, ye nasty ugly ould thief!" rejoined the gipsy, altering her tone.

"'Opes I *sharn't*," replied Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on to get out of hearing. Away he went—blob, blob, blobbing through the deep lane as before.

"Pray, good man, 'ave you seen my 'ounds—Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact?" inquired he of a labourer scouring a fence-gutter. "Don't you 'ear me, man?" he bellowed out, as the countryman stood staring with his hand on his spade.

"I be dull of hearing, sir," at length drawled the man, advancing very slowly with his hand up to his ear.

"Oh, dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "was there ever sich a misfortinate indiwidual as John Jorrocks?—'Ark! vot's that? Pigg's 'orn? Oh, dear, only a cow! Come hup, 'oss, I say, you hugly beast!—there surely never was sich a worthless beast lapped in leather as you," giving Arterxerxes a good double thonging as he spoke. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued he, "I wish I was well back at the Cross, with my 'ounds safe in kennel.—Vot a go is this!—Dinner at five—

baked haddocks, prime piece of fore chine, Portingal onions, and fried plum-puddin'; and now, by these darkenin' clouds, it must be four, and here I be's, miles and miles away—'ounds still runnin', and adwertised for the Beef and Carrots on Wednesday—never will be fit to go, or to the Daisy either.

"Pray, good man," inquired he of a drab-coated, big-basketed farmer, on a bay cart-horse, whom he suddenly encountered at the turn of the road, "'ave you seen any thing of my 'ounds? Mr. Jorrocks' 'ounds, in fact?"

"Yes, sir," replied the farmer, all alive; "they were running past Langford plantations with the fox dead beat close afore them."

"'Ow long since, my frind?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"Oh, why just as long as it's taken me to come here—from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, not longer certainly. If you put on you may be in at the death yet."

Away went spurs, elbows, and legs, Arterxerxes was again impelled into a canter, and our worthy master pounded along, all eyes, ears, and fears.—Night drew on, the darkening clouds began to lower, bringing with them fog and a drizzling rain. "Bad go this," said Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his hand down his coat-sleeve, and raising his face towards the heavens, to ascertain the precise

amount of the fall. "Bad go, indeed. Got my Sunday 'at on, too.—Hooi, bouys! did you see th' 'ounds?" inquired he of a troop of satchel-slung youths, plodding their ways home from school.

"*Yeas*," at length drawled out one, after a good stare at the inquirer.

"'Ow long since? come, *quick*, bouy!"

"May be twenty minutes; just as we com'd past Hookem-Snivey church we see'd fox, and hounds were close behind—he was *varra* tired."

"Twenty minutes," said Mr. Jorrocks, aloud to himself; "they may be a werry long way off by this; foxes travel fast. Vich way were they goin'?"

"Straight for Staunton-Snivey," drawled the boy.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "vot a run; if we don't kill werry soon it will be pitch dark, and then there'll be a pretty kittle of fish —th' 'ounds will kill all the ship (sheep) in the country—shall have a bill as long as my arm to pay."

Fear lent fresh impetus to our worthy friend, and tightening his hold of Arterxerxes' head, who now began tripping and stumbling in a most slovenly manner, Mr. Jorrocks trotted forward, and reaching Hookem-Snivey, saw by the foot-people standing on the churchyard-wall, that the hounds were forward, he turned down a lane to

the left of the village stocks, in the direction the people were looking, and catching Staunton-Snivey steeple in the distance, set off for it as hard as ever he could tear.

Night now drew on apace, and heavy darkening clouds proclaimed a fast approaching storm. At Staunton-Snivey, he learned that the hounds had just crossed the turnpike on to the Downs, with the fox dead beat close before them; and still unwilling to give in, though every moment increased his difficulties, he groped a bridle gate open, and entered upon the wide extending Downs. The wind had now risen, and swept with uncommon keenness over the unprotected open. The drizzling rain too became changed into larger and heavier drops, and thrusting his hat over his brow, Mr. Jorrocks buttoned his single-breasted frock-coat up to the throat, and wrapping its flowing laps over his thighs, tucked them between his legs and the saddle. Dismal and disheartening were his thoughts, and many his misgivings for his rashness. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed he, "vot a most momentous crisis—lost! lost! lost!—completely lost! Dinner lost! 'ounds lost, self lost,—all lost together! Oh! vot evil genius ever tempted me from the lovely retirement of Great Coram Street? Oh! why did I neglect the frindly warnin' of Gabriel Junks? Change, change,—storm, storm,—was in every

scream, and yet I would come out. Cuss the rain, it's gettin' down my werry back, I do declare;" saying which he turned the blue collar of his coat up to his ears, and both laps flew up with a desperate gust of wind. "It's not never no use persewerin'," observed he, to himself; "may as well give in at once and 'ark back to Snivey; my Berlins too are wet through, and I shall be drenched in another second. Who-ay, 'oss! who-ay! stand still, you hugly beast, and let me listen * * *

"It *is* the 'orn, Pigg's not far off! There it goes again, but the wind carries so many ways, there's no saying whereabouts he is. I'll blow, and see if I can draw him." Mr. Jorrocks then took out his horn and puffed and blew most lustily, but the raging tempest scattered the notes before they were well out of his mouth, and having exhausted his breath, he again paused, horn in hand, to listen. Between each blast of the raging hurricane, the faint notes of the horn were audible, some coming more fully as the gale blew more favourably, and a fuller one falling on his ear, during a period of partial lull, Mr. Jorrocks determined on advancing and endeavouring to rejoin his huntsman. Night had now closed in, and even the sort of light of darkness that remains so long to the traveller who journeys onward with the closing day, deserted him,

and earth and sky assumed the same sombre hue:—

"The Dragon wing of night o'erspread the earth."

Scarce a star was visible in the firmament, and the few scattered lights that appeared here and there about the country, seemed merely snatches of hope lit up for the moment to allure and perplex the wanderer.

"If ever mortal man catches me in such a quandary as this again," said Mr. Jorrocks, "I 'opes—*oh, dear!* who's there?—Confound those Seidletz pooders!—*Speak, I say!*—vot are you?—Come up, 'oss, I say!" roared he, ramming the spurs into Arterxerxes, who had suddenly shied off with a loud snort. "Now for a murder!"

E-au, e-au, e-au, e-au, went a donkey, greatly to the relief of Mr. Jorrocks's mind, who had clenched his huge hunting-whip by the middle so as to give an assailant the full benefit of its heavy, iron-hammered head; out went his horn again, and the donkey brayed a full accompaniment.

"Oh, the deuce be with the hanimal!" cried he, "I never saw a donkey yet that knew when to hold his tongue. Oh, my vig, vot a vind! almost blows the 'orn itself; shall be blown to hatoms, I do believe. And the rain too! I really

believes I'm wet even to the waistband of my breeches; I'll lay a guinea 'at to a half-crown gossamer I haven't a dry thread upon me in half a minute. Got a five-pound note in my pocket that will be utterly ruined; serves me right, for bein' such a hass as take these 'ounds—vy wasn't I content with the old Surrey? Well; I think this night will be the last of John Jorrocks! 'Orrid termination to a hactive life; starved on a common—why even you donkey would be ashamed of such an end. There goes the vind with my 'at—lucky it's tied on," added he, trying to catch it as it dangled at his back, "or I should never have seen it no more. I 'd give fifty pounds to be back at 'Andley Cross — I 'd give a hundred pounds—oh, dear, 'ow it pours!—I 'd give two hundred pounds—yonder's a light, I declares—*two* of them—come hup, 'oss, I say. The hanimal seems to have no sense! I 'll lead you, you nasty hugly brute, for I do believe you 'll break my neck, after all;" saying which Mr. Jorrocks clambered down, and getting on to the sheltered side of the animal, proceeded to plunge and roll, and stumble across the common, with the water churning in his top-boots, in the direction of the distant lights.

After a good half-hour's roll about the open Downs, amid a most pelting, pitiless storm, our much-respected master at length neared the

lights, which he had kept steadily in view, and found they proceeded from the lamps at lodges on either side of handsome gates, betokening the entrance to a large demesne; mounting his horse, he rode quickly through the gates, and trusting to the sound of Arterxerxes' hoofs for keeping on the road, he jogged on in search of the mansion. Tall stately pines, rising like towers to heaven, with sombre yews in massive clumps, now made darkness visible, and a sudden turn of the road brought a large screen full of lights to view, some stationary, others gliding about, which acted like sun-beams on our master's mind; more grateful still was the shelter afforded by the lofty portals of the entrance, under which, as if by instinct, Arterxerxes bore his master, and then stood still to be delivered of his load. "The bell will be somewhere here, I guess," observed Mr. Jorrocks, dismounting and running his hand up either side of the door-posts. "Here's as much door as would serve Jack the Giant-killer's castle, and leave a little over." So saying, having grasped the bulky handle of a well-hung bell, he gave it such a pull as sounded throughout the edifice, and seemed as though it never would cease.

Two tall, powdered footmen, in rich scarlet and white liveries, all bedaubed with silver lace, had the folding-doors thrown back exhibiting a groom of the chamber and a lusty porter, laying

down the newspapers, and hurrying from a blazing fire in the back-ground, ere the bell had half done its vociferations.

* * * *

"Perhaps you would like to be shewn to your room, sir, as you seem wet?" observed the groom of the chamber, after a mutual stare, which Mr. Jorrocks did not seem likely to interrupt.

"*Seem* vet," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "I'm just as vet as a man can be and no vetter; but what shall I do with my 'oss? The merciful man, you know, is merciful to his beast."

"Oh, there's a stall ready for him, sir; your servant has been here this half-hour and more; I'll send the horse round for you, if you'll allow me, sir. Here, Jones, take hold of him, and you, Peters, run down-stairs and tell the coachman to come and take it round."

"Yes," added Mr. Jorrocks; "and tell Pigg to let him have some warm gruel directly. Werry clever of the chap," said he, "runnin' to ground here—seems a capital house—wot a passage! like the Thames Tunnel."

"This way, if you please, sir," said the groom of the chamber, conducting him across a magnificent old baronial hall, and turning short up a well-lit, softly-carpeted winding staircase, he preceded Mr. Jorrocks, with a chamber candle, along another lengthy gallery, all hung with

portraits of grim-visaged warriors, and pictures of ladies with small waists and large hoops. "This is *your* room, sir," said he, at length, opening a partially closed door, and ushering Mr. Jorrocks into a splendidly furnished apartment, whose blazing fire gleaming on the rich scarlet silk furniture of the bed and hangings, imparted a glow that long exposure to the unruly elements made appear quite enchanting. "'Eavens be praised for these and all other mercies!" exclaimed the grateful Mr. Jorrocks, throwing his hat and whip upon the sofa, and plunging into the luxurious depths of a many-cushioned easy chair.

"Your clothes *are* laid out, I think, sir," observed the groom of the chamber, casting a glance at another sofa on which clean linen, dress clothes, shiny thin shoes, were ranged in the most orthodox order. "Perhaps you'd like some hot water, sir?"

"Yes, I should," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "werry much — and some brandy too, if you have no objection."

"Certainly, sir," replied the well-drilled servant, giving the top log on the fire a lift so as to make it blaze, and lighting the toilet-table candles.

All this passed with such extraordinary rapidity—the events of the day had been so nume-

rous and exciting—the transition from the depths of misery to the height of luxury so sudden, and, above all, the perfect confidence of the servant so seductively convincing, that not doubting of the accuracy of every thing, and placing all to the credit of his renowned name and the acuteness of his northern huntsman, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded with the aid of a boot-jack to suck off his adhering boots, and divest himself of his well-soaked garments. The servant presently returned with a long-necked bottle of white brandy on a massive silver tray, accompanied with lemon, sugar, nutmeg, and a plate of biscuits. Seeing Mr. Jorrocks advancing rapidly to a state of nudity, he placed them on a table near the fire, and pointing to a bell beside the bed, observed that if Mr. Jorrocks would ring when he was ready, he would come and conduct him to the drawing-room.

* * * *

"I wonders if Pigg has killed the fox," observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, pouring out half a tumbler of brandy and filling the glass up with hot water. "Capital fun 'unting, to be sure," said he, sipping away; "especial ven one gets into a good quarter like this, but desperation poor fun sleepin' on a common!" and thereupon he drained off the tumbler.

"May as well vet both eyes," observed he, as

he felt the grateful influence of the brandy upon his frame, saying which he poured himself out another half tumbler, and adding sugar and lemon, drank off a good part of it, and left the remainder till he got himself washed over with cold water.

"Werry considerate this," said he,—"werry considerate, indeed," he repeated, taking up a large sponge stuck into the handle of an immense round green tin tub, shaded from the fire by a glass screen, inside of which upon a rail was hung a row of baked towels. The tub was full of cold water, so putting off his wig, Mr. Jorrocks stepped in and proceeded to wash and disport himself therein. In the midst of his ablutions the door opened, and through the glass screen he saw a servant in a dark coat and scarlet waistcoat enter, and hastily retire as he caught a glimpse of our hero squatting like a white Hottentot in the water;—out Mr. Jorrocks got and bolted the door, and hearing something going on in the passage he listened for a moment and caught divers scraps of conversation, apparently between a servant and his master, such as, "Why, you stupid fool, don't you know the room? You are the greatest ass, certainly, that ever a man encumbered himself with."

"Beg pardon, sir, I could have sworn that was the room."

"Stuff and nonsense! look along the passage, the doors are all so much alike, no wonder a fool like you is puzzled;" saying which the voices moved along, and Mr. Jorrocks heard knocking and opening of doors all along the gallery, until they gradually died away in the distance. Our hero had just done with his tub, and finished his brandy and water, when the sound of returning footsteps again drew his attention to his door, and an angry voice and a meek one sounded alternately through the panel.

"Now what are you staring there about, you great idiot—keeping me shivering in my wet clothes. If this *is* the room, why don't you knock?"

"Please, sir, there's a gentleman in."

"How do you know?

"Saw him, sir."

"Then it can't be my room."

"Laid your clothes out in it howsomever, sir."

"How do you know this is it?"

"Because I tied this bit of straw round the handle of the door."

"Then knock and ask the gentleman to let you in, and get my clothes out again. You've put them into the wrong room, that's the long and short of the matter—stupid fool!" The servant ventured a very respectful double knock.

"WHO'S THERE?" roared Mr. Jorrocks, with a voice of thunder.

"Beg pardon, sir,—but I think I've made a mistake with master's clothes."

"NO YOU HAVEN'T!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, in the same sweet tone as before.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," rejoined the servant.

"NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED?" roared the master in the Jorrockian strain. "Go along, you fool, and seek a servant."

* * * *

In a few minutes there was a renewed and increased noise outside, and Mr. Jorrocks recognised the voice of his friend the groom of the chamber.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, through the door, "would you allow me to speak to you for a a moment?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "talk through the door."

"Would you oblige me with your name?"

"Why, Mr. JORROCKS, to be sure! The M. F. H.! Who else could it be?"

"I fear, sir, there's a mistake. This room was meant for Captain Widowfield. Those are his clothes."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks. "Didn't Pigg tell you I was comin'?"

"It was the captain's servant I took for yours, sir."

"*Humph!*" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, "that won't do; at all ewents, I can't part with the garments."

"I will thank you, sir, to let *my* servant remove *my* clothes from *my* room," observed Captain Widowfield, in a slow, determined tone through the door.

"My good frind," replied Mr. Jorrocks, altering his manner, "'ow is it possible for me to part with the garments when I've nothing of my own but wot's as drippin' wet as though I'd been dragged through the basin of the Paddington Canal?"

"I have nothing to do with that, sir?" replied the captain; "I am wet myself. *Will you open the door, I say?*"

"*No I von't,*" replied Mr. Jorrocks, "and that's the plain English of it!" Saying which he marched back to the fire with the air of a man resisting an imposition, and mixed himself another tumbler of brandy and water.

It may be well here to mention that the mansion in which Mr. Jorrocks so suddenly found himself was Onger Castle, where Michael Hardy, the founder of the hunt, found himself at the end of his long and successful run. The vicissitudes of many years had thrice changed the ownership of the castle since the day when the good earl greeted our primitive sportsman on killing his

fox before the castle windows, and the present possessor was nephew to that nobleman, who having that day attained his majority, was about to celebrate the event among a party of friends and neighbours.

Having waited until half-past six to welcome Captain Widowfield, before dressing, his lordship at length concluded the storm had prevented his coming; and the party, consisting of five or six and twenty, were in the act of retiring to their respective apartments to prepare for dinner, when Walker, the aforesaid groom of the chamber, came hurrying along, pale in the face from the *parley* in the passage, followed by the captain in a high state of exasperation, to announce the appearance of an uninvited guest. No sooner was the name "Jorrocks" announced, than a shout of triumph and a roar of laughter burst from all present; and after learning the particulars of his arrival, which seemed to fill every one with ecstasies, (for during the long wait before dressing, they had talked all their absent friends over,) his lordship begged the gallant captain to be pacified, and put up with a suit of his clothes for the evening.

"It was of no use being angry with such a man as old Jorrocks," he observed, "whom general report allowed to be mad; and he trusted the amusement he would afford the company would

atone for the inconvenience he had subjected his good friend the captain to."

The doctrine, though any thing but satisfactory to a man burning for vengeance, seemed all the consolation the captain was likely to get, as returning with Walker, he borrowed the roomiest suit of Lord Bramber's clothes, and while attiring himself in them, he considered how best he could have his revenge.

Meanwhile our hero, having disposed of a third tumbler of stiff brandy and water, which contributed materially to the restoration of his usual equanimity, he began to appropriate the clothes so conveniently laid out on the sofa.

Captain Widowfield was a stout big fellow, as bulky as Jorrocks, and much taller, and being proud of his leg, was wont to adorn his lower man in shorts on high days and holydays; so having drawn on a pair of fine open-ribbed black silk stockings, over the gauze ones, Mr. Jorrocks speedily found himself in a pair of shorts, which, by dint of tight girthing, he managed to bring up to the middle of his calves. The Captain's cravat was of black satin, the waistcoat a white one, articles, as Mr. Jorrocks observed, that could be reefed or let out to fit any one, and having plunged into the roomy recesses of a blue coat, with conservative buttons, he surveyed the whole in the swing-mirror, and pronounced them "werry

good." He then exchanged the captain's worsted worked slippers for his patent leather pumps, and the brandy acting forcibly on an empty stomach, banished all diffidence, and made him ring the bell, as though the house were his own.

* * * *

"You've got me into a pretty scrape with the Earl," said Walker, entering the room; "I thought you were Captain Widowfield."

"Did you?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, placing himself before the fire with a coat-lap over each arm.—"You'll know better another time.—But tell me what Hearl is it you are talkin' about?"

"The Earl of Bramber, to be sure," replied the servant.

"This is his shop, is it?" inquired Jorrocks—"Onger Castle, in fact?"

"Yes; I thought you had been one of the party when I shewed you in here," replied Walker.

"Oh, never mind," said Mr. Jorrocks, "where there's ceremony there's no frindship—I make no doubt I shall be werry welcome—See; there's five shillin's for you," giving him a dollar. "You mus'n't let the captain in here though, mind. Now tell me, is there any grub to get?"

"Dinner will be served in a quarter of an hour."

"*Dinner!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at his watch; "ten minutes past seven, and not dined yet; what will the world come to next?"

Walker then conducted him down-stairs, and ushered him into a splendid drawing-room, brilliantly lighted up, whose countless mirrors multiplied his person a hundred times. The housemaids were just giving the finishing sweep to the grates, and the footmen lighting the candles and lamps, when our master entered; so making up to a table all covered with pamphlets and papers, he drew an easy chair towards it, and made himself comfortable.

Lord Bramber was the first to enter. He was a tall handsome young man, of delicate appearance and gentlemanly manners. He wore mustachios, and was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with a white waistcoat.

Seeing a stranger, he had no difficulty in settling who he was, so he advanced with a bow, and extended his hand to greet him.

Mr. Jorrocks was on his legs in an instant.

"My Lord, '*necessitas non habet legs*,' as that classical stable-man, Pomponius Hego would say —or, ''unger makes a man bold,' as I would say—I'm werry glad to see you," saying which he shook his lordship's hand most severely.

"Thank you," replied Lord Bramber, smiling

at his guest's hospitality; "hope you left Mrs. Jorrocks well."

"Thank'e," said Mr. Jorrocks, "thank'e, my lordship," as the existence of his better half was brought to his recollection; "'opes I sharn't find her as I left her."

"How's that? I hope she is not unwell?" inquired his lordship with feigned anxiety.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "but I left her in a werry bad humour, and I 'opes I shall not find her in one when I gets back,—*haw, haw, haw,*—suppose your 'at (hat) covers your family—wish mine did the same; for betwixt you and I and the wall, my lordship, women are werry weary warmints. I say, a gen'leman should do nothin' but 'unt,—it's the sport of kings, the image of war, without its guilt, and only half its danger. You've got a werry good house here—capital house, I may say," added he, surveying the rich green silk furniture and gilding of the room.—"Wonder how long this room is? Forty feet, I should say, if it's a hinch;—let's see." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks, having set his back against the far wall, took a coat-lap over each arm, and thrusting his hands into Captain Widowfield's breeches pockets, proceeded to step the apartment. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,

fourteen, fifteen, sixteen;" when he was interrupted by the opening of the door, and entrance of some of the guests. He was introduced to each in succession, including Captain Widowfield, a big, red-whiskered, choleric-looking gentleman, to whom our worthy master tendered the hand of fellowship, in perfect ignorance of his being the person with whom he had held communion sweet through the door.

Dinner was then announced.

We suppose our readers will not care to have the names of the guests who sat down to the banquet, or yet the wines or viands that constituted the repast; suffice it to say, that the company consisted chiefly of people in the neighbourhood, sprinkled with a few idle Honourables, who lend themselves out to country-houses in the dull season, and the best French and English cookery furnished the repast.

Every body, save Captain Widowfield, drank wine with Mr. Jorrocks, and before the dessert appeared, the poor gentleman, what from the effects of brandy on an empty stomach before dinner, and wine on a full one during it, began to clip Her Majesty's English very considerably. "Never were such 'ounds as mine," he kept hiccupping, first into one neighbour's ear and then into another. "Never were such 'ounds,

(hiccup) certainly—hurrah, I say, (hiccup) Jorrocks is the boy! Forrard! hark forrard, away! (hiccup.) You must come and 'unt with me," hiccupped he to the gentleman on the left. "Beef and Onions on Wednesday, (hiccup)—Candid Pig—no, Mountain-Daisy, (hiccup)—Saturday—James Pigg is a real warmint (hiccup)—a trump, a real trump, (hiccup) and no mistake. Give me port, none of your clarety wines."

The Earl of Bramber's health, of course, was proposed in a bumper, with "all the honours." Mr. Jorrocks hooped and holloaed at the top of his voice, an exertion that put the finishing stroke to his performances, for on attempting to resume his seat he made a miscalculation of distance, and fell with a heavy thump upon the floor. After two or three rolls he was lifted into his chair, but speedily resumed his place on the floor, so Walker was summoned with two stout footmen to carry him to bed.

Captain Widowfield followed to make sure of his clothes: the gap caused by Mr. Jorrocks's secession was speedily closed in, and the party resumed the convivialities of the evening.

The room to which our master was transferred was the dressing-room, over a large swimming-bath, on the eastern side of the castle, and very cozily he was laid into a little French bed.

Walker wound up his watch, Captain Widowfield walked off with his clothes, and our drunken hero was left alone in his glory.

The events of the day, together with the quantity of brandy and wine he had drank, and the natural fatigue consequent upon his exertions, combined to make Mr. Jorrocks feverish and restless, and he kept dreaming, and tossing, and turning, and tumbling about, without being able to settle to sleep. First, he fancied he was riding on the narrow parapet of a lofty bridge; next, that he was benighted on the common, and getting devoured by shepherds' dogs; then, that having bought up all the Barcelona nuts in the world, and written to the man in the moon to secure what were there, he saw them become a drug in the market, and the firm of Jorrocks and Co. figuring in the "Gazette."

Now he fancied he was Mr. Pickwick, and could not get his black gaiters buttoned. Next, that he had got one of James Pigg's legs and one of his own—that on examination they both turned out to be left ones, and he could not get his top-boots on. Now that he was half-famished, and chained to a wall in sight of a roast goose—anon, that the Queen had sent chummy Jones to say she wanted to dance with him, and he could not find his pumps; "No! give him all the world, sir, he could not find his pumps." Then

he got back to the chase, and in a paroxysm of rage, as he fancied himself kicking on his back in a wet ditch, with Benjamin running away with his horse, his dreams were interrupted by a heavy *crack*, *bang*, *splash* sort of sound, and in an instant he was under water. All was dark and still. His dreams, though frightful, had all vanished as he awoke, and after rising to the top he waited an instant to see if this would not do likewise; but the sad reality was too convincing, so he began bellowing, and roaring, and splashing about in a most resolute manner.

"*Hooi! hooi! hooi!*" spluttered he, with his eyes and mouth full of water. "*'Elp! 'elp! 'elp! 'elp!* I'm drownin', I'm drownin'!—Mr. Jorrocks is drownin'—oh, dear, oh, dear, will nobody come?—Oh, vere am I? vere am I? Binjimin! I say, Binjimin! James Pigg! James Pigg! James Pigg! Batsay! Batsay!"

"What's happen'd? what's happen'd? what's happen'd? Who's there? who's there? Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed half-a-dozen voices at once, rushing with candles into the gallery of the swimming-bath.

"Vot's 'appen'd?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, blobbing and striking out for hard life with his white cotton night-capped head half under water; "Vy, I'm drownin'.—'Elp! 'elp! 'elp, I say! Oh, vill nobody come to 'elp?"

"Throw out the rope! throw out the rope!" cried half a dozen voices.

"No; get a boat," responded Mr. Jorrocks, thinking there was little choice between hanging and drowning. "Oh dear, I'm sinkin', I'm sinkin'!"

"Come to this side," cried one, "and I'll lend you a hand out;" thereupon Mr. Jorrocks struck out with a last desperate effort, and dashed his head against the wall.

They then pulled him out of the bath.

* * * *

CHAPTER II.

"Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst."—Thomson.

"Well, I can't stand it any longer, so it's no use trying," said Charles Stubbs to himself, turning his horse's head in the direction of a light he saw gleaming past a window on the left of the road.

Having about got through his horse, and lost Pigg and the hounds, he had taken temporary refuge at a small public-house, which he had imprudently left, in hopes of regaining Handley Cross that night.

After much casting about in the dark, with the imperfect and contradictory directions usually obtained from peasants in remote parts, Charles's perseverance at length failed him, and he resolved to give in.

The night was drear and dark — the wind

howled and whistled with uncommon keenness—and the cutting hail drifted with the sharpness of needles against his face. Horse and rider were equally dispirited.

Having formed his resolution, Charles was speedily at a white gate, whose sound and easy swing denoted an entrance of some pretension.

A few seconds more, and he was under the lee of a large house. Having dismounted, and broken his shins against a scraper, he at length discovered a bell-pull in the door-post, which, having sounded, the echoing notes from afar proclaimed the size and importance of the mansion.

All was still, save the wild wind, which swept over the lawn, dashing a few straggling leaves about with uncommon fury. Charles stood dripping and shivering, with his horse in his hand, but no one came—all was still within. Another pull sounded through the house, and a third succeeded that. At length, in a partial lull, a soft female voice was heard through the door, inquiring, "Who was there?"

"*Me!*" exclaimed Charles; "Charles Stubbs!—a benighted fox-hunter—been out with Mr. Jorrocks' hounds."

"Master's gone to bed," replied the servant, drawing the bolts and chain as she spoke; and just as she began to open the door, a sudden gust of wind extinguished her candle.

"I'll run for a lantern," exclaimed she, shutting to the door, leaving Charles stamping and thumping himself with his hands. Presently she returned with a dark lantern, with the slide up, which threw a light over the horseman without discovering the holder.

The sight of a red coat banishing fear, she closed the door after her, and informed Charles that master was gone to bed, and the butler too, but she would shew him the stable, and get a man to take charge of his horse. The Yorkshire nag seemed to understand the arrangement, for he immediately gave himself a hearty shake, as if to say that his labours were done at last.

The maid led the way, and on they went to the stable. It formed a wing of the house, and a groom, sleeping above, being roused from his bed, came with the alacrity usually displayed by servants in the service of a red coat.

Indeed, as Mr. Jorrocks says, there's no colour like scarlet. In it, a man winks at the women, rings at your bell, orders your brandy, rides through your garden, and all in the style of doing you a favour. The half-dressed groom would whole-dress the horse, and get him some gruel, and clothe him well up, and litter him well down; and as he hissed, and pulled at the horse's ears, he paused every now and then and grinned with delight at Charles's account of the sport.

"A', it must have been a grand run!" exclaimed he; "and where did you kill him?"

"Don't know that," replied Charles; "we got upon the Downs, when it became absolutely racing—the fox going in the teeth of the wind, and no one with the hounds but the huntsman, and a farmer who cut in during the run. I got into a bog, and the hounds ran clean out of sight before I recovered my horse, and night came on without my even being able to hear or see any thing more of them."

"Dear!" exclaimed the groom, "you don't say so!—that *was* a bad job; and was Squire Jorrocks not up?" thereupon the groom dived elbow-deep into the gruel-pail, and, lifting it up, the horse quaffed off the contents like a basin of soup. Blankets and bandages came warm from the saddle-room fire, and having seen his horse well done by, and told the groom all he could about the run, Charles again sought the shelter of the house.

The maiden had returned there after providing the gruel, and was ready to open the door as she heard Charles approach. "She would shew him into the parlour," she said, "where there was a good fire;" and forthwith led the way up a long passage, with a couple of steps in the centre. The parlour was evidently the master's room—the *sanctum sanctorum*—a small snuggery, with book-

shelves on two sides—guns, swords, game-bags, powder-tryers, fishing-rods, &c., on the third—and a red-curtained window on the fourth; a round table, with the fragments of dessert, an empty and a half-empty decanter stood before the fire, while a well-used red morocco easy chair stood on one side of the table.

"A bachelor," said Charles to himself, glancing at the table and chair, and then at the pretty maid whose cork-screw curls dangled down her healthy cheeks, despite the unruly elements to which they had just been exposed; "clear case that, I think," said he, eyeing the fit of her nicely done-up blue cotton gown, and well-turned ankles, with broadish sandalled shoes; "no misses would keep such a pretty blue-eyed maid as that," said he to himself.

"Would you like to take any thing, sir?" inquired she, lighting the wax-candles, and casting a look of commiseration at Charles's wet breeches.

"Nothing, thank you, my pretty dear, except —a kiss," giving her ruby lips a smack that sounded along the passage.

"*Hush!*" exclaimed she, colouring up, in alarm, "Mrs. Thompson will hear."

"And who's Mrs. Thompson?"

"The housekeeper, to be sure; she's just gone to bed."

"Well, if that's the case," replied Charles, "I

think I should like a little sherry-and-water, or something," lifting up the half-emptied decanter, "if you could get some hot water and sugar; or never mind the sugar, if Mrs. Thompson's got the keys."

"Oh, I'll get you both," replied blue-eyes, tripping away.

Charles now began to reconnoitre the apartment. Taking a light, he proceeded to examine the book-case. There was a curious mixture:—Burns's Justice and the Gentleman's Magazine; Statutes at Large and Anderson's Agriculture; the Tatler and Pope's Homer; Don Quixote and the Old Sporting Magazine; Seneca's Morals and Camden's Britannia; Osbaldestone's British Sportsman; Calamy's Sermons and Adam's Essays; Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary and Sidney's Arcadia; Dacier's Plutarch and White's Farriery.

"Sporting parson, perhaps," thought Charles to himself. "No, that can't be," continued he; "no bachelor parsons—at least, not with such houses as this. Some young man just come to his fortune, most likely, and hasn't had time to pick up a wife yet. No, that won't do; a young 'un wouldn't be in bed so soon as this." Blue-eyes interrupted the speculation by appearing with a tray containing a nice plate of ham-sandwiches, hot water, sugar, lemon, nutmeg, &c.

"You're a darling!" exclaimed Charles, squeez-

ing her hand as she placed them on the table: "By Jove, there's no work done with *that*," said he to himself, as she ran out of the room; "soft as a mowdy-warp!"

Charles took the red morocco chair, and mixing himself some negus, re-commenced his speculation on the probable station of his host. The books and the blue-eyes, and the guns and the soft hand, confused him; and the more he thought, the nearer he was falling asleep—the farther from arriving at a conclusion.

"Master's gone to bed," muttered Charles, recollecting the little maid's first observation. "No mistress, that's clear;" and thereupon he drained off his tumbler, and filled up another. "Curious assortment of things he has in his room," thought Charles, looking about him. "I don't see a hunting-whip;" and having satisfied himself on that point, without moving from his chair, he commenced a vigorous attack on the ham-sandwiches.

* * * * *

"Shall I shew you to bed?" inquired the little maid, peeping in at the door just as Charles was dropping asleep.

"If you please, my dear!" replied he, starting up, rubbing his eyes, and draining off the tumbler of sherry-and-water that had been cooling at his elbow.

The maiden lighted a flat candle, and proceeded to lead the way up a wide, black oak stair-case, whose massive, shining banisters were ornamented with carved birds, monkeys, guinea-pigs, and other specimens of zoology, at the turns of the frequent landings. The wind had lulled, and the heavy ticking of a large black-faced time-piece with gilt figures was all that disturbed the monotony of night.

Lightly following his fairy guide, an involuntary hope came over Charles that he might not make the acquaintance of his host through the medium of a horse-pistol cocking at him through one of the black doors as they passed. Turning from the wide passage, up a narrower one on the left, a gleam of light, through a partially closed door, shewed the termination of his travels, and throwing it open, a large poker in a downward slant, evinced the activity of the little maid, who had lighted the fire, got the room ready, and all the little arrangements made, while Charles was busy with his negus and speculations.

We need scarcely say that the room was not that bugbear to humble minds — the best one in the house, up whose lofty beds short-legged men swarm, as though they were climbing a tree, but it was one of those betwixt-and-between sort of apartments, that, like the pony in a stable, comes in for most of the work. The bed was ex-

ceedingly low, scarcely two feet from the ground, and stood in the centre of the room, with the head against the wall and the feet towards the fire. The curtains were of thick but faded orange damask, and the counterpane was patchwork of many colours. Round the bed was a slip of black and red carpeting; another piece lay before a dressing-table, on which was a curious old black and gilt Chinese-patterned looking-glass, with many drawers, and the thoughtful little maiden had placed another piece of carpeting under the foot-bath before the fire. The rest of the floor was bare, and there was a large black oak press in the corner, with richly carved festoons above the drawers, and coats of arms emblazoned on the panels.

"Shall I take your coat down to dry?" inquired the little maiden, slipping the poker out of the fire.

"If you please," replied Charles; "but first you must help me out of it." Whereupon she put down the poker, and taking hold of the cuff, Charles drew himself out of the adhering garment. "Now," said he, giving her the wet scarlet and a kiss at the same time, which produced a corresponding effusion in her cheeks; "how shall I know about getting up in the morning?"

"Oh, Aaron will call you!" replied the little

maid, seizing the poker, and hurrying out of the room.

"Aaron will call me!" repeated Charles, returning from chasing her to a green baized door at the end of the passage. "Aaron will call me! — what a queer name for a servant! — Wonder what the master is? Aaron! — 'Gad, he must be a priest, and Aaron is his clerk and valet-de-chambre. No, that can't be either, for here's a boot-jack, a thing one never meets with in a parson's house; and, as I live! no end of sporting pictures," added he, holding his candle to the wall.

Sure enough, there were Loraine Smith's famous pictures of the Quorn Hunt, the progenitor of the now innumerable race of sporting prints; "Bagging the Fox;" "The Rendezvous of the Smoking Hunt at Braunstone," in which gentlemen appear with great meerschaums in the mouths; "The Loss of the Chaplain," exhibiting a reverend gentleman somewhat in Mr. Jorrocks' predicament — in danger of drowning, if he were not in equal danger of hanging; "The Meeting at Grooby Pool;" "The Victory of obtaining the Brush," &c.; all stretched on canvass, with broad gilt borders, and ranged round the room. Above the fireplace was a portrait of an old gentleman in a cocked hat, a gold-laced blue coat, with a snuff-box in one hand, and the other resting on the head of a greyhound, whose master seemed

to look upon Charles, as he sat up to his knees in hot water, in any thing but a patronising way.

"Should this be my host, or even my host's father or grandfather," thought Charles to himself, "perhaps he may not be over glad to see me; however," added he, "'enough for the day is the evil thereof;'" so, exchanging his damp shirt for a nice well-aired cotton one, with the initials J. W. F., on one side, and rejecting both a double and single nightcap, laid out for his choice, he put out his candle, and turned into bed.

* * * * *

Sound and healthy were his slumbers; — day dawned without his waking, and neither the darting rays of a dazzling sun brightening the moreen curtains through the chinks of the shutters, nor the noisy tick of the passage clock, had any influence on his sleep.

At length he started up, as a sledge-hammer sort of thump sounded on the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed he, involuntarily, the exertion of which awoke him to a recollection of the past and a sense of his situation. "How deuced awkward!" thought he to himself, looking at a great bell-tassel hanging above his head, and considering whether he should pull it or not,—

"Thump!" went the door again, and no mistake.

"Come in!" exclaimed Charles; but still no one entered. "Must get up at all events," reasoned Charles;—"must be eight, at least;" looking at the rays of sunshine shooting into the room. Just as his hand grasped the bell-pull,

"Thump!" went somebody at the door again.

"COME IN!" roared Charles, for the third time, but still the door remained closed. Just as he was debating whether to ring the bell or compose himself for another nap, the door opened, and a slow, heavy foot paced steadily across the room to the window. Drawing aside the window-curtain, the heavy cross-bar swung lengthways in the shutter, which being folded exhibited the person of the intruder.

He was an elderly, clumsily built, middle-sized man, with a brown scratch-wig surmounting a square, thick-featured, unmeaning countenance. A schoolboy's turnip lantern would, perhaps, convey the best idea of the style of his much-tanned face and features. He was dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, loose buff waistcoat, puddingy-white neckcloth, drab kerseymere breeches; and his swelling calves and enormously thick ankles were cased in white lamb's-wool stockings; thick shoes, with leather strings, completed his costume. Having opened the shutters,

he stumped to the foot of the bed, and placing himself right in the middle, thus delivered himself in good set Zummerzetzhire,—

"Pleaz, zur, meazter gettin oop."

"Thank you, Aaron!" exclaimed Charles, never doubting his man. "Pray can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

"I'll zee, zur," replied Aaron, after a pause, stumping out of the room to consult the passage clock.

"What a man it is!" exclaimed Charles, burying his face in the pillow, as he roared with laughter at his unmeaning, cast-iron countenance. "What *can* his meazter be!" Presently creak, creak, creak, announced old heavy-heels returning. Placing himself in his old position, exactly at the centre of the bed, he thus delivered himself,—

"Pleaz, zur, it's nineteen minutes past nine. Will you pleaz, zur, to want any thing more?" at length inquired the stupid old man.

"*More!*" thought Charles, "why, I've got nothing as yet;" wishing he had his female valet-de-chambre of the previous night back instead of old Aaron. "Yes, I should like some warm water for one thing, and my boots cleaned for another," looking at his mud-stained tops standing against a chair near the foot-bath. Razors, brushes, combs, sponges, and a host of etceteras,

flitted across his mind, but considering the slowness of Aaron, and the state of his raiment, Charles thought he had better do with as little as possible. Out, then, old Aaron stumped, and Charles was left alone to his reflections.

"Confounded awkward!" said he to himself, ruminating on his situation. "Suppose there's a mistress or young misses, what a figure I shall cut at a breakfast-table! Leathers like parchment, boots all dirt, neckcloth spoiled; better start off, and take my chance on the road, or breakfast when I get home." Then the recollection of the previous night deranged his reasoning. The little snuggery, the solitary easy chair, the remnants of dessert instead of tea, and the little blue-eyed maid, all savoured of bachelorism; so dismissing the lady consideration from his mind, he again applied himself to the question as to what his host could be. Aaron and the blue-eyed maid were inconsistent. Such a pretty little girl, and such a very ugly old man—one so sharp, the other so slow—"and yet what a stupe I am," continued Charles; "Aaron's just the sort of man to keep in the house with a pretty girl;" and thereupon his host assumed the character of a fox-hunter, and Charles felt as if he knew him already.

"No, that won't do," continued Charles, demolishing the vision he had just conjured up;

"she wouldn't have blushed so if she'd been used to kissing;" and thereupon his spirits fell below zero. Stump, stump, stump, creak, creak, creak, came old heavy-heels along the passage, disturbing Charles's reverie as well by his footsteps as his sledge-hammer thumps at the door. Thrice did he thump ere he would enter, and at length, when he did, having deliberately deposited a can of hot water on the wash-hand stand, he laid Charles's scarlet coat exactly in the centre of the table, and resuming his old position at the foot of the bed, cast his unmeaning eye towards the pillows, and drawled out,—

"Pleaz, zur, do you pleaz to want any thing elze?"

"Nothing but my boots cleaned!" exclaimed Charles, exhausted by his slowness, "though, perhaps," added he, as Aaron was stumping away, "you may as well make my compliments to your meazter, and say that a gentleman, who lost his way out with the hounds yesterday, wishes to pay his respects to him at breakfast,—or rather, (aside) to his breakfast."

"Yeaz, zur," replied Aaron, trudging out. Up Charles jumped, and, making for the window, surveyed the prospect outside.

Immediately below the terrace was an ill-kept garden, divided by massive clipt yew-hedges, opening by antique white gates upon an undu-

lating park, girded by a river. A few cows stood listlessly to the sun, and two or three mares and yearlings scratched themselves with the lower branches of the trees with which the park was plentifully studded. The tufty grass shewed the land was not overstocked. Beyond the river a rich grazing vale stretched to distant hills, whose blue undulating outlines closed the horizon.

Having made his survey, Charles proceeded to dress. "Wish I had little blue-eyes to get me what I want," thought he, pulling on a stained stocking, and looking at his shirt where the wet had soaked through his coat. Just then old Aaron was heard plodding back with his boots, which having placed at the door, he gave a loud thump, and asked if Charles wanted any thing more.

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, opening the door, and taking in the dingy tops; "but tell me, what did your master say to my message?"

"He said varra well," replied Aaron, stroking his hand over his wig.

"He said varra well," repeated Charles, shutting the door in disgust; "what an inhospitable answer—fear he's no fox-hunter—would have been up with shaving-pot and razors before this; however, never mind, I'll soon be back to old J. and Belinda." So saying, he began handling his leathers; they were tolerably dry, except at the knees, but were desperately the worse for wear—

large mud-stains disfigured their creamy colour, and there was a great black patch down one side, where he had rolled in the bog. However, he coaxed himself into them, and, pulling on his boots, he made the best he could of his damaged blue neckcloth, while his plaid waistcoat and red coat felt grateful for their acquaintance with the fire.

He was now ready for a start; and, the passage-clock striking ten, in an Aaron-like pace Charles made for the sound, and soon got into the gallery he had traversed over-night. Descending the monkey-staircase, he found his friend Aaron standing with his ear at a door, listening, like a terrier at a rat-hole; Charles would feign have had a word with him, but Aaron gave him no time for inquiry, by opening the door, and discovering the top of a well-powdered head, with a pig-tail cocking above the red morocco chair.

"*The* gentleman, sir," said Aaron, advancing to the back of the chair.

Up jumped a little red-faced old gentleman, who, depositing a newspaper on the breakfast-table, made a profound Sir Charles Grandison salaam as he presented a full front to the enterer.

He was dressed in a single-breasted high-collared blue coat, with large silver buttons, white cravat, with a black one over it, buff waistcoat, with flap-pockets, cut out over the hips, yellow

leather breeches, and rose-coloured top-boots, buckling round his knees with broad leather boot-garters.

Charles bowed in return, and thinking what a sorry figure his much-stained clothes must cut by the spotless ones before him, began muttering something about fox-hunting, boldness, benighted, hospitality, hungry—the little old gentleman jerking and bowing all the time, and motioning him into a chair on the other side of the round table.

Glad to hide his dilapidations under the table, Charles sidled to the seat, and, tucking his napkin under his waistcoat, cast his eye round the apartment, and then began to reconnoitre the well-furnished breakfast-table.

His host resumed his seat, and jerking out his short legs as though he were on horseback, fixed his little black eyes upon Charles, and opened a voluble battery with — "Charming sport fox-hunting!—was a *great* sportsman myself!—one of the fastest of the fast—long since now—days of Hugo Meynell, in fact—have often sat up in the saddle-room at Quorn playing cards till it was time to go to cover. Those *were* the days! No such young men now—degenerate race, quite—horses too, all good for nothing—bad and weedy—no welters—shall never see such horses or hunting again as we used then—real science of the thing exploded—all riding and racing—no such

men as old Meynell—one of your lasters. Swell masters ruin a country—go a burst, and are done—foxes now run short and bad—worse than hares—if it wasn't the grass the thing would be over. Pray make yourself at home. Take tea or coffee? None of your flagon-of-ale and round-of-beef breakfasts nowadays — slip-slop, wishy-washy, milk-and-water, effeminate stuff—spoil nerves—no such riders as there used to be. Cold fowl on the side-board—Aaron will bring some hot sausages directly. Turf seems all rotten—saw O'Kelly's young Eclipse win the Derby in 1781—horses *were* horses then—Eclipse—Florizel—Highflyer—Juniper—men that might be called sportsmen and gentlemen too—not your half-lord and half-leg.

"There was Lord Abingdon," continued the old gentleman, telling them off on his fingers—"Duke of Bolton—Sir Charles Bunbury—Mr. Bradyll—Lord Clermont—Mr. Jolliff—remember his bay horse, Foxhuntoribus by Foxhunter, well. Then there was Lord Milsintown—Mr. Pulteney—Mr. Panton—Duke of Queensbury—and a host whose names I forget. Ah! those recollections make an old man of me. Well, never mind! I've had my day, and the old 'uns must make way for the young;" then, turning short upon Charles, who was glancing at the newspaper as it lay on the table, he said, with a jerk,

"Allow me the privilege of inquiring the name of the gentleman I have the honour of addressing."

This was a poser, and coming after such a string of high-sounding names, poor Charles's humble one would cut but a poor figure. It so happened, however, that he was just skimming by a sort of side-long glance at the monthly advertisements of one of the sporting periodicals, wherein well-known "unknowns" make names for themselves much better than their own. There was "Shooting, by Ranger," and "Racing, by Rover," and "Fishing, by Flogger," and in larger letters, as if the great gun of the number, "A TRIP TO TRUMPINGTON, BY POMPONIUS EGO."

Charles had just got so far as this, when suddenly interrogated as described, when he unconsciously slipped out the words, "Pomponius Ego."

"Pomponius Ego!" exclaimed the little gentleman jumping on to his short legs as though he were shot, extending his arms and staring with astonishment, "I never was so out in my life!"

Charles, "I beg pardon——"

"No apologies, my dear sir," interrupted our host, resuming his seat with a thump that stotted his short legs off the carpet. "No apology! no apology! no apology! We old men are apt to fancy things, to fancy things, to fancy things—and I candidly confess I pictured Pomponius Ego quite a different sort of man to myself."

Charles, "But if you'll allow me to ex——"

"No explanations necessary, my dear Mr. Ego, —Mr. Pomponius Ego, I mean," jabbered the voluble little old gentleman. "Eat your muffin and sausages, and believe me you're heartily welcome; I've lived long in the world—take some more coffee—there's tea if you like it, but I never was so out before. Lord! if old Q.* could see me!" continued he, clasping his hands and casting his eyes up to the ceiling.

Charles, "Well, but perhaps, sir——"

"There's no *perhaps's* in the matter, my dear sir,—no perhaps in the matter; I'll tell you candidly, I pictured Pomponius Ego a prosy old chap, who went the horse-in-the-mill round of his stories from sheer want of originality and inability to move from home in search of novelty. The only thing that ever staggered me was your constant assertion, that second horses were unknown in Leicestershire in Meynell's time. Never was a greater fallacy,—never was a greater fallacy, saving your presence! Always had a second horse out myself, though I only rode eight stone and a half—never took soup for fear of getting fat—a host of others had second horses—Lambton and Lockley, and Lindow and Loraine Smith, and— But never mind! don't assert that again, you know,—don't assert that again. Now take another sausage,"

* The sporting Lord Queensbury used to be called old Q.

pushing the dish towards Charles in a friendly sort of way, as if to atone for the uneasiness the correction had occasioned him.

"But I never said any thing of the sort!" exclaimed Charles, reddening up, as soon as he could get a word in sideways.

"Saving your presence, a *dozen* times," rejoined the little mercurial old gentleman,—"*a dozen times at least!*" repeated he most emphatically. "The fact is, my dear sir, I dare say you write so much, you forget what you say. We readers have better memories. I noted it particularly, for it was the only thing that ever shook my conviction of Pomponius Ego being a very old man. But let that pass. Don't be discouraged. I like your writings, especially the first time over. Few stories bear constant telling; but you've a wonderful knack at dressing them up.

> My father had a jolly knack at cooking up an almanack,
> Yes, he had a jolly knack, at cooking up an almanack.

By the way, you once cooked up an almanack! and a pretty hash it was, too!" added the little old gentleman. "I'll tell you what," continued he, tucking his legs up in his chair, and grasping a knee with each hand; "I'd like to match you against the gentleman that does the cunning ad-

vertisements of Rowland's Odonto or Pearl Dentifrice; I'd lay ——"

"Zounds, sir!" interrupted Charles.

"Hear me out!" exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing an arm out on each side of the chair; "I mean, I'd match you to lead one further on in an old story, without discovery, than Rowland's man does with his puffs of paste, or whatever his stuff is."

"But you are on the wrong scent altogether," roared Charles; "I've nothing to do with Pomponius Ego or Pearl Dentifrice either."

"*Blastation!*" screamed the little old gentleman, jumping up in his chair, with a coffee-cup in one hand and a saucer in the other, "tell me *that*, when it's written in every feature of your face;" so saying, he sent the cup through the window, and clapped the saucer on his head.

* * * *

"Come and feed the chuck cocks,—pretty chuck cocks," said Aaron, stumping in at the sound of the crash; "come and feed the chuck cocks,—pretty chuck cocks," repeated he soothingly, taking his master down by the arm, and leading him quietly out of the room, observing, as they went, "It's that red coat that's raising him."

CHAPTER III.

" 'Bout Lonnun, then, divent ye make sic a rout,
There's nowse there maw winkers to dazzle:
For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about,
We can marra in canny Newcassel."

" PLEASE, canny man, can ye let us lie i' yere barn?" inquired Pigg of a farmer, at whose door he knocked a long time on the night of this memorable run, before he got him to answer. " Ar's drippin' wet, huss is tired, and hunds can't travel."

" Who are you?" inquired the farmer, unused to visitors at any time, more particularly after night-fall.

" Ar's Pigg, Squire Jorrocks' huntsman," replied James; " we've had a *desperate* run, and canna get hyem te neet."

" *So!*" replied the farmer in astonishment. " Here, Mary!" holloaing to his wife; " fetch a light, here be the hounds. And have ye killed

him?" inquired the farmer, looking closer at his visitor.

"Aye, killed him, aye. Ar's gettin' his head i' my pocket—if ye can put your hand in you may get it—ar's see numb ar can de nout."

* * * *

"Sure*lie* he's a big un!" exclaimed the farmer, pulling out the head, and weighing it by the ears; "Well, I think—but come, let's get ye put up—it's a terrible night; not one for standing out at doors. Here! fetch the lantern, Jane, and help me to put the beast away, so as to make room for the gentleman's horse;" adding to Pigg, "you are surely very wet."

Pigg.—"Wet, aye! wet as muck. Ar wish ar may have getten all my hunds away though. If ye can let us have some clean stree i' the barn, wor ard maister 'ill pay ye liberal for 't i' the mornin'—he's quite the gentleman."

"A! never mind about the pay, we will do what we can for you," replied the farmer. So saying he led the way with the lantern, and the jaded horse and tired hounds followed on with Pigg.

The farmer's lads took the horse, while Pigg looked over his hounds, and finding only a couple and a half wanting, he shook them down plenty of straw, and returned to the house to see what he could get to feed them on. A tub full of

milk, with brown loaves sliced into it, was quickly prepared, but there was little demand for it, the majority of the hounds seeming to prefer a continuance of the rest into which they were quietly subsiding to being disturbed for a meal. At length they had all been coaxed to the pail, and after a hearty shake each nestled into his neighbour, and the pack were soon in a very small compass.

Having seen his horse done up also, Pigg began to turn his attention to himself.

"Sink, but it's wet," said he, giving his cap a dash towards the floor, which sent a shower-bath on to the flags; "however, ar's lucky in gettin' housed at all;" saying which he followed the farmer into an apartment, in which sat his wife and daughters, round a fire composed of a little coal and a good deal of rubbish-wood.

"Ar think ar'll gan into the kitchen," observed Pigg, looking at the fire.

"This be the kitchen," replied the farmer's wife, setting him a chair by the fire, thinking he was shy.

Pigg sat down, and after contemplating the fire a few seconds, he exclaimed, "Ods wons! but ye keep varry bad fires i' this country."

"Nay, man," replied John Brown, his host, "we call that a very good one."

"Ar doesn't ken what a bad un 'ill be like, then," rejoined James.

"Well," said Brown, throwing on another fagot, "you are welcome to it, such as it is. What will you have to eat?"

"Ought ye can give me," said Pigg; "a rasher o' bacon, collops and eggs, or ought," casting his eye up at the flitches and hams hanging from the ceiling, adding, "ar's mortal hungry."

While the rashers of bacon were frying, Brown made Pigg exchange his wet coat, waistcoat, and shirt, for dry clothes of his own, and adding a cold pork-pie and a flagon of ale to the hot bacon, Pigg was very soon in his glory. Having at length cleared the decks, he again turned to the fire, which, eyeing for some time with critical amazement, he at length exclaimed, with a laugh, "Sink, if mar cousin Deavilboger see'd sick a fire i' his kitchen, ar wonder what he'd say!"

"You'll keep good fires in your country, then, I presume?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Aye, fires, aye!" exclaimed Pigg; "nebody kens what a fire is but them as has been i' wor country."

"Whereabouts is it?" inquired Brown, puzzled with his dialect.

Pigg.—"A canny Newcassel, where all the coals

come frae. You've niver been there, ar's warn'd, or you'd have heard tell o' mar cousin Deavil-boger—farms a hundred and nine acres of land aside Kenton. Sink it, frae his loupin on stane ar's seen all the country side flaring with pit loues. Mar cousin's kitchen fire niver gans out frae Kersmas to Kersmas. A! it *is* a bonny country! By my *soule*, ar's niver been reetly warmed sin ar left the North."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, in astonishment; "your cousin must spend a fortin i' firin'."

"Deil a bit—coals cost nout—if they did, folks wad warm theirsels at the pit heaps. Iv'ry poor man has his shed full o' coals; great blazin' fires to come hyem te at night, and nice singin' hinnies, all ready for slicin' and butterin', swingin' o' the girdle—but ye dinna ken what a girdle is i' this country, ar's warn'd."

"No," replied Mrs. Brown; "we don't."

"Why, ye see," said James, "it's a great, round, flat iron board like, may be, three times as big as your hat-crown, with a hoop over the top to hank it on tiv a crook i' the chimney; and then the missis makes a thing like a spice loaf, which she rolls out flat with a rollin'-pin, till it's the size o' the girdle, and about as thick as yeer finger, and then she bakes it on the girdle, and

splets it up, and butters it see that the grease runs down your gob as ye eat it."

"Nay, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "but that will only be for gentle folk?"

Pigg.—"Iv'ry man i' the country has a singin' hinnie of a Saturday night, and many of a Sunday, tee. There wasn't a man on mar cousin Deavilboger's farm but had his fifteen and sixteen shillin' a-week, and some up to twenty."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who only paid his eight. "It must be a grand country to live in."

"A, it's a grand country!" repeated Pigg. "Ar's sure ar's never be rightly warm sin' I left it. What they call a fire i' the South, is nabbut what we wad tak to light one on with i' the North;" rubbing his wet cords as he spoke. "A, it's a bonny country! — bonny Shiney Raws all about the pits. Ivery man with his pig and his gairden; sweetbriar i' the middle, and poseys round about."

"You must have a drop of gin, and see if that will warm you," rejoined Mr. Brown, unlocking a cupboard as he spoke. "Here, Mary, get some glasses, and put the kettle on, and let us have a cheerer to the gentleman's health. It's not every night that brings us a visitor."

A large black bottle of Hollands, labelled

"Eye Water," part of a contraband cargo, was fearlessly placed on the table. More wood and coal were added to the fire; the wood crackled merrily up the chimney, shedding a cheerful blaze over the family group circled about. One seat of honour was ceded to Pigg, the other was occupied by Mrs. Brown, while her two daughters came in between her and their father, who sat in the centre, and the servant lads kept a little in the rear of their master on the left. The servant girl bustled about in the background.

"Help yourself, now," said Mr. Brown, passing the bottle and tumbler to Pigg, having poured himself and his wife each out a glass. "Don't be afraid of it; you're heartily welcome, and there's more in the cupboard when you've finished that. Here's your good health! I'm fond of fox-hunters."

"Thank ye," replied Pigg, filling his glass half full of gin, and topping it with hot water. "Ar wish the country was made o' sic chaps as ye; we shouldn't hear se much 'war wheat' then, ar's warn'd ye."

Mr. Brown did not catch the latter part of the sentence, or he would have read him a lecture on riding over wheat.

A second half tumbler succeeded the first, and Pigg waxed uncommonly jovial; his eyes twinkled,

and his tongue ran riot with all manner of stories, chiefly about hunting, the importance of his cousin, Deavilboger, and the magnificence of the town of Newcassel. "Mr. Jorrocks was nothing but a good un. If it wasn't for him, he'd never stop i' the South." At the third half tumbler, Deavilboger's farm had grown into nine hundred acres, and Newcassel was bigger than London. "A! Mr. Grainger was see a man! He'd build them a street in a night — rowl them it out like a bit of stair-carpetin'." Then he talked of Bees-wing. "A! what a mare she was — won ninety gold coops. Squire Ord had been forced to build a granary to keep them in." Next he took a tumbler to Bees-wing's health.

"God sink ar'll sing ye a sang," said he, turning the quid in his mouth. "A! one o' the bonniest sangs that iver was sung — all about a dog o' wor toon, and when ar stamps wi' my foot, ye mun all join chorus. Now ar'll begin: —

"In a town near Newcassel, a pitman did dwell,
Wiv his wife named Peg, a tom-cat, and himsel;
A dog called Cappy, he doated upon,
Because he was left by his great uncle Tom.
Weel bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy;
Cappy's the dog, Talliho, Talliho!"

"Now, that *last*'s chorus," observed Pigg, wiping the tobacco stream from his mouth with his sleeve.

" His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black ;
Just a foot and a half was the length of his back ;
His legs seven inches frer shoulders to paws,
And his lugs like twe dockins, hung owre his jaws."

Hereupon Pigg gave a mighty stamp, and the company joined in with—

" Weel bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy,
Cappy's the dog, Talliho, Talliho !

" For huntin' of varmin reet cliver was he,
And the house frer a' robbers his bark wad keep free.
Could baith fetch and carry ; could sit on a stool,
Or, when frisky, wad hunt water-rats in a pool.
Weel bred Cappy, &c.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,
In his hatband a pipe, and weel combed was his hair ;
Ower his arm hung a basket — thus onwards he speels,
And enter'd Newcassel wi' Cap at his heels.
Weel bred Cappy, &c.

He hadn't got further than foot of the side,
Afore he fell in with the dog-killin' tribe ;
When a highwayman fellow slipp'd round in a crack,
And a thump o' the skull laid him flat on his back !
Down went Cappy, &c.

Now Ralphy, *extonish'd*, Cap's fate did repine,
While its eyes like twee little pearl buttons did shine ;
He then spat on his hands, in a fury he grew,
Cries, ' 'Gad smash ! but ar'l hev settisfaction o' thou,
For knockin' down Cappy,' &c.

Then this grim-luiken fellow his bludgeon he raised,
When Ralphy eyed Cappy, and then stood amazed ;
But fearin' aside him he might be laid down,
Threw him into the basket, and bang'd out o' town.
Away went Cappy, &c.

He breethless gat hyem, and when liftin' the sneck,
His wife exclaim'd, 'Ralphy! thou's suin gettin' back;'
'Getten back!' replied Ralphy, 'ar wish ar'd ne'er gyen,
In Newcassel, they're fellin' dogs, lasses, and men.
They've knocked down Cappy, &c.

'If aw gan to Newcassel, when comes wor pay week,
Ar' liken him again by the patch on his cheek;
Or if ever he enters wor toon wiv his stick,
We'll thump him about till he's black as au'd Nick,
For killin' au'd Cappy,' &c.

Wiv tears in her een, Peggy heard his sad tale,
And Ralph wiv confusion and terror grew pale;
While Cappy's transactions with grief they talk'd o'er,
He creeps out o' the basket quite brisk on the floor!
Weel done, Cappy!" &c.

Great applause followed, producing another song, "The Keel Row," after which came another stiff tumbler of gin and water — then another song, or parts of a song rather — for the vocalist was fast becoming *hors du combat;* — his face turned green — his eye gradually glazed, and at length his chin sunk on his breast; but for the fortunate circumstance of the farmer's boy being on the look-out, his tumbler would have dropped to the ground. They then carried Mr. Pigg off to bed, but not being able to get off his boots, they happed him up as he was.

The next morning when Farmer Brown came down-stairs, he found Pigg on his over-night seat, with his legs cocked over the back of a chair, with one of his boys blacking his boots.

He had neither cold nor headach, and eat as much breakfast as if he had had no supper. His coat was dry, his waistcoat was dry, he was all dry together; the sun shone brightly, the lost hounds had cast up, and taken shelter in an out-house, his horse was freshish, and the pack poured out of the barn bright and glossy in their coats, though somewhat stiff in their limbs.

* * * *

"If evir you come to Handley Cross, wor maister will be glad to thank ye and pay ye," said Pigg, grasping the farmer's hand as he mounted, "and if evir ye gan to canny Newcassel, cast your eye o'er mar cousin Deavilboger's farm—A! what tormots he has!"

"You a' *heartily* welcome," replied Farmer Brown shaking him by the hand, "and whenever you pass this way, give us a look in, there'll always be a drop of eye-water in the bottle; stay, let's open the gate for you;" running to the fold-yard from which Pigg emerged with the pack at his horse's heels.

Mrs. Brown, her daughters and servants, were clustered at the door, to whom Pigg again returned thanks, and touching his cap, trotted down the lane on to the road, the brightness of the morning contrasting with the dark wildness of the hour in which he arrived. On Pigg jogged, now coaxing a weakly hound, now talk-

ing to his horse, and now striking up the chorus of—

"Cappy's the dog, Talliho! Talliho!"

* * * *

"Your master's just gone through," said Anthony Smith, at the Barrow Hill gate.

"Mar maister!" replied Pigg, "what Squire Jorrocks?"

"Yeas," said the man, "he was axing if I could tell him what become of his hounds yesterday."

"Indeed!" replied Pigg, "give me four pence and a ticket."

On Pigg trotted as well as he could with a pack of hounds without a whipper-in, and catching a view of Mr. Jorrocks' broad red back rounding a bend of the road, he gave a puff of his horn that acted like magic.

Mr. Jorrocks stopped as though he were shot.

Turning short back, he espied his huntsman and the hounds, and great was the joy and exultation at meeting.

"*Killed* him do you say!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstasies, "*vere's his brush?*"

"A, sink 'em, they'd spoil'd it," replied Pigg, "afore iver I gat te them—but ar's getten his head i' my pocket!"

"*Fatch it out!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "vy,

man, you should ride with it at your osses' side. Have you never a couple loup to your saddle?—run a bit of vipcord through his snout, and let the world see the wonders we've done—you've no proper pride about you! There now," continued he, having adjusted the head at Pigg's saddle side, "let the world see it—don't let your coat lap hang over it."

Thus Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg proceeded at a foot's pace, relating their mutual adventures. Before they had got to the end of their stories, Charles popped upon them from a bye-road, and the three having got together again, they entered Handley Cross in triumphant procession, as though they had never parted. Rumours of the run had been rife all the morning, but in what direction it had been, nobody could tell. The stables and kennel were besieged by inquirers, and Mr. Fribbleton, the man-milliner, who edited the "Paul Pry," having been granted an audience, with Mr. Jorrocks' assistance, manufactured the following account for a second edition of his paper:—

"Brilliant run with Mr. Jorrocks' Hounds!

"As this unrivalled pack were taking their daily exercise on the Summerton road, accompanied by the huntsman, their worthy master, and his friend, Mr. James Stubbs, a large dog-fox suddenly

crossed before them, with which the pack went away in gallant style, despite all efforts to stop them, as they were advertised to meet at the Round-of-Beef and Carrots to-morrow. The place the fox so suddenly popped upon them was just at the four-mile-stone, near the junction of the Appledove road, and as there were some coursers on Arthington open fields, it is conjectured bold Reynard having been suddenly disturbed by the long dogs, had come upon the hounds in a somewhat ruffled state of mind, without dreaming of his danger. However, he was quickly convinced that there was some, by the cry of his redoubtable pursuers, and the shortness of his start caused him to put his best leg foremost; and setting his head for Wollaton Plantations, he went straight as an arrow towards them, passing near the main earths on Thoresby Moor, and going through the low end of the plantations, where they run out into a belt.

"Here he was chased by a woodman's dog, and the hounds came to a momentary check; but Mr. Jorrocks, being well up, made a scientific cast forward, and, getting upon grass, they hit off the scent at a meuse, and went at a racing pace down to Crowland, leaving Bilson a little on the right, and so on to Langford Plantations, from thence by King's Gate to Hookem-Snivey, and

on by Staunton-Snivey to the Downs, crossing at Depedean, leaving the Windmill to the right, and the Smugglers' Cave on the left. Night and a hurricane now came on; but, despite all impediments, this truly gallant pack realised their fox at the foot of Gunston Crags. A few more seconds would have thrown the mantle of protection over the varmint, as the crags are strongholds for foxes, from whence they are seldom or ever dislodged. It was the biggest fox that ever was seen, and the tag of his tail was uncommonly large.

"The distance gone over could not have been less than twenty-five miles; and altogether it was the very finest run ever encountered in the annals of fox-hunting. Mr. Jorrocks went like a bird, and earned a title to a niche among the crack riders of England.

"The hounds lay out all night, but have arrived at Handley Cross in very fair order; and we trust this run is a prelude to a long career of brilliant sport that we shall have the good fortune to record under the auspices of their most sporting master, and his equally renowned and energetic Scotch huntsman—Charles Pigg."

Mr. Jorrocks wrote the following letter to Bill Bowker:—

"Dear Bowker,—Yours is received, and note

the contents. We've had a *buster!* Three hours without a check and a kill! Should have been 'appy to have sent old 'Nunquam Dormio'* an account, but it was a bye on the sly, and no one being out, there are no names to bring in. It's soapin' people cleverly wot makes a run read. Howsomever, I hope to have lots of clippers for him to record before long. Latin be hanged!—Greek too, if there's any grown now-a-days. If 'Nunquam' spices mine up, let it be with Talliho sarce, and nothin' else! Now for the run.

"It's an old sayin', and a true 'un, that a bad beginnin' often makes a good endin'. We lost Binjimin at startin'; the little beggar was caught in the spikes of a po-chay, and carried a stage out of town—teach him to walk up street for futur'. Howsomever, off we set without him, and a tremendious run was the result. I send you the 'Pry,' and you can judge for yourself; the first part, about the find, must be taken 'cum grano salis,' with a *leetle* Quieanne pepper, as Pomponius Ego would say. We meant to have a private rehearsal as it were, and got a five-act comedy instead of a three. Indeed, it were like to have been a tragedy.

"Somehow or other I got to the Earl of Bramber's, where there was a spread, and I had

* An eye, with "nunquam dormio" round, is the crest and motto of "Bell's Life."

a good blow-out, and a solemnish drink. Either I walked in my sleep and fell into a well, or some one pitched me into one, and I was as near drowned as a toucher. Howsomever, I got out, and werry attentive people were to me, givin' me brandey, and whiskey, and negus, and all sorts of things. I slept pretty well after it, nevertheless; but when I awoke to get up, I seemed to be in quite a different room—no bell, no lookin'-glass, no wash-hand, no towels, no nothin', but my 'unting clothes were laid nice and orderly. I dressed, and found my way to the breakfast-room, when sich a roar of laughter greeted my entrance! Still, they were all werry purlite; but I observed, whenever a servant came in he nearly split his sides with laughin'. Well, jist as I was goin' away, I caught a sight of myself in a glass, and, oh crikey! my face was painted broad red and yellow stripes, zebra-fashion! I couldn't be angry, for it was so werry well done; but it certainly was werry disrespectful to an M.F.H. I never had a great fancy for lords—they first make a towel, and then a dish-clout of one. But enough of that.

"I hope the Slender has not been silly enough to shoot an exciseman; they are clearly not game. It will be haukward for them both if he has: of course he has too many legal friends not to get the best advice. I'm sorry to hear about Susan's legs—they were a pair of uncommon neat ones,

certainlie; all the symmetry of Westris's, without the smallness. I don't think blisterin' would do them any good; rest—rest—with occasional friction: hand-rubbin', in fact, is the best thing.

"I'm glad to hear about the Hessians; not that it makes any difference to me, further than one likes to see one's prophecies fulfilled. It would be hard if the swells were to do one out of the credit of introducin' them. Couldn't you get 'Nunquam Dormio' to put a query in his paper, as from a correspondent, axin' 'Who brought Hessians into fashion?' and let him answer it, sayin', 'Mr. Jorrocks, of Great Coram Street; or, Mr. Jorrocks, M.F.H. brought Hessians into fashion.' Ask Snarle if that would be evidence.

"Charley Stubbs is quite well, and slept last night at a lunatic's, a poor chap wot went mad about 'unting. You needn't send none of your nasty 'baccy down here, for I don't stand smokin'. As you say Snarle's business has fallen off, you'll have fewer common forms to copy, and more time for letter-writing. Tip us a stave when you've nothin' to do, and believe me yours to serve, JOHN JORROCKS.

"I enclose you £5 for the Slender. Tell him to buy a good hard-mouthed counsel with it—such a chap as Charley Phillips, for instance. I fear Billy's only a 'lusus naturæ,' or 'loose 'un by natur',' as Pomponius would say. J. J."

CHAPTER IV.

"PRESIDENT—I'll trouble you for a toast, sir."

CAPTAIN DOLEFUL, ever anxious for the prosperity of the town and his own emolument, conceived that a hunt dinner on the night of his ball would have the effect of drawing divers rural parties to the town who might not otherwise honour him with their presence, and he lost no time in communicating the idea to the worthy master, Mr. Jorrocks.

Of course the *éclat* it would confer on the hunt, and the brilliancy it would reflect on Mr. Jorrocks' mastership, were the main points Captain Doleful urged on behalf of his proposal; and Mr. Jorrocks, nothing loth to indulge in a good dinner, at which he was to play first fiddle, readily came into the proposition, and the following notice was inserted in the "Paul Pry:"—

"MR. JORROCKS' FOX HOUNDS!

"There will be a HUNT DINNER, at the Dragon Hotel, on the night of the Master of the Ceremonies' Ball, at which Members of the Hunt and the public in general, are invited to attend.

"MR. JORROCKS IN THE CHAIR!

"Tickets, twelve shillings each, to be had at the bar of the Dragon Hotel up to five o'clock on Monday evening, after which none can possibly be issued."

Never was a happier device, or one more eminently successful. Not only did the visitors of the place hasten to secure tickets, but people from all the neighbouring towns showered in their orders by the post, and it soon became apparent that a bumper would be the result. The longest long room at the Dragon was soon declared inefficient for the accommodation of the party, and the masons and joiners were summoned to lay the adjoining bed-room to the end, which would afterwards be restored to privacy by the means of folding-doors. Then came the usual joining and fitting of tables, the measuring of table-cloths, the borrowing of knives, forks, glasses, salt-sellers, decanters, and waiters. Captain Doleful flew about the town like a lost dog in search of its master. When Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon failed in accomplishing a loan, the Captain exerted his authority

in compelling one. What with his ball and the dinner he scarcely had time for his meals.

On the Monday he bespoke an audience with Mr. Jorrocks to put the finishing stroke to his arrangements. He was duly received in the dining-room of Diana Villa, where pens, ink, and paper, were laid for his coming. The dinner, he assured the worthy master, was calculated to make him eminent in the eyes of all men, and most materially to aid the financial department of the hunt. "There will be," said he, "a gathering from all quarters. Men from every point—sportsmen of every shade and grade are about to assemble, and if you can manage to tickle the fancy of each with a speech, so as to make him believe his favourite sport is the best, there is no saying but in the happy mood most men are when pleased and half-drunk, you may draw a good many into becoming members or subscribing."

"There can be no difficulty whatsomever at all," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "in making them a werry 'andsome speech—beautiful speech, I may say, but in course they carn't expect me to tell them that I consider any sport better than 'unting."

"Why as to that," rejoined Captain Doleful, "it makes little odds what a man says on an occasion of this sort, especially a chairman, whose

first care should be to put every one in good humour with himself; and if you were to outstep the real facts a little for once, no one would ever think of throwing it in your teeth on a future occasion. For instance now, Captain Lengthways, the great courser, has written for tickets for three,—himself, his son and a friend,—in order that he may have the honour of making your acquaintance, and then of presenting his son in due form. Of course you will take an early opportunity during the evening of buttering him by introducing as a toast the beautiful sport of coursing, which you may say is one of the most classical and elegant of field-sports, and say that it is one which you feel a peculiar pleasure in proposing, inasmuch as you have been given to understand that one of the most distinguished patrons of the leash has honoured the Handley-Cross Hunt dinner with his presence, which affords you an opportunity of coupling with the sport the name of the gallant Captain Lengthways, and of course the toast will be responded to with a heavy round of cheers, which will lay the Captain open to the insinuating applications of Mr. Fleeceall, and you may reckon him, if not his son also, a member of your hunt for a year at all events, especially if you get him to pay the money down on the nail."

"Humph!" said Mr. Jorrocks, turning it over in his mind whether he could do such violence to his feelings as to praise the sport of coursing, or call it *sport* at all, for the sake of the three sovereigns he would get by Captain Lengthways becoming a member of the hunt. Nothing daunted, Captain Doleful proceeded with his enumeration and recommendations. "Mr. Trippitt, the famous cricketer, will most likely come. He was the founder of the Winwicket Cricket Club, which beat all London at Lord's the year before last; you should toast him and his club together, and of course you would string a lot of sentences together in praise of the game of cricket, which you are doubtless aware is becoming a most popular game all over England. There is Mr. Ringmore, the quoit-player, and loads of people who keep some hobby or other for their private riding, who should all be toasted in turn."

"Werry well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "there cannot be not never no objection whatsomever at all to sayin' somethin' pleasant and soapy of all the warious amusements, but it is werry difficult and inconwenient to have so many cut and dried speeches, as well as one's dinner aboard at the same time. If I could manage to couple two or three of them together, such as coursin',

fishin', and fiddlin', for instance, it would suit my constitution better."

"That would not do," replied Captain Doleful, "because one of the objects in singling out a sport or diversion to give as a toast is the circumstance of some patron or follower being at table, who will make a speech in reply; but if you club two or three together, not only will you fail in getting any one to consider the toast as a compliment, but no one will rise to acknowledge it; because, though he may be a keen follower of one branch of sport, he may care nothing about the thing you couple with it—You understand?"

"Then we must jest dot down wot we think should be given," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "and also wot I should say, for it is far more than probable, indeed I should say it is most likely, that in the heat and noise, and lush and flush, and one thing and another, I shall forget one half of the toast, and possibly give the coursin' man to the fiddlin' feller, or the cricketer instead of the quoit-player." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks took pen and paper, and proceeded to draw out his list of toasts.

"In course, 'the Queen, and her stag 'ounds, will come first," observed he, writing the words at the head of a long slip of paper—adding, "bumper toast." Cheers. "Do you think there

will be any staggerin' sinner there to acknowledge the toast?"

"Probably there will," replied the Captain, "at all events, if there isn't, I would say a few words in return, as it would not look well to let the toast pass without saying something on behalf of our young and virtuous queen. I can acknowledge it as Vice-president, and also as holding her Majesty's commission."

"Well, then," said Mr. Jorrocks, "let's see what should come next? Shouldn't it be the 'Andley-cross Fox-'ounds, and my werry good health?"

"No—that will be too soon. The Chairman's health should never be given until the company have had a few glasses of wine to elate them for shouting. Besides, your health will be the toast of the evening, and things always become flat after that is given, and perhaps the company will begin to disperse."

"Werry well—any thing for a quiet life—what shall we put then?"

Captain Doleful.—"Prince Albert, to be sure! Hasn't there been something in the papers lately about his having got a pack of harriers to hunt in the Home Park, where he would not have any of those dangerous fences to encounter they have with the stag-hounds?"

"There was, I believe," replied Mr. Jorrocks, thoughtfully, "but I doesn't think that will do to sugar his milk upon. He'll soon tire o' that game—begun forty years too soon—howsomever, he's a werry 'andsome young man, and there's no knowin' but he may train on for an M. F. H." So saying, Mr. Jorrocks placed the Prince's name after her Majesty's.

"We must have the Prince of Whales next, in course," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "also the Queen Dowager, and all the rest of the Royal family," putting it down, and asking the captain what should follow.

"Mr. Strider, the great racing man of these parts, will most likely come; and if so, you should give the Turf," observed Captain Doleful. "Besides, he is a very likely man to become a member of the Hunt, if not to subscribe, now that there is a regular master, his only excuse for not doing so when the committee had the hounds being that he didn't like partnership concerns in any thing but race-horses."

"The Turf, and Mr. Strider's good health!" Mr. Jorrocks wrote down—adding the words—"improve breed of 'osses—promote sport—amuse lower orders—mount cavalry—lick the world," as the headings for his speech.

"Come now, jog on," said Mr. Jorrocks, look-

ing at the nib of his pen, "we've only got five toasts ready as yet: shouldn't we give Fox-'unting?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Captain Doleful; "that is a general toast, and acceptable to all; besides, Mr. Yarnley will be at the dinner," observed Captain Doleful. "He has two capital covers, and one capital speech, which he likes letting off. Write down 'Mr. Yarnley, and Promoters of Fox-hunting!' for he doesn't hunt himself and only preserves foxes in order that he may have his health drank at ordinaries and public dinners, when he tells the company how he always has preserved foxes, and does preserve foxes, and will preserve foxes, and so forth."

Mr. Jorrocks then added Mr. Yarnley's name to the list of toasts, adding the words, "proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-'unting," and the following headings for a speech, "Considerate gentleman—free from selfishness—good example." "We should cheer this toast, I think," added Mr. Jorrocks, "'specially as I s'pose the gemman takes no rent for his covers."

"I believe not," replied Captain Doleful, upon which Mr. Jorrocks put the word "cheers" after "good example."

"Now Coursing should come, I think," remarked Captain Doleful, "and Captain Lengthways's health. He's a great man at the Deptford

meeting, and thinks coursing the only sport worth following."

"He must be a werry big blockhead, then," replied Mr. Jorrocks, laying down his pen, and stretching out his legs as though he were going to take "the rest." "A werry remarkable jackass, indeed, I should say. Now of all slow, starvation, great-coat, comforter, worsted-stockin', dirty-nose sort of amusement, that same melancholy coursin' is to me the most miserably contemptible. It's a satire upon racing."

"Never mind," said Captain Doleful, "Lengthways's guineas will be as good as any other man's; and, as I said before, a chairman is not expected to swear to all he says—your business is to endeavour to please every one, so that they may all tell their wives and daughters what a most delightful, amiable, all-in-the-ring sort of gentleman Mr. Jorrocks is."

"Aye, that's all werry good, but conscience is conscience after all, and coursin' is coursin'. It's as bad as drinkin' the 'Andley-Cross waters to have to praise what one doesn't like. I'll give the Merry 'Arriers, before Coursin', howsomever," said Mr. Jorrocks, putting down the words Hare-'unting; "Will there be any currant-jelly boy to return thanks?—I'm sure there will, indeed, for I never knew a mexed party yet without a master of muggers among them."

To this toast Mr. Jorrocks added the words—"nose—fine music—pleasant—soup." "Now," said he, "we've got the Queen and the Staggers—Prince Halbert—Prince of Whales—Queen Dowager—Strider and the Turf—Fox-'unting—Yarnley and Proprietors of Covers—the Merry 'Arriers."

"Put 'Coursing' next, then," said Doleful; "it will follow hare-hunting very well, and be all in the soup line."

"Well, if you must have it, you must," replied Mr. Jorrocks, writing down the word: "coursin'" "Who acknowledges the toast?—ah, Lengthways—*Captain*, I think you said he is? Captain Lengthways—a werry good man to return thanks for long dogs—blow me if I knows what to say though in givin' it."

"Oh, say it's classical, and a fine bracing amusement." Mr. Jorrocks added the words "fine amusement."

"Well, that's eight bumpers from the chair," observed Captain Doleful; "and now we'll let you take your breath a little—unless Mr. Snapper comes, when you must give pigeon-shooting and the triggers generally. I'll now toast the Chair."

"The Chair," wrote Mr. Jorrocks, "that's me. Cheers in course."

"Of course," replied Captain Doleful, "I shall butter you uncommon."

"With all my 'eart—I can stand a wast of praise—not easily choked, I assure you."

"Well then, after that, and after your speech, which of course will be highly complimentary to the company, and full of promises of what you will do, you must propose my health—as master of the ceremonies of Handley Cross Spa."

"And as a great sportsman!" added Mr. Jorrocks.

"No, I'd rather not—the fact is, I only hunt on the sly. If the Dowagers thought I did not devote my whole time and energies to the town amusements, they would grumble, and say I was always out hunting instead of attending to the important duties of my post. No; just confine yourself to the M. C. department, not forgetting to insinuate that it is my ball-night, and to express a hope that all the company will honour it with their presence; you might say something, apparently facetious, in the way of a hint about giving guineas for their tickets; for some people are getting into the trick of paying at the door."

"Werry good," said Mr. Jorrocks, writing down "Capt. Doleful, M. C., not sportsman—pleasant feller—nice ball—pumps in pocket—tickets at bar—guinea." "You'll be 'cheer'd,' I suppose?"

"Of course," said the Captain—"all the honours—one cheer more if you can get it."

Cricketing, quoit-playing, shooting, badger-baiting, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, crow-shooting, and divers other sporting, extraordinary, and extravagant toasts were then added; some to fit people that were known to be coming, others put down to take the chance of any amateur of the amusement presenting himself unexpectedly at the table.

"Werry well now," said Mr. Jorrocks at last, dotting up the column of toasts with his pen, "that is two, four, six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen. Sixteen bumper toasts, with speeches both goin' and returnin', to say nothin' of shoutin', which always tells on weak 'eads. Wot shall we say next?"

"Oh!" said Captain Doleful, in an indifferent sort of way, as much as to say the important business of the evening would be finished on drinking his health; "why just pass the bottle a few times, or if you see a gentleman with a singing face, call on him for a song; or address your neighbour right or left, and say you'll trouble him to give a gentleman and his hounds."

"A gentleman and his 'ounds," said Mr. Jorrocks, "but they'll have had a gentleman and his 'ounds when they've had me."

"Ah, but that's nothing—'a gentleman and his hounds,' is a fine serviceable toast at a hunt-dinner. I've known a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—serve chairman, vice-chairman, and company throughout the live-long evening, without the slightest assistance from any other source. Fox-hunters are easily pleased, if you do but give them plenty to drink. Let me, however, entreat of you, above all things, to remember my ball, and do not let them oversit the thing, so as not to get to it. Remember, too, it's a fancy one, and they'll take more dressing."

"I'll vip them off to you when I think they've had enough," replied Mr. Jorrocks.

CHAPTER V.

"Gentlemen! I'll trouble you to charge your glasses!"

The important night drew on, and with it came all the cares and excitement of a double event. The interests of all hearts and minds were centred in that day. None looked beyond. The dinner and dance formed the boundary of their mental horizon. At an early hour in the afternoon numerous rural vehicles came jingling into Handley Cross, with the mud of many counties on their wheels. Here was Squire Jorum's, the chairman of quarter sessions, green chariot, with fat Mrs. Jorum and three fat little Miss Jorums crammed inside, young Mr. Jorum having established himself alongside a very antediluvian-looking coachman, in dark drab, with a tarnished gold band on a new hat, who vainly plied the thong and crop of a substantial half pig-driver, half horse-breaker's whip, along the

ribs and hind quarters of a pair of very fat, square-tailed, heavy, rough-coated, coarse-headed, lumbering nags, to induce them to trot becomingly into the town. Imperials, a cap-box, a maid in the rumble, all ensconced in band-boxes, proclaim their destiny for that day. Captain Slasher, with a hired barouche and four hack screws, all jibbing and pulling different ways—the barouche full of miscellaneous foot cornets in plain clothes (full of creases of course), dashes down East Street, and nearly scatters his cargo over the road, by cutting it fine between Squire Jorum's carriage and the post. A yellow dennet passes by, picked out with chalk, mud, and black stripes: two polar bear-looking gentlemen, in enormous pea-jackets, plentifully be-pocketed, with large wooden buttons, are smoking cigars and driving with a cane-handled hunting-whip. Then a "yellow," with the driver sitting on the cross-bar, whose contents, beyond a bonnet and a hat, are invisible, in consequence of the window having more wood than glass in its composition, works its way up, and in its turn is succeeded by another private carriage with a pair of posters.

Then there was such a ringing of bells, calling of waiters, cursing of chambermaids, and blasting of boots, at the various hotels, in consequence of the inability of the houses to swell themselves

into three times their size, to accommodate the extraordinary influx of guests. "Very sorry, indeed," says Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon, twisting a dirty duster round his thumb, "very sorry indeed, sir," speaking to a red-faced big-whiskered head, thrust out of a carriage window, "we are full up to the attics—not a shake-down or sofa unoccupied; can get you a nice lodging out, if you like—very comfortable."

"D— your comfortables, you lying thief!—do you suppose I carn't do that for myself? Well, if ever you catch me coming to your house again I hope I may be ——" The wish was lost by some one pulling the irate gentleman back into his chaise, and after a short parley inside, during which three reasonable single gentlemen applied to Mr. Stubbins for the accommodation of a room amongst them to dress in for dinner, the boy was ordered to drive on, and make the grand tour of the inns.

Weary, most weary were the doings at the Dragon. *Ring a ding, ding a ding dong*, went the hostler's bell at the gate; "Room for a carriage and pair?"

"Whose o' it?"

"Mrs. Grout's!"

"No, quite full!" The hostler muttering to himself, "Mrs. Grouts and two feeds—sixpence for hostler." *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding a ding*

dong. Hostler again—"Coming out!" "Who now?" "Squire Gooseander! four posters, piping hot, white lather, boys beer'y, four on to Hollins-hall, bait there, back to ball—sixpence a mile for good driving—out they come—there's your ticket—pay back and away."

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went a little bell, as though it would never stop.

"Waiter!" roared a voice from the top of the house, that came like a crash of thunder after the insignificant precursor, "am I to ring here all day? Where's the boots? I sent him for a barber an hour ago, and here I've been starving in my shirt-sleeves ever since."

"Now Jane, Miss Tramp wants her shoes."

"Where's the chambermaid?" exclaimed a gentleman, rushing half frantic down-stairs; "here's a man got into my room, and swears he *will* dress in it."

"Oh! I begs pardon, sir," replied the chambermaid, trying to smoothe him over, "we really are *so full*, and I didn't think you'd be coming in so soon."

"Waiter! somebody has changed my place at dinner! I was next Mr. Walter Dale, and now they've put me below Mr. Barker's—between him and Mr. Alcock: who the devil's done it?"

"Boots! Porter! Boots! run down to Mr. Ingledew the tailor's—you know him, don't you?

Corner of Hill Street—just as you turn off the esplanade; and tell him he's sent me the wrong coat. Not half the size of my own—more like a strait-jacket than any thing else. And here! desire Mrs. Kirton to send some ball gloves for me to try on—lemon colour or white—three and sixpenny ones."

"Lauk, I've come away and left Miss Eliza's stockings, I do declare!" exclaims Jemima Thirlwell, Miss Eliza Rippon's lady's maid, pale with fear, "what *shall* I do? Never was any thing so unlucky—just took them to run my hand through and see they were all right, and left them hanging over the back of the chair. Know as well where they are as possible—but what's the use of that when they are ten miles off?"

"Waiter, what time's dinner?"

"Five o'clock, sir, and no waiting—Mr. Jorrocks swears he'll take the chair at five precisely, whether it's served or not," adds the waiter, with a grin.

Then there was such work in the kitchen—Susan Straker, the cook, like all the sisterhood, was short in her temper, and severe and endless were the trials it underwent in consequence of the jingling and tinkling of the bells calling away the chambermaids who were to have assisted her in the kitchen. Then Mr. Jorrocks deranged her whole system by insisting upon having a

sucking pig and roast goose that she intended for centre dishes, right under his nose at the top of the table; added to which, the fish was late in coming, and there was not half as much maccaroni in the town as would make an inn dish.

"Now, Jun," said Mrs. Jorrocks to her loving spouse, taking a finishing look of our hero as he emerged from his bed-room in the full dress uniform of his hunt, "see and conduct yourself like a gen'leman and with dignity, and, above all, keep *sober*—nothing so wulger or ungenteel as gettin' intosticated. Belinda and I will call for you at ten minutes before ten, to take you on to the ball; for, in course, it carn't commence till we come, and it won't be politeful to keep people waitin' too long."

"Jest so," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting a capacious shirt-frill in the glass—"Binjimin! I say! run and fatch the fly."

Mr. Jorrocks was uncommonly smart. Sky-blue coat lined with pink satin, finely starched white waistcoat, new canary-coloured shorts, below which stood a pair of splendid calves, encased in gauze white silk stockings, and his feet appeared in shining shoes with silver buckles. At either knee a profusion of white riband dangled in graceful elegance, looking for all the world like wedding favours. Benjamin, notwithstand-

ing his boasting and taunting to Samuel Strong, knew his master too well, and the taste of his whip also, to attempt any of the exclusive tricks in the way of service, he gave himself credit for acting; so settling himself into his frock-coat, and drawing on a pair of clean white Berlins, sufficiently long at the fingers to allow the ends to dribble in the soup-plates, he wiped his nose across his hand, and running away down to the stand, very soon had a fly at the door. Jorrocks stepped in, and Benjamin mounted behind with all the dignity of a seven-foot figure footman. Away they dash to the Dragon.

Notwithstanding the descent of a drizzling rain, and the "inclement season of the year," as newspapers phrase it, there was a crowd of servants, post-boys, beggars, and loiterers hanging about the arched gate-way of the Dragon to get a sight of our renowned hero alighting from his fly; and great was the rushing and jostling to the door as it drew up. Mr. Snubbins, the landlord, a choleric round-faced little man, with a snub nose and a pimple on the end of it, had put himself into a white waistcoat, with his best blue coat and black kerseymere shorts, to officiate behind Mr. Jorrocks' chair, and hearing his name bandied about on his arrival, met him at the foot of the stairs with all-becoming respect, and pro-

ceeded to conduct him into the waiting-room. There was a strongish muster; but two melancholy mould-candles, in kitchen candlesticks, placed on the centre of a large table, shed such a dismal ray about the room, that little was distinguishable save a considerable mass of white, and an equally large proportion of a darker colour. Some thirty or forty members of the Hunt, strangers and others, were clustered about, and there was a dull, funeral sort of hum of a conversation, interrupted every now and then by the recognition of friends, and the entrance of another arrival into the dingy apartment. Then there was the usual hiding of hats and cloaks—the secretion of umbrellas, goloshes, and sticks, and the expression of hopes that they might be forthcoming when wanted.

Meanwhile the savoury smell of dinner fighting its way up the crowded staircase, in the custody of divers very long-coated post-boys turned waiters, and a most heterogeneous lot of private servants, some in top-boots, some in gaiters, some few in white cotton stockings, and the most out-of-the-way fitting liveries, entered the waiting-room, and the company began to prepare for the rush. All things, soup, fish, joints, vegetables, poultry, pastry, and game, being at length adjusted, and the covers taken off to allow them to

cool, Mr. Snubbins borrowed a candle from the low end of the table, and forthwith proceeded to inform Mr. Jorrocks that dinner was served.

Great was the rush! The worthy citizen was carried out of the waiting-room across the landing, and half-way up the dining-room, before he could recover his legs, and he scrambled to his seat at the head of the table, amidst loud cries of "Sir, this is my seat! Waiter, take this person out."—"Who are you?"—"You're another!"—"Mind your eye!"—"I *will* be here!"—"I say you won't though!"—That's my bread!" Parties at length get wedged in. The clamour gradually subsides into an universal clatter of plates, knives, and forks, occasionally diversified by the exclamation of "*Waiter!*" or, "Sir, I'll be happy to take wine with you." Harmony gradually returns, as the dinner progresses, and ere the chopped cheese makes its appearance, the whole party is in excellent humour. Grace follows cheese, and the "feast of reason" being over, the table is cleared for the "flow of soul."

A long web of green baize, occasionally interrupted by the inequalities of the various tables, succeeds, and clean glasses with replenished decanters and biscuit plates, for they do not sport dessert, are scattered at intervals along the surface. The last waiter at length takes his departure, and eyes begin to turn towards the chair.

"Mr. Wice!" roars Mr. Jorrocks, rising, and hitting the table with an auctioneer's hammer, "Mr. Wice-President, I say!" he repeats, in a louder and more authoritative tone, amid cries of "Chair! chair! order! order! silence! silence!" "I rises," says he, looking especially important, "to propose a toast, a bumper toast in fact, that I feels confident you will all drink with werry 'earty satisfaction—it is the health of our young, wirtuous, and amiable Queen (applause), a werry proper toast to give at a great sportin' dinner like this, seein' as how she is a werry nice little 'ooman, and keeps a pack of stag-'ounds. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that stag-'unting is a sport of great hantiquity, as the curiosity shop-keepers say; but they couldn't do it in nothin' like the style in former days that they do now, so in that respects we have the better of the old hancients. Who hasn't seen Frank Grant's grand pictor of the meet of the stag-'ounds on Hascot 'Eath? That will tell you how it's done now—French polish, blue satin ties, such as Esau never could sport. That's a pictor, my bouys, and when I've 'unted your country to the satisfaction of you all, as I've no manner of doubt at all that I shall, then you subscribe and get Frank to paint me and my 'ounds. And now for the toast," added Mr. Jorrocks, raising a brimming bumper high in hand: "The Queen and her Stag-'ounds!"

Drank with a full and heavy round of applause. After resuming his seat a few seconds, during which time he conned the next toast in his mind, Mr. Jorrocks rose and called for another bumper, just as Captain Doleful was rising to return thanks on behalf of her Majesty.

"Mr. Wice!" he roared out, "I rise to propose another bumper toast, as big a bumper as the last in fact, and one that I feel conwinced you will all be most 'appy to drink. We have just had the honour of drinking the health of the Queen; there is one near and dear to her Majesty, who, I feels assured, you will not be the less delighted to honour (applause). I need not say that I alludes to the nice-lookin' young Prince Halbert, who, if he would only wear tights, would be the best-lookin' man in the country (laughter and applause). Gentlemen, I thinks her Majesty has shewn werry great taste in her choice (applause). The Prince is a real nice-lookin' young man, and if he would only keep fox-'ounds instead of 'arriers, he would be every thing the nation could desire (great applause). I begs to propose 'The 'ealth of Prince Halbert!'" (Drank with immense applause—one cheer more —HUZZAH!)

Mr. Jorrocks being an expert chairman, from frequent practice at "free-and-easys," went on pretty briskly at starting, and the company had

hardly drained their glasses, and got settled after cheering, before his hammer was at work again, and he called for another bumper toast.

Having given "The Prince of Whales," as he called him, and "The Queen Dowager," "Gentlemen," said he, rising, glass in hand, "I have now to propose to your favourable consideration an important branch o' British diwersion, and one for which this country long has, and ever will, stand most howdaciously conspicuous (cheers). I allude to the noble sport of racin'" ("hear, hear, hear," from Mr. Strider, and a slight jingling of glasses from friends in his neighbourhood); "Gentlemen, racin' is a sport of great hantiquity, so old, in fact, that I carn't go back to the time when it commenced. It is owin' to racin' and the turf, that we now possess our superior breed of 'osses, who not only amuse the poor people wot carn't afford to hunt, by their runnin', but so improve our breed of cavalry, as enables us to lick the world (cheers). I am sure, gentlemen, you will all agree that racin' is one of the noblest and most delightful sports going, and honoured as we are, this evenin', by the presence of one of the brightest hornaments of the British turf," (Mr. Jorrocks looking most insinuatingly down the table at Strider, as much as to say, "That will do you, my boy.") "I feels assured I need only couple with the turf the popular name of Strider (loud cheers),

to insure a burst of hearty and enthusiastic applause." Jorrocks was right in his surmise, for no sooner was the name pronounced, than there was such a thumping of the baize-covered tables, such a kicking of the floor, and such a shouting and clapping of hands, that the concluding words of his speech were audible only to the reporter, who was accommodated with a small round table and a large bottle of port immediately behind the chair.

Captain Strider was rightly named Strider, for he was an immensely tall, telescopic kind of man, and drew himself out from under the table as though he was never going to end. He had a frightful squint, so that when he meant to look at the chair, one eye appeared settled half way down the table, and the other seemed to rest upon the ceiling. He was dressed in a round, racing, cut-a-way coat, with basket buttons, drab trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a striped neck-cloth. He had made money by racing — if honestly, he was a much belied man — but as he spent it freely, and not one man in a hundred cares to ask how it comes, Strider was popular in his neighbourhood.

"He felt deeply sensible of the honour that had been done him by their distinguished chairman and that great meeting, not only by the manner in which his health had been proposed,

but for the handsome compliment that had been paid to the great national and all-enjoyable sport of racing, which he felt assured required no recommendation from him, as no one could partake of it once without being fully convinced of its infinite superiority and worth. He was happy to see that his humble exertions in the great and good cause had not been altogether thrown away, for, in the list of races for next year, he saw many names that had never been put down before, and having now got a master of hounds, whose name was closely associated with every thing that was sporting and popular, he made no doubt things would proceed in a true railway style of progression, and the name of Jorrocks would be followed by every well-wisher to that noble animal, the horse. The list of Hashem races for the next year, he would take the liberty of handing up to the chair," producing, as he spoke, a long, half-printed, half-manuscript sheet from his coat-pocket, "and, in conclusion, he had only to repeat his most grateful thanks for the very distinguished honour they had conferred upon him."

Thereupon three-quarters of the orator disappeared under the table—the list passed quickly up, for no one ventured to look at it, lest a subscription should be inferred, and on its reaching the president, he very coolly folded it up, and put it into his pocket. Mr. Strider looked all ways

except straight at Mr. Jorrocks, who very complacently proceeded with his list of toasts. "Gentlemen," cried he, getting up again, "Mr. Wice-President and gentlemen!" he exclaimed; "the next toast is one that I feels assured you will drink with werry great satisfaction, and in a full bumper, with all the honours—it is the health of a gentleman now present, who, though no fox-'unter himself—the more's the pity—is nevertheless a real friend to the sport, and not one of your selfish warmints who destroys foxes because he does not care about Tallihoing himself, but, with most trumpish consideration, does his best to promote the sport of his friends and neighbours, thereby settin' an example worthy of imitation by all, both great and small (cheers). When I say it's the health of a gentleman wot gives a brace of covers, free gratis, all for nothin', to our 'unt, your percussion imaginations will readily supply the name of Yarnley (loud applause); and I propose we drink in a full bumper the health of Mr. Yarnley, and proprietors of covers, and promoters of fox-'unting." This toast was drunk with very great applause, and some seconds elapsed before silence was restored. Mr. Yarnley then rose.

He, too, was a tallish man, but coming after Strider he looked less than he really was, added to which, a frock-coat (sky-blue, with pink lining),

rather detracted from his height; his face was long and red, his nose very short and thick, and his hair very straight. "Mr. President and gentlemen!" said he, very slowly, fixing his eyes steadily on a biscuit-plate before him, "for the honour you have done me—hem—in drinking my health—hem—I beg—hem—to return you—hem—my most sincere thanks—hem—and gentlemen, I can only say—hem—that I have always been a friend—hem—to fox-'unting—hem (cheers)—and I always shall be a friend to fox-'unting, gentlemen (cheers)—which I am sure is a most agreeable sport (cheers)—hem, hem—and, gentlemen, I hope you will always find foxes in my covers—hem (applause)—for I can only say, gentlemen, that I do preserve foxes, gentlemen—hem (renewed applause)—and I always have preserved foxes, gentlemen—hem, hem—" when Yarnley, seeming about brought up, the company cheered, and drinking off his heel-taps, he concluded with saying, "and, gentlemen, I always *will* preserve foxes!"

"Mr. Wice-President," roared Mr. Jorrocks, above the clamour that now began to prevail, as tongues became loosened with the juice of the grape, "Mr. Wice-President, having drank the first of all sports, let us not forget another werry pleasant branch of 'unting that many delight in who cannot partake of the other, and which is

useful as well as pleasant, I mean 'are-'unting; it is a werry nice lady-like amusement; and though we had no 'are-soup at dinner, I makes no doubt we have some werry keen 'are-'unters at table for all that. I begs to give you ''Are-'unting, and the Merry 'Arriers.'"

While Mr. Jorrocks was delivering himself of this eloquence, an evident uneasiness prevailed among divers fat, ruddy-faced gentlemen, chiefly dressed in single-breasted green coats, with bright buttons, and drab breeches, with woollen stockings, who were scattered among the company, as to who should acknowledge the honour that was done their calling, and gradually they turned to one sportsman near Mr. Jorrocks, who, bolder than the rest, returned thanks in a dribbling, cold-hunting sort of speech, while some dozen stood up to signify their approbation of the sentiments of the speaker, and their sense of the honour that had been individually done them.

Coursing followed hare-hunting, according to previous arrangement, which Mr. Jorrocks described as a fine useful sport, and expatiated largely on the merits of "'are-soup," and "jugged 'are."

Captain Lengthways briefly acknowledged the honour.

Doleful now began twisting his face into a variety of contortions as the time approached for

him to let off his cut-and-dried speech. He had it in notes under his biscuit-plate, at least all the long words he was likely to forget, and now was the time for pouring them upon the company. "Gentlemen!" said he, in a shrill, penny-trumpet sort of voice, hitting the table with his knuckles; "Gentlemen!" he repeated, without drawing the attention of the company to his upright position.

"SILENCE!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, like Jupiter himself, and the noise was quelled on the instant.

"Gentlemen!" repeated Captain Doleful, for the third time, "often as it has fallen to my lot to address meetings of my friends and fellow-citizens, never—no never, did I rise with feelings of such unmitigated embarrassment and trepidation as I do upon the present occasion, for I rise to take upon myself the high and important honour of offering to one of the most distinguished and enlightened assemblies human being ever addressed (loud cheers) a toast that no tongue can do justice in proposing, for it is the health of a man whose worth is superior to any form of words the English language is capable of supplying" (immense cheers). "'Ookey Valker," said Mr. Jorrocks in an under tone. "Gentlemen," continued Captain Doleful, "deeply conscious as I am of my own unworthiness and incapacity, I would infinitely prefer comprising the toast in the magic name of the gentleman whose health it is,

were it not for the honourable and important office of master of the ceremonies of this unrivalled town, which renders it imperative upon me to attempt, however feebly and defectively, a slight portraiture of his unrivalled and surpassing worth (cheers). Gentlemen, whether I regard our great master in his private relation as a friend and delightful companion, or look at him in that resplendent cynosure, formed by the mastership of the Handley Cross fox-hounds, I know not in which character I feel the greatest difficulty and barrenness of expression—the greatest paucity of words, of simile, of fitting comparison (loud cheers). In the one, our estimable chairman is all mildness, like the blessed evening-star; and in the other, all energy and daring, like the lion lord of the forest, rampant for his prey!" (Renewed cheers.) "'Ookey Valker," again said Mr. Jorrocks, blowing his nose. "Unbounded in his liberality—unbounded in his hospitality—unbounded in his urbanity, his private character is equalled only by his public one (loud cheers). They are like rival moons!—opposition suns! (Immense cheers.) But, gentlemen, what boots it for an humble individual like myself to occupy your valuable time (cries of "Go on," "Go on,") in attempting to do justice to a subject that, as I have already said, is beyond the reach of praise,—above the power of words to accomplish; let me rather

resume the place I humbly occupy at this festive board—resume it at least until my important avocations call me, and *you* I hope I may add," grinning like a death's head upon the company, "to another, and equally enchanting scene; but before I sit down, let me utter the magic words, 'Health and long life to John Jorrocks!'"

The latter words were delivered in something between a screech and a yell, but fortunately the unearthly sound was immediately quelled by the instantaneous rising of the company, who, in the most uproarious manner—some standing on their chairs, others with one leg on a chair and another on the table—roared forth the most deafening discharge of applause that ever was discharged in the Dragon, while Mr. Jorrocks sat wondering how long it would last. After a lapse of some minutes, order began to be restored, the company gradually got shuffled into their seats, and, filling himself a bumper of port, Mr. Jorrocks at length rose to return thanks.

"Well, now, dash my vig," said he, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, "but friend Miserrimus has buttered me uncommon (laughter and cheers). Never was so reg'larly soaped in my life (renewed laughter). A werry little more might have made one doubt his sincerity. I'm the man for all sorts of lark, and no mistake—one that goes the *extreme* animal—the

entire pig—without a doubt. 'Untin' is the foremost passion of my 'eart! compared with it all others are flat and unprofitable (cheers and laughter). It's not never of no manner of use 'umbuggin' about the matter, but there's no sport fit to hold a candle to fox-'untin' (cheers from the blue-coated party). Talk of stag-'untin'! might as well 'unt a hass!—see a great lolloppin' beggar blobbin' about the market-gardens near London, with a pack of 'ounds at its 'eels, and call that diwersion! My vig, wot a go! (laughter). Puss-'untin' is werry well for cripples, and those that keep donkeys (renewed cheers from the blues, with angry looks from the green-coated gentry). Blow me tight! but I never sees a chap a trudgin' along the turnpike, with a thick stick in his 'and, and a pipe in his mouth, but I says to myself, there goes a man well mounted for 'arriers! (immense laughter and uproar, continuing for some minutes, in the midst of which the green party left the room). I wouldn't be a master of muggers for no manner of money! (renewed laughter). Coursin' should be made felony! (Captain Lengthways looked unutterable things). Racing is only for rogues! (Strider squinted frightfully). I never goes into Tat.'s on a bettin'-day, but I says to myself as I looks at the crowd by the subscription-room door, there's a nice lot o' petty-larceny lads!"

Strider drew himself from under the table, and shaking a fist towards Mr. Jorrocks, while his eyes looked across, and down, and round the room, every where but at the chairman, he stalked off, followed by Lengthways, and Lengthways's son, and a gentleman for whom Lengthways had paid, and brought bodily in the chaise, amid ironical cheers from the blues, who encouraged Mr. Jorrocks by the most vociferous applause. "Believe me, my beloved buoys," continued Mr. Jorrocks, perfectly unconscious of the movement, or the mischief he was doing, "that 'untin', 'untin', 'untin', is the sport! Oh," said he, with up-turned eyes, "vot a martyr I am to the chase! It makes me perfectly mad,—I dreams about it night after night, and every night. Sometimes I'm tormented with foxes; I fancy I sees them grinnin' at me from all parts of the bed-curtains, and even sittin' upon the counterpane; then I kicks them off, and away we all go to the tune of 'eads up and sterns down. Presently I sees Binjimin a ridin' on a whirlwind, and directin' the chase; next minute I fancies myself on a pumped-out 'oss, a heavin' and sobbin' in the heavy, not a soul with the 'ounds, who are going away with a fresh fox, jest as I sees the 'unted one dead beat, a crawlin' down an 'edgerow; I outs with my 'orn, and, blow me tight, I carn't sound it! At another time, a butcher's

bouy, without an 'at, comes tearin' on a runaway tit, right among the 'ounds, who have thrown up in a lane, and the crashin' and yellin' is hawful. Again, I dreams, that jest as the darlin's are runnin' into the warmint all savage, and bristlin' for blood, a flock of sheep cross their line, when every 'ound seizes his mutton; and then I sees a man with a long bill in his 'and, with a lawyer in the distance, makin' towards me, and then I avakes.

"Gentlemen, none but an 'untsman knows an 'untsman's cares! But come, never mind; care killed the cat! vot's the toast?" said he, stooping, and looking at his list: "Ah! I sees," reading to himself in a pretty loud voice, "Doleful, M.C.—great sportsman—pleasant feller." "Gentlemen!" he roared out, resuming an erect position, "pray charge your glasses—bumper-toast—no 'eel-taps, no sky-lights, but reg'lar downright brimmin' bumpers to the 'ealth of a man that shall be immortal. Gentlemen, if ever it was utterly impossible to do the right measure of genteel by any one, it is upon the present momentous crisis, when I rises to butter a man that is superior to butter—to oil a man that is Macassar itself. Oh! surely Doleful there," looking at the vice-chairman, "is a trump, and no mistake (laughter). Whether I looks at him as chief of the fantastic toers, or a leadin' sportsman of our brilliant 'unt,

I doesn't know which character is the brightest (immense laughter, for all who knew Doleful knew how perfectly innocent he was of sporting; Doleful himself began to make wry faces). I loves him as a sportsman, though we all know he only 'unts on the sly; but then what a brilliant boy he is in a ball-room! Talkin' of that, gentlemen, this is his benefit ball night, and after we have had our twelve shillings worth of liquor, I vote we should each spend a guinea with Miserrimus; no one will grudge that trifle to such a werry pleasant trump—such a werry agreeable cock; and though guineas don't grow upon gooseberry-bushes, still you must all fork one to-night, for nobody goes in for less." Doleful, on hearing Jorrocks put this finishing stroke to his hash, wrung his hands, and rushed out of the room, vowing, as he went down-stairs, that Jorrocks was the most remarkable fool—the biggest ass—the greatest idiot—the stupidest sinner, that ever came to Handley Cross Spa. "TALLIHO! gone away!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, as he saw Doleful bolt. "Hark back! hark back!" cried the company; but Doleful was deaf to the rate, and cut away home, half frantic with rage.

"Well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "as the gentleman's off, there's no use in my finishin' my speech; so, instead of the 'ealth of Old Doleful, I begs to propose, most cordially, that I sit

down." Mr. Jorrocks thereupon resumed his seat, after which the bottles circulated freely among the blues, the only party remaining, to the stock toast of a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—until every man had given his sportsman. All were getting very drunk, and Binjimin came to announce, for the third time within half-an-hour, that Mrs. Jorrocks was waiting in a fly to go to the ball, and wouldn't stay any longer. "Then tell her to go," said Mr. Jorrocks, hiccuping, "and you fatch the big bowl of punch that I told Snubbins to have ready. Gentlemen!" roared he, "I'll sing you a song I made this mornin' for our 'unt; but, first of all, one of you must take the wice-chair, and act Doleful, because as how he's introduced in the song, and it von't run right without him." After some demur to personating such a humbug, the junior member of the hunt was installed in the vice-chair, and Benjamin making his appearance with a large, well-scented, smoking bowl of punch, Mr. Jorrocks produced a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and recited the following verses, some to one tune, some to another, taking care, however, to suit the action to the word, by dealing out the punch with a most liberal hand:—

"Here, Binjimin, hand up the punch,
Bring us a jolly good bowl full;
I see, by the way that you crunch,
Your throat must be dry, Captain Doleful.

Come, Binjimin, hand round the bowl,
The 'Handley Cross 'Unt' is our toast of;
Though I says it myself, by my soul,
A better all England can't boast of.

We'll drink it, my lads, three times three,
So up on your pins, my fine fellows,
And toss off your bumpers like me,
The moment that Binjimin bellows.

Now, Binjimin, out with your woice,
Like the man you've heard 'fine lobsters' sellin';
'Twixt his and your own there's no choice,
When both are melodiously swellin'."

(Benjamin gives out the toast with a stentorian voice,)—

"The 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT'!—*three times three!*
The 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT'!!—hip! hip! hip! sirs;
The 'ANDLEY CROSS 'UNT!!!'—bark at *me;*
'Tis the best of all toasts that we tip, sirs.

Tallyho! hoop! hoop! hoop and away,
Take the 'Unts of all England around, boys,
A stouter, or better I'll say,
Than the 'Andley Cross 'Unt' carn't be found, boys.

Then, Binjimin, hand round the punch-bowl,
Till the gentlemen-sportsmen are bowl-full;
I see by the way that they munch,
That their throats are like yourn, Captain Doleful!"

CHAPTER VI.

" Who are you?"—*Familiar Inquiry.*

We must here indulge in a little retrospection, premising that it shall be a little. Although Mr. Barnington hunted with the hounds, his lady took no notice of the Jorrocks', and dashed past their one-horse chaise with the air of an ill-bred woman drawn by well-bred horses. On foot, she never saw them; and if she admitted a knowledge of their existence, it was in that casual sort of way that one speaks of a horse or a dog.

Still she could not disguise from herself that they were thorns in her side. Mr. Jorrocks' popularity, with Belinda's sweetness and beauty, went far to undermine the throne Mrs. Barnington had set up for herself. Not only were her evening parties less sought after, but she had reason to suspect that even Captain Doleful had declined a dinner invitation in favour of the Jorrocks'!

As yet they had never met, save in the streets; but Captain Doleful's ball involved a crisis that could not be got over without a collision. This had been changed, by Mrs. Barnington's desire,

into a fancy one, in order that she might triumph in the number and brilliance of her diamonds. The costume she fixed upon was that of Queen Elizabeth—not an ill-chosen one for her height and haughty bearing. The dress was ordered in London, as well for the purpose of having it unexceptionable in style and richness, as to enable her to blaze a splendid and unexpected meteor in the assembled host of Handley Cross. It was also expected to have a beneficial influence on Captain Doleful, should any doubt exist as to who was the fittest person for honour.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Barnington's precautions, the secret of her dress transpired. Mrs. Jorrocks' Batsay having established an intimacy with our friend John Trot, the footman, the fact descended from the exalted region of upper servitude, and was communicated to Mrs. Jorrocks with the slight addition, that the Queen had graciously lent Mrs. Barnington her crown and sceptre.

* * * *

"Nay, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, thinking it was all over with her, and fancying she saw Mrs. Barnington sailing into the room with Captain Doleful, her head in the air and her eyes on the ceiling. Long did she muse ere the table of precedence flashed across her mind. No sooner did it occur to her, than off she darted to Mr. Jorrocks' drawers, where, amid a goodly col-

lection of letters, she succeeded in finding Captain Doleful's one, stating that "the Lady of the M. F. H. came on after members of the royal family, and before all bishops' wives and daughters, peeresses, knights' dames, justices' wives, and so forth."

* * * *

"Mischievous 'ooman!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, conning the passage attentively; "nasty, mean, circumwenting hanimal, *I sees* what she's after!—wants to steal a march on me as a member of the royal family. Come in as a queen, in fact! I'll be hupsides with her though!"

Thereupon Mrs. Jorrocks took a highly ornamented sheet of note-paper out of her envelope case, and concocted the following epistle to Captain Doleful:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' Comp^{ts} Cap^{n} Doleful, and I will feel much obliged if he will have the kindness to lend her your table of Precedence for a few minutes, as she wishes to see how things stand in Handley Cross.

"*Diana Lodge.*"

* * * *

Captain Doleful was sitting on the counter in Miss Jelly's shop, in deep consultation with her about his fancy dress, when the note arrived. Having to be the great man of the ball, it was

incumbent upon him to have something better than the old militia coat, or even the dress-hunt one, revised. Time pressed, or he would have tried what the Jew clothes-shops in London could do for him, but Miss Jelly, having a fertile imagination, and his interest at heart, he summoned her to his councils, to invent something showy without being expensive.

Many costumes were talked over. Spanish would not do, because the captain would have to shew his legs; Swiss entailed a similar objection; and the old English costumes were equally objectionable. Some were too costly, others too complex.

* * * *

"I have it!" at length exclaimed Miss Jelly, clapping her hands,—"I have it!" repeated she, her face beaming with exultation. "You shall be the Great Mogul!"

"The Great Mogul!" repeated Captain Doleful, thoughtfully.

"Yes, the Great Mogul!" rejoined Miss Jelly. "A turban, with a half-moon in front, petticoat trousers, shell-jacket, moustachios, and so forth."

"That will do, I think," replied Doleful, squeezing her hand. "Sound well, and not cost much—will it?"

"Oh, *very* little!" replied Miss Jelly. "Let me see! One of your scarlet pocket-handker-

chiefs will make the crown of the turban, and the folds can be formed of white neckcloths. I have a bird of paradise feather in my Sunday hat, and a string of large blue beads that will ornament the front. You want some summer trousers, so if you buy as much stuff as will make two pair, it will only be the making and altering, and you can get Nick Savoy into the house at three-and-sixpence a-day and his meals, who can cut out the jacket, and I will make and trim it myself."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Captain Doleful, rubbing his hands, and putting a whole penny tart into his mouth. Just then Benjamin entered, and after having been refused credit for an ounce of paragoric, he put Mrs. Jorrocks' note into Captain Doleful's hand.

* * * *

"I'll bring it immediately," said the captain to Benjamin, bolting out of the shop by the side-door, winking at Miss Jelly as he went.

* * * *

Presently a stamp over-head announced that the captain wanted Miss Jelly, who, imprudently leaving the shop in charge of Benjamin, our friend filled his pockets with macaroons and his hat-crown with sponge-biscuits, while she was getting her message up-stairs.

* * * *

"Captain Doleful's compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks," said Miss Jelly, returning, "and is very sorry that the table of precedence has not been returned from the Herald's College, where it was sent to be enrolled, but immediately it comes Mrs. Jorrocks shall have it."

"Yes, *marm*," said Benjamin, hurrying off.

* * * *

"Please, *marm*, the captain's compliments, and his table is at the joiner's gettin' rolled, but as soon as it comes home you shall have it," was the answer Benjamin delivered to his mistress.

The captain was shy for a day or two, and Mr. Jorrocks, being more intent upon hunting than etiquette, the poor lady was left to her own devices. Belinda did not appreciate the point, and, moreover, was too busy with her dress to enter upon the question as she should do.

Mrs. Jorrocks mistrusted the captain, and thought he might be inclined to shuffle her off, under pretence of Mrs. Barnington being a queen.

"I'll be a queen too!" at length exclaimed she, after a long gaze at the fire, thinking the thing over; "I'll be a queen too!" repeated she, snapping her fingers, as though she were meeting Mrs. Barnington; "I'll be a queen!—the Queen of 'Earts!" exclaimed she, looking at herself in the eagle-topped mirror.

That evening she wrote the following letter t

Miss Slummers, or Miss Howard, as she was now called :—

"Dear Miss,—We are agoing to have a fancy-ball here, and I want your assistance in a dress. Was you ever the Queen of 'Earts? If so, please lend me your robes. If not, pleaze lend me a crown as like the Queen of 'Earts' crown as you can get it. You know it's not exactly a crown, but something like a crown stuck on a cap. The sceptre seems like a wand with a rose at the end. Pleaze let me know how I should be dressed behind, as the cards give one no idea. Should like the full robes, if you have them; but, in course, will be happy to take what I can get. Excuse haste and a werry bad pen. Yours, in haste,

"Julia Jorrocks,

"*Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.*

"Miss Clarissa Howard,

"Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London."

Miss Slummers had never been the Queen of Hearts, but had enacted one of the rival Kings of Brentford, in the popular pantomime of that name, and, after a conference with the property-man of the theatre, she thus answered her distinguished friend :—

"Honoured Madam,—Your commands have

been received; and I much regret that, never having appeared in the distinguished part of the Q. of Hearts, I have not the necessary properties to send you. I am not aware that the character has ever appeared upon the stage other than in pantomime, and never at either of the theatres to which I have been attached; but our property-man thinks the accompanying crown, fixed on a Swiss cap, 'Canton de Berne,' will come as near the card as we can get it. I also send a sceptre, to which is attached a large rose, that we used for the 'two Kings of Brentford' to smell at, which comes as near the spirit of the thing as any thing can be. The sceptre is our best, and triple gilt. The robes should be of brocaded satin, and a large reticule of red silk, in the shape of a heart, dangling negligently on your left arm, will at once proclaim your character. The back of your dress is not material, as crowned heads are only looked at in front. Any further assistance I can be of will be extremely gratifying to me; and I beg to subscribe myself, with great respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"C. Howard.

"*Theatre Royal, Sadlers' Wells.*

"Mrs. Jorrocks,

"Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa."

So far, so good. The crown did admirably. It was studded with false brilliants, and looked splendid by candle-light. The sceptre, too, was imposing; and, regardless of expense, Mrs. Jorrocks had the richest brocade cut into the requisite shapes, to wear over a red satin gown she had by her. Nor was the heart-reticule forgotten; and, altogether, Mrs. Jorrocks succeeded in making herself a very fair representative of her Majesty of Hearts. Belinda's pretty blue and white petticoat, with the scarlet body of a Valencian peasant, was changed for a plain white satin dress, with a court plume, for her to attend as maid of honour on her majesty. Charles was converted into a blue-bodied, white-legged page, with a Spanish hat and feathers,

The Great Mogul's dress progressed favourably, too. His wide sleeves and great trousers were done, and Miss Jelly had got a bargain of tarnished lace for braiding his red jacket. A splendid beard, whiskers, moustache, and all, were hired for the night, and a pair of five-and-sixpenny red leather slippers were bought, to act the part of shoes at the ball, and supersede a pair of worn-out pumps afterwards.

Mrs. Barnington having set the fashion of mystery about her dress, it was followed by the *élite* of the place, and each tried to mislead his neighbour. Swiss peasants said they were coming as

Turks, Turks as Chinese, Charles the Seconds as Napoleons, and Huntsmen as Hermits. Still secrets will transpire, and Mrs. Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks knew all about each other's dresses as well as if they were together every day. The former talked at Captain Doleful instead of to him, sometimes pretending to doubt whether the Jorrocks' would go, fearing they would not, for vulgar people seldom liked getting so completely out of their element. For her part, she hoped they would, for she had a taste for natural curiosities—heard, too, their daughter was pretty, and should like to see her; and she closed her last interview by presenting Captain Doleful with ten pounds for her tickets.

Mrs. Jorrocks was less mealy-mouthed, and finding the table of precedence was not likely to come, she called at Miss Jelly's on the morning of the ball, and asked the captain what time she should be there to go into the room with him. This was a poser, that even the skilful captain found difficult to parry; but, while bustling his turban and trousers under the sofa, and fussing a greasy-covered arm-chair towards Mrs. Jorrocks, the dinner occurred to him, and, after looking vastly wise, he declared that that was the only thing he had any difficulty about. "You see," said he, "I am vice-president—then, Mr. Jorrocks is rather a sitter—not that I mean to say

he gets drunk, but you know he is fond of society, gay and careless about time, and there are so many toasts to propose and so many speeches to make, that I fear it is utterly impossible to say what time we may get away, and I——"

"Well, but," interrupted Mrs. Jorrocks, "the dinner has nothin' to do with the dance; if Jun chooses to make a beast of himself, that's no reason why you should, and one wice can always appoint another wice, and wicey wersey, I suppose."

"True," replied Captain Doleful, assenting to the position; "but, then, if all the dancing men are at the dinner, what use will a master of the ceremonies be of to the ladies?"

"Fiddle the ladies!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "it's not dancin' men wot 'ill go to the dinner—not your 'air-curlin', arm-squarin', caperin' swells, but old-season'd casks, wot 'll never think o' the dance."

"I hope not," replied Captain Doleful; "why, there will be Mr. Stubbs, for one."

"He'll not go to the dinner," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks—"stays at 'ome with me."

* * * *

Just then, Miss Jelly, judging her lodger was in a dilemma, adroitly resealed three or four old notes, and bringing them up on a tart-plate, apologised for intruding, but said the servants

were all urgent for answers; and Captain Doleful, availing himself of the excuse, set to work most assiduously, and what with apologising, scribbling, and mistaking, Mrs. Jorrocks found she might as well go away.

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Thus matters stood on the eventful evening whose progress we have so far described. Mrs. Jorrocks was right as to the formation of the dinner-party, few dancing men, and scarcely any fancy dressers, being there. Most of the young gentlemen were corking their eyebrows, fixing on moustache, or drawing on dresses that made them look as unlike themselves as possible. Rear-admirals, who had never had a shave; colonels, who didn't know how to fasten on their swords; grandees, who didn't know how to get on their breeches; and fox-hunters, who did not know how to put on their spurs,—stood admiring themselves before their sisters' mirrors, thinking the ball hour would never arrive. Young ladies laced themselves extra tight, and a little more *tournure* was allowed for setting off the gay bodices and swelling drapery of their dresses. Neat ankles availed themselves of the license for wearing fancy dresses requiring short petticoats, while sweeping trains concealed others that were less fortunate in their make. Old dresses were metamorphosed into new, and new fancy ones

were made for re-conversion into plain ones another time.

Confused with wine and anger, Captain Doleful rushed hurriedly home to his lodgings, and threw himself into the easy chair by the fire. He was not done abusing Mr. Jorrocks, when Miss Jelly entered with a bed-candle and a little jug of warm water. She had laid his dress out on the bed; his red and white turban, beaded and feathered, with a barley-sugar half-moon, surmounted his baggy trousers; the red jacket was airing before the fire, and scarlet and white rosettes appeared on the insteps of the slippers. Seeing he was disturbed in his mind, Miss Jelly merely intimated that it wanted ten minutes to nine, and withdrew quietly below.

There was no time to lose; so hastily doffing his hunt-coat, &c., Captain Doleful was soon in his baggy trousers; and having stamped overhead, Miss Jelly was speedily with him, assisting him into his drawn linen vest, over which came the embroidered scarlet jacket, with baggy linen sleeves, tightening at the wrist; a long blue scarf encircled his waist, displaying the gilt handle of his militia sword. When he had got on his beard, moustaches, and whiskers, and surmounted the whole with his turban, his black eyes assumed a brightness, and his whole appearance underwent a change that elicited an involuntary expression

of admiration from Miss Jelly. "The captain," she really thought, "looked splendid!" Thereupon, regardless of the increasing ratio of fare, he liberally offered her a ride in his fly to the rooms.

The Queen of Hearts commenced her toilette immediately after tea, and had no little trouble in fixing her crown, and her cap, and her front on her head. The rustling robes required much adjusting, and Belinda got little of Betsy's services that night.

Mrs. Barnington's robes being accurately made, were easily adjusted. Her great ruff rose majestically; her pink satin jewelled stomacher, piqued in the extreme, glittered with diamonds and precious stones, and her portentous petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver, stood imperiously out. Round her neck she wore a costly chain, and her black coif was adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, with an enormous diamond brilliant in the centre. She rustled at every move.

By half-past nine, all Handley Cross was in masquerade. Brothers met sisters in the drawing-rooms, and were lost in astonishment at each other; and servants came openly forward to inspect their young masters and missises. The rain had ceased and been succeeded by a starlight night; the populace turned out to congregate about the ball-rooms, or at the doors where car-

riages waited to take up. The noise inside the Dragon kept a crowd up outside; and as the Queen of Hearts drove up for her husband, rival cheers announced her arrival.

"It's a man!" exclaimed one, putting his face close to the window, as Mrs. Jorrocks lowered the glass of the fly, to give her orders to the fly-man.

"It's not!" replied another.

"I say it is!" rejoined a third. "It's a beef-eater—what they stick outside the shows to 'tice the company up." Then a fresh round of cheers arose, which might either be in answer to applause within, or in consequence of the discovery made without, for a mob is never very particular what they shout for. Meanwhile Mrs. Jorrocks drew up the glass protecting her maid of honour, her page, and herself, from the night air.

The Queen of Hearts was in a terrible fidget, and every moment seemed an hour. Flys drove up for gentlemen that were "not ready," and cut away for those whose turn came next. Shouts sounded in the various streets as befeathered and bespangled dresses darted through the crowds into the carriages; and as the vehicles fell into line by the rooms, there was such gaping, and quizzing, and laughing among the spectators, and such speculation as to what they were.

People generally go early to fancy-balls;—it is

one of the few things of life that a person is not ashamed of being first at. Indeed the order of things is generally reversed, and instead of people telling their friends that they mean to be there rather earlier than they do, they are apt to name a somewhat later time, in order to arrive first themselves. Some thirty or forty people had got there before Captain Doleful, chiefly door-payers, who came to see the fun, without regard to benefiting him. Three Bohemian brothers, a Robin Hood, a Mail Guard, and Commissioner Lin, were not a little puzzled at the Great Mogul's *empressement*, for though they knew him as Captain Doleful, M.C., they had no idea who the gentleman was in the turban and trousers. His penetration had been furnished by the door-keeper on entering.

The red folding-doors now kept flapping like condors' wings, as Highlanders, and archers, and deputy-lieutenants, and Hamlets, and sailors, and Turks, and harlequins, and judges, and fox-hunters, came shouldering and elbowing in with variously dressed ladies on their arms, — Russians, Prussians, Circassians, Greeks, Swiss, and Chinese — a confusion of countries all speaking one tongue. Captain Doleful was pushed from his place before the doors, and nobody ever thought of asking for him, so intent were they on themselves and each other. "Bless me, is that you?"—"Who'd have thought it?"—"Mar, here's

James!" "Oh, dear, and William Dobbs!"—"What's your dress?"—"Beautiful, I declare!"—"Your pistols arn't loaded, I hope?"—"Splendid uniform!"—"French chasseur!"—"They told me you were coming as a post-boy."—"Oh, dear, look there!"—"What a rum old lass!"—"The Queen of the Cannibal Islands!"—"Mrs. Hokey Pokey Wankey Fum!"

We need scarcely say that this latter exclammation was elicited by the entrance of the Queen of Hearts, followed by her page in Spanish costume of spangled purple velvet and white, with black hat and feather; and Belinda, in white satin, with a court plume of feathers. A slight flush of confusion mantled over her lovely brow, imparting a gentle radiance to her languishing blue eyes, contrasting with the fixed and stern determination of her aunt's. Her majesty's appearance was certainly most extraordinary. The free-masonish sort of robes, the glittering crown on the sombre cap, the massive sceptre held like a parasol, were ludicrous enough; but in addition to this, her majesty had forgotten to put off her red and white worsted feet-comforters, and was making her way up the room with them draggling about her ankles.

Captain Doleful, all politeness, informed her of the omission, and unfortunately discovered himself, for no sooner did Mrs. Jorrocks find out to

whom she was indebted, than keeping her arm in the Great Mogul's, where it had been placed while she drew the things off, she made a movement towards the ball-room door, which being seconded by the crowd behind — all anxious to get in and scatter themselves for inspection — they were fairly carried away by the tide, and the Queen of Hearts and the Great Mogul entered the room with people of all nations at their heels.

Great was Mrs. Jorrocks' gratitude. "Oh, dear, it was so werry kind — so werry engagin'. If it hadn't been the captin announcin' himself, I should never have guessed it was him;" and the captain bit his lips and cursed his stupidity for getting himself into such a mess. Still the Queen of Hearts stuck to him, and, sceptre in hand, strutted up and down the well-lit room, fancying herself "the observed of all observers."

For the first time in his life, the captain's cunning forsook him. He didn't know how to get rid of his incubus, — and even if he did, he knew not whether to station himself in the ante-room to receive Mrs. Barnington, or to let the ball begin, and brazen it out. As he walked about, half frantic with rage, his turban pinching, and his beard and whiskers tickling him, an opposition Mogul gave the signal to the musicians, and off they went with a quadrille, leaving the couples to settle to the figure as the music went on.

Then as Turks *balanced* to Christians, and Commissioner Lin wheeled sweet Anne Page about by the arms, two powdered footmen opened the doors, and in sailed Mrs. Barnington, catching Captain Doleful with Mrs. Jorrocks on his arm.

CHAPTER VII.

"De rebus omnibus, et quibusdam aliis."

We fear the title of these volumes will deter many from perusing them. The ladies will say, "Oh, we hear enough about hunting from our husbands or brothers, without reading of it;" while, perhaps, gentlemen will reject the work on the ground of its being a mere dry catalogue of runs. Three volumes of runs, to be sure, would be rather formidable, but still we feel that the work is open to the objection. It would be impossible, however, to carry out the second title, "The Spa Hunt," without giving some general outline of the sport, though, as all fox-hunters know, a great deal takes place every day, interesting to those who were out, that furnishes very dull reading for those who were not. With a view, therefore, of writing up to the mark, without wearying our readers, we purpose availing ourselves of the journal of our

distinguished friend Mr. Jorrocks, comprehending, as it does, his opinions, not only of the sport, but on many matters of local and general interest. For this purpose we have his permission to omit and curtail. We will begin with his "opening day."

"*Wednesday.*—Beef and carrots—momentous crisis—first public day as an M. F. H.—morning fine, rather frosty—there betimes—landlord polite—many foot-folks—enormous field—Romeo Simpkins on De Melcis, Captain Slack on Bull Dog—Miss Wells on Fair Rosamond—great many captains—found soon—ringin' beggar—ran three rounds, and accounted for him by losin' him—found again—a ditto with a ditto finish—good for the foot-folks—home at four.

"Found two petitions. One from Joshua Abercorn, prayin' his honour the M. F. H. to subscribe to reinstate him in a cart 'oss, his own havin' come to an untimely end of old age. Says the M. F. H.'s always subscribe.

"Told Joshua I was werry sorry to hear of the death of his prad, but that I had laid it down as a rule never to subscribe to dead 'osses, and couldn't depart from my rule in his case.

"Margaret Lucas had her patent mangle seized for rent and arrears of rent, and 'opes the master of the fox-dogs will do somethin' towards redeemin' it.

"Told Margaret I was werry sorry to hear of the sitivation of her patent mangle, but that I had laid it down as a rule never to subscribe to redeem patent mangles, and couldn't depart from the rule in her case. People seem to think M. F. H.'s have nothin' to do but to give away swag. You know one a'n't quite sure her mother mayn't have *sold* her mangle!

"*Mountain Daisy.*—Saturday, and few farmers out.—Not many pinks, but three soger officers, two of them mounted by Duncan Nevin—a guinea a day each.—Drew Slaughterford, and up to the Cloud Quarries.—Priestess seemed to think she had a touch of a fox in the latter, but could make nothin' on't.—Trotted down to Snodbury Gorse—wants enclosin'—cattle get in. No sooner in than out came a pig, then came a fox, then another pig—then another fox.—Got away with last fox, and ran smartly down to Coombe, where he was headed by a hedger, and we never crossed his line again.—Found a second fox in Scotland Wood—a three-legger—soon disposed of him.—Found a third in Dulverton Bog, who ran us out of light and scent; stopped the 'ounds near Appledove.—Pigg says Charley Stubbs 'coup'd his creels' over an 'edge.—Scotch for throwin' a somerset, I understands.

"*Cat and Custard Pot.*—Somehow, in shavin', thought we'd have mischief.—Went into the

garden to consult Gabriel Junks, but the bird wasn't there.—Wouldn't be weather I concluded. —Young May the grocer sent his horse for me to look at; jest as I was goin' away, and as another gen'lman, as usual, was waitin' for the next hoffer, Charley and I staid behind to try him.—Bought him for 30*l.*—mem. to call it 50*l.*

"When I got to the Pot, found Pigg so drunk he could hardly sit on his 'oss. Every man had treated him to a glass, and he had well-nigh a bottle of brandy on board.—Axed who had done it,—as usual, nobody.—Went into the Custard Pot, and axed the servant gal if she was paid for the drink my 'untsman had had. 'Oh, yes! each gen'lman paid as she took out the glass.' Went back, and said, I 'oped they were satisfied with their day's sport, and took the 'ounds 'ome. —Mem. to give up meetin' at publics in future.— Fear Pigg is a '*lusus naturæ*,' or loose 'un by natur'.

"Found letter from Sebastian Mello, complainin' of Gabriel Junks havin' killed his cock.— Wrote as follows:—

"'Sir,—I have received yours, complainin' of my peacock Gabriel Junks having killed your dung-hill cock. I think you must be mistaken,—I cannot bring myself to think that Gabriel, with his high and chivalrous feelin's

could so far demean himself as to do battle with your dung-hill cock.—It must have been some water-spaniel, or, p'raps, a rat. Keep a look-out, or you'll be losin' the old hens the same way.

"'Yours to serve,

"'J. JORROCKS.

"'Sebastian Mello, Esq.

"Confound Junks, that accounts for his absence when I wanted to consult him this mornin'.

"Letter from Bowker, requesting the loan of a 50*l*. Stock been seized for rent and arrears,—seems to be always gettin' seized;—no interest paid on former fifty yet. Queer chap, Bill, with his inwoices, and flash of supplyin' the trade, when 50*l*. was all he set up with.—Never chop-fallen, seemingly, with all his executions and misfortunes.—Writes,

"'I had a rum go in a 'buss on Saturday. Streets being sloppy, and wantin' to go to my snuff-merchant in the Minories, I got into a 'buss at the foot of Holborn Hill, and seated myself next a pretty young woman with a child in her arms. Stopping at Bow Church, she asked if I'd have the kindness to hold the babby for a minute, when out she got, and cut down the court as hard as ever she could go. On went the 'buss, and I saw I was in for a plant. A

respectable old gentleman in black, with a powdered head, sat opposite; and as the 'buss pulled up at the Mansion-house, I said, 'Perhaps you'd have the kindness to hold the babby for a minute;' and popping it into his lap, I jumped out, making for Bucklersbury, and threading all the courts in my line till I got back to Lincoln's Inn.'

"Sharp of Bill;—deserves 50*l.* for his 'cuteness. May as well lend it on an 'I. O. U.,' for it's no use throwin' good money after bad by wastin' a stamp.

"*Warterbury Turnpike.*—'Pikes are better for meetin' at than publics. Gabriel Junks began screamin' at day-break; so put on old hat and coat, ditto boots, and breeches.—Began to drop just as we left kennel. Useful bird Junks, to be sure,—no pack perfect without a peacock;—the most 'arden'd minister—Peel himself dirsn't tax a peacock. Reg'lar down-pour by the time we got to the 'pike. Duncan Nevin's screws out as usual; and a groom in twilled fustian, with a green neckcloth, and a cockade in his hat, leadin' some rips up and down the road for soger officers. Home at one—wet as water.

"Another letter from Mello about his confounded cock,—

"'Sir,—I am surprised that you should contra-

dict my assertion respecting your cock having killed mine, on no better grounds than mere supposition. *I tell you he did kill my cock.* He passed through the Apollo Belvidere gardens and perched on one of the balls at my back gates, as if the place were his own. When my maid fed the fowls, he flew among them, and because my cock resented the intrusion he killed him on the spot; and then his master adds insult to injury, by saying he does not believe it. These sort of manners may be very well for the city, but they won't do for civilised life. I may take this opportunity of observing that you are very indecorous in your general proceedings. The day before yesterday you walked your hounds and your servants in scarlet before my windows, and stood there, a thing that I, as a religious man, would not have had done for ten sovereigns. I desire you will not do so again.

"'Your obedient servant,

"'SEBASTIAN MELLO.

"'*Sulphur Wells Hall.*'"

"Mem.—To take 'orns as well as 'ounds next time, and blow before his house—a beggar.

"Had Fleecey to see how the cat jumps in the money department. Sharp chap—manages to keep the expenses up to the receipts, what with earth-stoppin', damage, cover rent, and law bills.

Wanted to take credit for receivin' no salary. Axed him what his bills were? Said public officers always had a fixed salary besides their bills. Had twenty-five pounds a-year from the Mount Sion Turnpike-road. Told him I knew nothin' about 'pikes, but if he did not get me all arrears of subscription in by New Year's Day I'd be my own sec., and save both his law bills and his salary.

"Read the *Life*—good letter on bag foxes.

"BAG FOXES.

"*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

"'Sir,—As your journal is a sporting one, and unquestionably the first in the kingdom, I am very sorry frequently to see in it accounts of runs with *bagged foxes*. You, sir, who are so well acquainted with the sports of the field, must know what a very difficult thing it is to shew sport with fox-hounds, and that very much of that difficulty arises from the almost entire impracticability of preserving foxes, occasioned in a great measure by their being stolen and sold to hunters of bagged foxes. It matters not if the animal is turned out before hounds in a country where no regular fox-hounds are kept, the crime (in a sporting sense) and the evil done are always the same. I am sure you will acknowledge that fox-hunting is of all others the noblest of English sports, and cannot doubt

that a moment's consideration will shew you, that your publishing accounts of runs with bagged foxes is giving a tacit approval of that practice (I will not term it sport). Should you, upon consideration, decline publishing accounts of any more of these runs, you will have the hearty thanks of every real sportsman, and you will shew that you are determined that the character of your journal shall be that of 'The Sporting Chronicle of England.'

"'A Fox-hunter,

"'but not a Master of Hounds.'

"Roger Swizzle dined and got very drunk;—says the true way to be healthy is to live freely and well.—Believes he has cured more people of indigestion than any man goin'.—Thinks Mello a cantin' humbug.—Wishes he could ride, that he might hunt: subscribes twenty-five guineas to the 'ounds since I got them—*pays too.*—Says the open in front of Sulphur Wells Hall is public property, and I may kick up whatever row I like upon it.—Will write to Bowker to send a company of mountebanks to perform there.

"*Sunday.*—Most purlite letter from a gentleman signin' himself Marmaduke Muleygrubs, J. P., sayin', that being a country gentleman, and anxious for poppilarity, he should be 'appy to encourage the 'unt, and would be glad if I would fix a

day for dinin' at Cockolorum Hall, and let the hounds meet before it the next mornin'.

"Wrote that I should be werry 'appy to dine at the Hall—addin', 'where I dine I sleep, and where I sleep I breakfast.' Shall write him word when I come."

The few next days disclose no feature of general interest—found, lost, killed, lost, found, killed, &c., being the burthen of the journal, so we omit them altogether.

"Letter from Bowker, brimful of gratitude for the loan of 50*l.*" This letter being pasted into the journal, we give the greater part of it, containing, as it does, some further particulars of Bowker's badger-baiting friend.

"You will be sorry to hear," says he to Mr. Jorrocks, "that the Slender is found guilty, and ordered to be scragged on Monday morning. The Serjeant tried him with his usual coarseness, and though they have not found the exciseman, the jury found Billy guilty. Poor Slender! I've known him long, and safely can I aver, that a nobler fellow never breathed. He combined many callings: bear and badger-baiter, dog-fancier, which has been unhandsomely interpreted into a gentleman that fancies other people's dogs, horse-slaughterer, private distiller, and smasher.* About five years ago he was nearly caught at the

* Coiner, or passer of forged notes.

latter work. Sitting, as 'was his custom always in an afternoon,' at a public-house in the Hampstead Lane, upon 'his secure hour' two policemen stole. The energetic firmness of Billy's character was manfully displayed. Seizing a handful of bank-notes, which he had in his pocket, he thrust his hand into the fire, and held them there until they were consumed. The flesh peel'd off his fingers.

"He once had a turn with the excisemen before. With his intimates Billy had no deceit, and used to boast that there was summut running under his heaps of old horse-bones that was the marrow of his existence. Well, the Excise strongly suspecting this, sent down a *posse commitatus* to Copenhagen fields to bring up Billy's body. He was busy with a bunch of sporting men at a dog-fight when Miss Aberford* came to give the office. Billy's mind was soon made up. Sending all his sporting friends into the house, and locking the doors, he unmuzzled his two bears and turned them loose among the officers. The scramble that ensued beggars description. In less than five minutes the red-breasts† were flown. It is a singular fact, that *Mrs. Aberford* could hold and fight the dogs when they were too savage for Billy.

* Billy's daughter. The name of this singular man was Aberford.

† The Bow Street officers of former days wore red waistcoats.

" I always feared Billy's illegitimate pursuits would lead him into trouble. 'Master Bowker,' said he to me one day, 'Do you want to buy an 'oss cheap?' 'Where did you get him, Billy?' said I. '*Found him*, master,' said he. 'As I was a coming home on foot from Chiswick, I sees a gig and horse a standing all alone in Chiswick Lane—says I, Billy, boy, you may as well ride as walk—so I driv it home, and now the body o' the gig's in the black ditch, the wheels are on my knacker-cart, and I've hogged the horse's mane and cut his tail, so that his own master wouldn't know him.'

" Altogether, Billy has been a queer one, but still hanging's a hard matter, especially as they have not found the exciseman. Billy may now use his own witticism to Jack Ketch, 'Live and let live, as the criminal said to the hangman.'

" Your second letter about the mountebanks is just received—strange, that I should be writing about rope-dancing just as it came. I'll see what I can do about sending you a *troop*. *We* of the sock and buskin do not call them companies. I rather think Pollito is down in your part of England, perhaps his wild beasts would answer as well;—beef-eaters, tambureens, &c., would make a grand row before Sanctity Hall. Mello wants flooring. I'll send him a broken dish by this post, requesting his acceptance of a piece of plate

from his London patients. A basket of cats by coach would be a nice present, labelled 'game.'

"'Your much obliged and very humble Servant,

"'Wm. Bowker.'"

The following letter, from *Bell's Life*, is next pasted into the journal, with the simple observation, "Jackass," in Mr. Jorrocks' hand-writing, in the margin.

"BAG FOXES.

"*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

"Sir,—The attack in your last paper of a would-be fox-hunter, but no sportsman, against bag fox-hunting, is contemptible and harmless enough, but should not pass without notice; for his edification he must be told that a real sportsman, such as the late Mr. Charles Meynell, thought it no disgrace to follow a bag fox, and he may rest assured when that fails his favourite fox-hunting will no longer prosper. I beg also to add there is something required from masters of hounds as well as from land-owners; if they do not shew a disposition to oblige, they should at least moderate their expectations; as far as my experience goes, I am sure bag fox-hunting is in their favour. You, sir, may comply with the fox-hunter's wishes, but in so doing you will not accomplish all his desires.

"A Friend to all Field-Sports."

The following seems to have been a good run; we take it verbatim from the journal, omitting some matters of no interest:—

"Candid Pig went with the 'ounds for fear of accidents. Large field and many strangers. Lots o' farmers. Mr. Yarnley in a yellow gig. Told us to draw his withey bed first. Trotted down to it, and no sooner were the 'ounds in than out went Reynard at the low end. Sich a fine chap! Bright ruddy coat, with a well-tagged brush. One whisk of his brush, and away he went! Pigg flew a double flight of oak rails, and Bin began to cry as soon as ever he saw them. 'Ounds got well away, and settled to the scent without interruption. Away for Frampton End, and on to Pippen Hall, past Willerton Brake, and up to Snapperton Wood. Here a check let in the roadsters; it was but momentary. Through the wood and away for Lutterworth Bank. Earth's open, but Reynard didn't know them, or hadn't time to try them — headed about a mile to the north of Luttleworth Spinney by people at a foot-ball match, and turned as if for Hollington Dean, taking over the large grass enclosures between that and Reeve's Mill, bringing the deep race into the line. Pigg blobbed in and out like a water-rat; out on the right side too. Barnington went over head, and his 'oss came out on one side, and he on t'other. Stubbs'

little Yorkshire nag cleared it in his stride; and Captain Shourflat went in and came out with a cart-load of water-cress on his back; lost his hat too. Duncan Nevin piloted his pupils down to the bridge, followed by the rest of the field. Fox had run the margin of the race, and we nicked the 'ounds just at the bridge. Man on Stoke Hill holloa'd, and Pigg lifted his 'ounds, the scent bein' weak from the water. Viewed the fox stealin' down to the walley below, and Pigg capped them on and ran into the varmint in Tew Great fields, within a quarter of a mile of Staveston Wood. Finest run wot ever was seen! Time, one hour and twenty-five minutes, with only one check. Distance, from p'int to p'int, twelve miles. As they ran, from fifteen to twenty. Many 'osses tired. Pigg rode young May's 'oss, Young Hyson, and went well — worth his 30*l.* I think; — shall ax 60*l.* at the end of the season. Barnington got up before the worry, wet, but quite 'appy. Felt somethin' movin' in his pocket; put in his hand and pulled out a pike! Fishin' as well as 'unting.

"*Gumber Corner.* — Drew the gorse blank, then to Finmere Diggin's, crossin' two or three turnip fields in our line. All blank; smelt werry strong of a trap. Barrack Wood. Found immediately. Away for Newtimber Forest; but headed within a quarter of a mile by coursers. Field ra-

ther too forward, or Pigg rather too backward, havin' got bogged comin' out of cover. Came up in a desperate rage, grinnin' and runnin' through the d—n—g gamut, as he went. Barnington in front, and d——d him just as he would a three-pounder. The idea of d—n—g a gen'lman wot gives 50*l.* a-year to the 'ounds! Made nothin' more of the fox. Came on rain, and give in at two. Lectored Pigg for d—n—g a large payin' subscriber."

We then find the following letter on the "Bag Fox" controversy, cut out of *Bell's Life*, and pasted into the journal, with the word "Capital," in pencil, at the top:—

"BAG FOXES.

"*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

"Sir,—I was much pleased by the perusal of the letter of 'A Fox-hunter, though not a Master of Hounds,' on the subject of bag fox-hunting, in your paper of the 26th of December; for, though it did not go deeply into the question, it shewed a right feeling on the subject, the expression of which is always advantageous to a cause, particularly a cause, where, though all parties are agreed, none seem inclined to take up the cudgels. The attempted reply, silly and incoherent though it is, of 'A Friend to all Sports,' in your last week's paper, induces me to trouble you with this. I

have hunted in many countries, and have an extensive acquaintance among masters of hounds and fox-hunters generally, but I will venture to say, that I never met a man yet, worthy the name of a sportsman, who did not utterly despise and condemn the idea of a 'bag fox-hunt.' The arguments against it—such as the cruelty to the noble animal itself, the apology for sport bag-foxes almost always afford, the injury they do to anything like a well-disciplined pack, and the folly of wasting a valuable animal on a twopenny-halfpenny pack, to the detriment of expensively maintained establishments in the neighbourhood—have been gone over so often that I will not do more than allude to them in this general way; my object being to enlist you on the side of legitimate sport, by shewing that a refusal to countenance such doings, by not giving them the importance of publicity in your paper, will enhance *Bell's Life* in the estimation of the sporting world, and contribute very materially to the prosperity of that first of British sports, the chase.

"No man is fit for a master of fox-hounds who has not an anxiety to shew sport at his heart, and no master of hounds is unwilling to let the world know when he has been eminently successful. There is a wide difference between the constant puffing and praising that follows some packs, and the cheery, off-hand account of a gallant run

where the object is to record the brilliancy of the sport, rather than to administer to the vanity of the master, or to keep the pack before the public with a view to sell at the end of the season. No master of hounds need be ashamed of relating what he considers a good run, and who so fit as he who goes out with the hounds throughout the season to estimate the merits of any particular day? But, then, mark me, Mr. Editor, before you can expect this, *you must eschew bag fox-hunting*. You cannot expect my Lord This, or Sir Thomas That, who spend their two or three thousand a-year upon their fox-hounds, to be content to figure along with Tommy Hoggers or Jack Muggins, with their ten couple of towlers, for which the tax upon two-thirds is most likely all that is paid. Fox-hunting is the amusement of gentlemen, and the fox is a gentleman's animal. Let Hoggers and Muggins have their towlers, and prick circuitous puss about the lanes; she is a useful animal when realised, whereas neither they nor their dogs can eat poor bag Reynard, if they are unfortunate enough to retake him. But then they look forward to the pleasure of seeing their names in glorious print. Immortal type! By boxing the compass a little, and making Reynard point for Edinburgh, then for London, sinking the wind at one time as if for Liverpool, and finally heading back towards Hull, a very exten-

sive run may be made in a very small enclosure. Half the 'tremendous runs' with scratch packs (especially with bag foxes) are of this description, and though strangers at a distance may be struck with astonishment, the natives do nothing but laugh at them. Still the publication of them does mischief: it flatters the vanity of a few pot-house hunters, encourages fox-stealing, and prevents gentlemen entering your columns to tell what is really worth knowing. You enjoy a great advantage over the other sporting periodicals by the frequency of your appearance, and I have no doubt that, if you will act upon this suggestion, you will, in time, secure the assistance of the *real* fox-hunting world, and make your paper as good in this department as it is in all others. At all events, it would be better to have no hunting intelligence at all than to give encouragement to bag fox-hunting. Do not be deterred by a few logical gentlemen like the 'Friend to all Sports.' Give each sport its fair patronage; encourage fox-hunting with fox-hounds, hare-hunting with harriers, but do not encourage them to interfere with each other's game, and, above all, let the non-hunting portion of the community know, that half the pleasure of the chase consists in giving the hunted animal a fair chance—a bag fox never has! You might as well expect a convict escaped from the condemned cell of Newgate to run as

stout as a trained pedestrian, as a bag fox to shew the sport of a wild one.

"F."

* * * *

"Notice from the churchwardens and overseers, that in consequence of several mad dogs havin' made their appearance, all dogs were to be muzzl'd, and requirin' me to see that the 'ounds were properly muzzl'd before they went out to hunt. Wrote and told them I didn't believe there were such a set of jackasses in Her Majesty's dominions as to suppose an M. F. H. would go out with a pack of muzzl'd hounds.—Absurd! This is Mello's doing. Will pay him off."

"New Year's Day.—Sich a crowd! Sich compliments of the season, and sich screws. Old Doleful grinnin' about on Fair Rosamond like Death on the Pale 'Oss. Found in the Cloud Quarries, but might as well have been in the clouds, the field surrounded it so, and drove the fox into the mouth of the 'ounds. A young gentleman in nankeens and patent leather boots, rode over old Barbara. 'That's right!' exclaimed Pigg, 'ride amang em!—ride amang em! Kill a hund or two; we've plenty mair at hyem! It mun be a poor concarn that wont stand a hund a-day.' Differ from Pigg there though. Howsomever, old Barbara ain't worth much. De-

clared she was the best in the pack notwithstandin'.

"*Staunton Snivey.*—Batsay brought up shavin' water, saying Binjimin wished to be excused 'unting, havin' got the gout. All moonshine, I dare say! Boy has no passion for the chase. Have a good mind to stuff him full of Hunter's pills, and see if they will have any effect upon him. Wot business has a boy like him with the gout? Caught Charles pinchin' Belinda under the table. Mounted him on Xerxes, as Ben couldn't go. Largish field. Captain Thompson (who never pays his three pounds) observed he never saw a pack of foxhounds without a whip before, and muttered somethin' about master livin' out of the hounds. Shall set Fleecey at him.

"Drew Longford Plantations; then on to Fawsley Wood. Found immediately, but Reynard inclined to hang in cover. No great scent either, but cover surrounded with foot people and little holoday boys. Bin useful in coaxin' them into crowds, to listen to his 'hallegations,' as he calls his lies. At length Reynard broke from the West end, and made straight for Iver Heath, runnin' a wide circuit by Staunton Snivey, and over the hill, up to Bybury Wood. Scent poor and pace bad. All the hobbledehoy holoday boys

treadin' on the 'ounds' tails. A short check at Farmer Turner's, and thought all was over, when Priestess hit off the scent in a grass field behind the barn, and away they went with the scent improvin' at every yard. Pace changed from an 'unting run to a reg'lar burst, and quite straight over the cream of the country.

"How the tail lengthened! A quarter of a mile, increasin' as they went. Young gen'lemen charged to bring home the brush, found their grass ponys beginnin' to gape. Captain Shortflat stopped Duncan Nevin's mare on Hutton Bank top, and many bein' anxious to give in, great was the assistance he received. Major Spanker would bleed her in the jugular, Mr. Wells thought the thigh vein, and another thought the toe, so that the mare stood a good chance of bein' bled to death, if Duncan's man hadn't fortinately cast up and saved her from her frinds.

"On the hounds went for Crew, passing Limbury, leaving Argod Dingle to the right, over the lily-white sand railway near the station at Stope, pointing for Gore Cross, the fox finally taking refuge in a pig-sty behind the lodge of Button Park. Piggy at home and unfortunately killed, but who would grudge a pig after such a werry fine run?

"Pigg rode like a trump! — seven falls — knocked a rood of brick-wall down with his head.

What a nob that must be! Charley left one of his Yorkshire coat-laps in a hedge—Barnington lost his hat—Hudson his whip—Mr. Ramshay a stirrup, and Captain Martyn his cigar-case. Only seven up out of a field of sixty—day fine and bright—atmosphere clear, as if inclined for frost—hope not.

"*Jan. 7th.*—Reg'lar decided black frost—country iron-bound—landscape contracted—roads dry as bones—never saw so sudden a change; thought yesterday it looked like somethin'; the day changed, and hounds ran so hard in the afternoon; Pigg thinks it won't last, but I think it will; 'opes he'll be right.

"8*th.*—Frost *semper eadem*, 'arder and 'arder as Ego would say: windows frost fretted—laurels nipped—water-jugs frozen—shavin'-brush stiff—sponge stuck to water-bottle, and towel 'ard. Pigg still says it won't last—wish he may be right—little hail towards night.

"9*th.*—Alternate sun and clouds—slight powderin' of snow on cold and exposed places—largish flakes began to fall towards afternoon, and wind got up—purpleish sun-set—walked hounds before Sulphur Wells Hall, after feedin', but they had a cold, dingy look, and I hadn't heart to blow my 'orn. Gabriel Junks doesn't seem to care about the cold, and gives no indication of a change—O, for one of his screams!

"10*th*.—Awoke, and found the country under two feet of snow. Well, it's always somethin' to know the worst, and be put out of suspense. Wind high, and drifted a large snow-wreath before the garden-gate—tempestersome day—Can't stir out without gettin' up to the hocks in snow. Desired Binjimin to sweep the way to the stable and kennel. Boy got a broom, and began 'issing as if he were cleanin' an 'oss. Letter from Giles Shortland, requestin' the M. F. H. to subscribe to a ploughin' match at Tew. Answered that I should be werry 'appy to subscribe, and wish I could see them at work. Old Dame Hey came with eight turkey-heads in a bag—fox had killed them last night, and she wanted pay. The bodies were at home—told her to bring the bodies—will make werry good stock for soup: one doesn't know but she may have sold the bodies. Wrote Bowker to go self and wife to sleep in my bed in Great Coram Street, to get it well haired. Shall run up to town and see the pantomime, and how things go on at the shop.

"Old Doleful called with a requisition for me to give a sportin' lector—axed what good it did me givin' a sportin' lector and payin' two guineas for the room, besides lightin'. Said he made no doubt people would pay: told him if the lector was worth hearin' it was worth payin' for, and

if they would pay a shillin' a head admission, I'd give the profit to Pigg. Doleful proposed riskin' expenses, if I will let him share profit with Pigg—agreed.

"*Letter from Bowker.*

"'Honoured Sir,—Yours is received, and Mrs. B. and I will be proud to act the part of warming-pans. I suppose we may expect you in a day or two. You will be sorry to hear that poor Billy was hung this morning. *He died game.* As it was strongly suspected he had accomplices, a mitigation of punishment was offered if he would disclose his confederates. Billy listened sullenly to the offer, and passing his fingers through his thick curly hair, he said, 'Look here, masters, if every hair on this head was a life, I wouldn't peach to save a single one.' At length he confessed—'*I did boil the exciseman!*' said he. Poor Billy! All the little beggarly boys, and hoarse-throated scoundrels in the town, are screaming his dying *speech* and confession about, when '*I did boil the exciseman*,' was all that he said. I am greatly distressed at poor Billy's fate.

> 'Take him for all and all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

"'London is suicidically gloomy to-day—I feel

as if I could cut my throat—would that I could leave it!—But

> 'The lottery of my destiny
> Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.'

"'I'm about tired of old Snarle. Our business is fast falling off, and an old man's trade never rallies. Might I take the liberty of asking if you think a snuff and cigar shop would answer at Handley Cross? I have a splendid new nigger, five feet six, with a coronet full of party-coloured feathers on his head, a sky-blue jacket with gold lace, and a pair of broad red-striped trousers, leaving half his black thighs bare, that I thought of setting at the door in Eagle Street, but would reserve him for the Cross if you thought it would do. Of course, I would carry on business in Eagle Street as well—at least for the present; but I have plenty of canisters, wooden rolls of tobacco to stock a branch establishment, and Mrs. Bowker fancies a change of air would do her asthma good. Pray excuse the freedom, and believe me to remain,

"'Dear Sir,

"'Yours most respectfully,

"'Wm. Bowker.

"'To J. Jorrocks, Esq.'"

CHAPTER VII.

"And *still* the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The cheerless snow-storm quickened rather than deadened Captain Doleful's ardour; he wrote notes and notices without end, urging his friends, acquaintances, and the public at large, to attend a splendid sporting lecture by Mr. Jorrocks, the proceeds of which (at a shilling a-head admission) would be presented to James Pigg. After people have been cooped in the house a few days, any thing is attractive; but, in the present case, the fame of Mr. Jorrocks's former lecture would have been amply sufficient to draw a numerous audience to a second. Our master's familiarity with his subject made him suppose all others were equally informed, otherwise he would not have let Doleful into a safe venture to the detriment of James Pigg. Indeed, the bargain was closed rather rashly; for, if Mr. Jorrocks had remem-

bered the immense number of young people then in Handley Cross, for the Christmas holydays, he might have been sure of a handsome surplus, after paying expenses. However, a bargain being a bargain with him, he made no comments, and amused himself by conning over his discourse.

The weather put a stop to all out-door pursuits; and the "cuts" in the lily-white sand railway being drifted up with snow, all communication with other places was cut off for a time. In vain Mr. Jorrocks wrote to Bill Bowker that he need not sleep in his bed—the letter got no farther than the Handley Cross post-office.

About the second day of the storm, people began shovelling the snow from their fronts, and cutting carriage-ways through the drifts that blocked up the thoroughfares. On the third, a few flys began to move about, giving symptoms of returning animation; and all, save Charles, who passed his time very pleasantly with Belinda, rejoiced at the prospect of a release from confinement. The storm weighed heavily on Mr. Jorrocks's spirits, and James Pigg d——d the south country, and swore "they never had seek weather i' the north." Often did our worthy, warming himself at Batsay's pittance of a kitchen fire, wish himself at Deavilboger's never-failing grate.

* * * *

"Ar think we're gannin' to have fresh," ob-

served Pigg to his master on the lecture-day, as the latter was paying his usual lengthy visit to the stable.

"Have what!" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"*Fresh*," repeated Pigg, with an emphasis; "ye ken what fresh weather is, dinnat ye?"

"Vy, no," replied our master thoughtfully; "you don't mean a thaw?"

"Yeas, a thow," replied Pigg.

"I vish we may!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up; "somehow the day feels softer; but the hair generally is after a fall. Howsomever, *nous verrons*, as we say in France: it 'ill be a long time afore we can 'unt, though—'edges will be full o' snow."

"Aye, dike backs," replied Pigg, "lies lang i' them; but one can always loup in, or loup o'er."

"Ah, that's all werry good talkin'," observed Mr. Jorrocks, shaking his head, and jingling the silver in his breeches-pocket; "that's werry good talkin'," repeated he, "but there are sich things as 'osses' necks to be considered."

"A! but if ar'll risk mar neck, ye surely may risk yeer 'osse's," observed Pigg.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Jorrocks, smiling at his huntsman's keenness. "Fear we shalln't have a chance in a hurry: have you seen Junks?"

"No, ar's not; the missis was on the house-end as I cam' to stable, but Gabriel wern't there."

"Ah, the missis is nothin'," replied Jorrocks; "had Gabriel been there, it would have been somethin'; good bird, Mrs. Junks, but hasn't Gabriel's 'cuteness about weather—follows in the wake—never takes a lead—a scream from Gabriel now would be worth a Jew's eye;" so saying, our master returned to the house.

The prospect, though distant, of resuming the chase, was cheering to Mr. Jorrocks, and he ate his four o'clock dinner, and drank his bottle of strong port with more than usual *goût*. He then completed his toilette (the full dress uniform of the hunt), and at seven o'clock was behind the curtain of the platform in the long-room of the Dragon.

Captain Doleful's efforts had been wonderfully successful, for the room was as full as ever it would hold. He had also made a hard bargain with Snubbins respecting the lights, by which he saved some twenty or thirty shillings, which, of course, he put into his own pocket. Miss Jelly took the cash, and Pigg took the tickets.

Precisely as the clock was done striking seven, Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform, attended by Swizzle, Snubbins, and Doleful, and was received with loud cheers from the gentlemen, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the lady part of the audience. Of these there was a goodly number, among whom was Mrs. Jorrocks, in a great

red turban, with a plume of black feathers, reclining gracefully on one side; Stubbs sat between her and Belinda, who was dressed in a pale pink silk, with a gold cord in her hair: Belinda looked perfectly happy. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Jorrocks advanced to the front of the platform (which was decorated as before), and thus addressed the audience in a somewhat mournful tone:—

"Beloved 'earers!" said he; "under the dreadful calamity with which it has pleased Providence to afflict this terrestrial globe, I have yielded to the solicitations of many of my friends to endeavour to lighten your sorrows by a lector' on that which we cannot at present enjoy."

Here Mr. Jorrocks faltered and paused, apparently overcome by his feelings. A loud round of applause, and the tinkling of a spoon in a glass, as Snubbins deposited a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water on a little round table behind, appeared to revive him, and he again essayed to proceed.

"Beloved 'earers! this night I shall enlighten you on the all-important ceremony of takin' the field" (loud applause).

"TAKIN' THE FIELD!" repeated he, throwing out his arms, and casting his eyes up at the looping of his canopy; "glorious sound! wot words can convey anything 'alf so delightful?

"In my mind's eye I see the 'ounds in all their

glossy pride trottin' round Arterxerxes, who whinnies with delight at their company. There's old Pristess with her speckled sides, lookin' as wize as a Christian, and Trusty, and Tuneable, and Warrior, and Wagrant, and Workman, and all.

"But to the pint. Ingenious youth, having got his 'oss, and learned to tackle him, let me now, from the bonded warehouse of my knowledge, prepare him for the all-glorious ceremony of the 'unt.

"How warious are the motives," continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking thoughtfully, "that draw men to the cover side. Some come to see, others to be seen; some for the ride out, others for the ride 'ome; some for happetites, some for 'ealth, some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt. Ah! give me the few—the chosen few—'the band o' brothers,' as the poet says, wot come to 'unt! —men wot know the 'ounds, and know the covers, and know the country, and, above all, know when 'ounds are runnin', and when they are off the scent—men wot can ride in the fields, and yet 'old 'ard in the lanes—men what would rather see the thief o' the world well trounced in cover, than say they took a windmill in the hardour of the chase. Could I but make a little country of my own, and fill it with critturs of my own creation, I'd have sich a lot o' trumps as never were seen out o' Surrey (loud cheers).

"Bliss my 'eart, wot a many ways there is of enjoyin' the chase," continued Mr. Jorrocks, "and 'ow one man is led into folly and extravagance by another! Because great Sampson Stout, who rides sixteen stun', with the nerves of a steam-engine, keeps twelve 'unters and two 'acks, little Tommy Titmouse, who scarcely turns nine with his saddle, must have as many, though he dare 'ardly ride over a vater furrow. Because Sir Yawnberry Dawdle, who lies long in bed, sends on, Mr. Larkspur, who is up with the sun, must needs do the same, though he is obliged to put off time, lest he should arrive afore his 'oss. Because Lady Giddyfool puts a hyacinth in her lord's button-'ole, every hass in his 'unt must send to Covent Garden to get some. I werily believes, if a lord was to stick one of my peacock Gabriel Junks's feathers in his 'at, there would be fools to follow his example; out upon them, say I: 'unting is an expensive amusement or not, jest as folks choose to make it.

"There's a nasty word called 'can't,' that does an infinity of mischief. One can't 'unt without eight 'osses; one can't do without two 'acks; one can't ride in a country saddle; one can't do this, and one can't do that—hang your can'ts! Th' Income Tax will cure some of them, I reckons.

"Believe me, if a man is inclined for the chase, he'll ride a'most any thing, or valk sooner than

stay at 'ome. I often thinks, could the keen foot-folks change places with the fumigatin' yards o' leather and scarlet, wot a much better chance there would be for the chase! They, at all events, come out from a genu*ine* inclination for the sport, and not for mere show-sake, as too many do.

"Dash my vig, wot men I've seen in the 'unting-field! men without the slightest notion of 'unting, but who think it right to try if they like it, jest as they would smokin' or eatin' olives after dinner.

"'You should get a red coat, and join the 'unt,' says a young gen'leman's old aunt; and forthwith our hero orders two coats of the newest cut, five pair of spurs, ten pair of breeches, twenty pair of boots, waistcoats of every cut and figure, a bunch of whips, diachulum drawers, a cigar-case for his pocket, a gentle zephyr* for his saddle-front, a sandwich-case for one side, and a shoe-case for t'other, and keeps a hair-bed afloat against he comes 'ome with a broken leg. (Laughter and applause.)

"But I lose my patience thinkin' o' sich fools. If it warn't that among those who annually take the field, and are choked off by the expense, there are ingenious youth who, with proper

* "To the Sporting World.—No Gentleman having any just pretension to the name of Sportsman should be without one of Ward's celebrated Zephyr Coats," &c.—Advertisement.

handlin', might make good sportsmen and waluable payin' subscribers, I'd wesh my 'ands of sich rubbish altogether. If any such there be within the limits of this well-filled room, let him open wide his hears, and I will teach him, not only how to do the trick, but to do it as if he had been at it all his life, and at werry little cost. Let him pull out his new purchase, and learn to ride one 'oss afore he keeps two. We will now jog together to the meet.—It's only buoys in jackets and trowsers that are out for the *first* time. —Viskers, boots, and breeches, are supposed to come from another country. First we must dress our sportsman; — no black trousers crammed into top-boots, or fur-caps cocked jauntily on the 'ead;—real propriety, and no mistake!

"An ingenious gentleman in Ratcliffe Highway, or whose name was Ratcliffe, I doesn't know whether, wrote an interestin' blue-book, about all manner of things, 'unting included, wherein he said, 'that nothin's more snobbish than a black tye with top-boots.' It was a werry clever remark, and an enlargement of Mr. Hood's idea of no one ever havin' seen a sailor in top-boots. Bishops' boots he also condemned, and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and abricot jam.

"Leather-breeches he spoke kindly of, but unless a man has a good many servants, he had

better have them cleanin' his 'oss than his breeches. Leathers are very expensive, though there's a deal of wear in them. I have a pair now that were made by White of Tarporley, in George the Third's reign, and though the cut is altered, the constitution of them remains perfect. In those days it was the fashion to have them so tight, that men used to be slung into them by pulleys from their ceilings; and a fashionable man, writin' to his tailor for a pair, added this caution, 'Mind, if I can get into them, I won't have them.' Leathers were once all the go for street-work, jest as tights and Hessians will be ere long.

"I've heard a story, that when George the Fourth was Prince, a swell coveted the style of his leathers so much that he bribed the Prince's valet largely for the recipe. 'You shall have it,' said the man, pocketin' the coin, and lookin' werry wize; 'the fact is,' added he, 'the way his Royal 'Ighness's royal unmentionables look so well is, because his Royal 'Ighness sleeps in them.'" ("Haw, haw, haw," grunted Mr. Jorrocks, in company with several of his audience.)

"The custom of riding in scarlet is one upon which it becomes me to speak;—I doesn't know nothin' about the hantiquity of it, or whether Julius Cæsar, or any of those coves, sported

it or not; but, like most subjects, a good deal may be said on both sides of the question. There's no doubt it's a good colour for wear, and that it tends to the general promotion of fox'-unting, seeing that two-thirds of the men wot come out and subscribe wouldn't do so if they had to ride in black. Still I think ingenuous youth should not be permitted to wear it at startin', for a scarlet coat in the distance, though chock full of hignorance, is quite as allurin' as when it encloses the most experienced sportsman.

"I remembers dinin' at a convivial party in London, where there was a werry pleasant fat 'M. F. H.,' who told a story of wot 'appened to him in the New Forest. This, I need scarcely say, is a great wood of many thousand hacres, (a hundred thousand p'raps), and unless a man looks sharp, and keeps near th' 'ounds, he stands a werry good chance of losin' of them. Well, it so 'appened that this 'ere gen'lman did lose them, and castin' about, he saw a red coat flyin' over a flight o' rails i' the distance. In course he made for it, but before he got up, what was his extonishment at seein' red-coat pull up and charge back! He found the gen'lman knew nothin' about th' 'ounds, and was gettin' on capital without them.

"A Yorkshire friend o' mine went to a union

'unt, where men from three countries attended.—The field was frightful! Three 'undred and fifty 'ossmen, all determined to ride, and as jealous as cats. Now my friend being a true-born Briton, and not to be made to ride over nothin' on compulsion, started away in quite a different line as soon as the fox broke cover, followed by an 'undred 'ossmen, or more. The 'arder he went, the 'arder they rode, and fearin' he might fall, and be flummox'd, he made for a windmill on a neighbouring 'ill, and stuck his 'oss's tail to the sails.

"Up came his followers, puffin' and blowin' like so many grampuses. 'Vich way? vich way? vich way are th' 'ounds gone?' gasped they.

"'Ounds!' exclaimed my friend; 'I've been ridin' away from you all the time; 'ounds be gone t'other way?'" ("Haw, haw, haw!" a laugh in which the whole room joined.)

"So much for the force of example, gen'lmen; — had my friend been in black, the crowd wouldn't have come. Still the colour's good, and it ar'n't the use, but the abuse, that I complains on. For my part I likes a good roomy red rag, that one can jump in and out of with ease. These fine tight things," taking hold of his sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, and looking at his canary-coloured

shorts, "are all well enough for dancin' in, but for real scrimmagin' out-door work, there's nothin' like room and flannel; — good long-backed coats, with the waistcoat made equally warm all round, and the back to come down in a flap, and plenty of good well-lined laps to wrap over one's thighs when it rains."— Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and describing the cut of each article as he went on.—"Berlin gloves are capital for 'unting in," continued he; "they keep your 'ands warm, and do to blow your nose on in cold weather.

"Boots are boots all the world over;—caps are cocktail, but Wellingtons and tops are the most snobbish things a man can come out in.

"Youngsters should be cautious o' spurs;—they may use them wot is called incontinently, and get into grief. I disagree with Geoffry Gambado, who recommends the free use of them, as tendin' to keep the blood in circulation, and preventin' one's toes catchin' cold. He recommends spurrin' in the shoulder, where he says an 'oss has most feelin', because he has most weins; adding, that by spurrin' at his body, five times in six your labour is lost; for if you are a short man, you spur the saddle-cloth only; if a leggy one, you never touch him at all; and if middlin', the rider wears out his own girths,

without the 'oss being a bit the better for it; but my own opinion is, that the less ingenuous youth uses them the better.

"A slight knowledge of farmin' promotes the enjoyment of the chase. What so 'umiliatin' as to see a big farmer bullyin' a little man in leather and scarlet for ridin' over his seeds, when the innocent is ignorant of having done nothin' of the sort. Seeds, my beloved 'earers, are what grow into clover, or new land hay;—they come after the corn-crop, and when that is reaped, if an inquiring sportsman will examine the ground, he will see little green herbs, like crow's feet, shootin' up among the stubble, which rear themselves into stalks with expandin' leaves; and those glorious pink and white balls, called clover, wot smell so fragrantly as one loiters pensively along the shady dusty lanes.

"Now, if the iron-shod 'unter careers over these young and tender plants, leavin' his copyright behind him, and it comes wet shortly after, the standin' water perishes the plants, and leaves the farmer to' water his bed with tears and lamentation.—Oh, miserable bunch-clod!

"So it is with wheat. If you see a field nicely laid away, the surface all smooth, and the furrows all open, you may conclude that is wheat, even though the tender green blades—the pro-

missory note of life's comin' year, are not yet apparent. Some labour 'ard to make themselves believe that it increases the crop to ride over it, and many a hargument I've held with farmers in favour of that position myself, but no man, who treats himself to a little undisguised truth, can make himself believe so, unless, indeed, he is satisfied that a drove of hoxen would improve the prospects of a flower-garden by passin' a night in frolicsome diwersion. The wheat-field is the farmer's flower-garden!—It is to it that he looks for the means of payin' his rent, and giving his hamiable wife and accomplished darters a new piannet, and a scarlet welwet bonnet a-piece, with a black feather drooping over the left hear (Mr. Jorrocks looking slyly at Mrs. J. as he said this); and young and heedless men, if even they have no compassion on the old cock-farmer, should think what distress they will cause to the hens if they lose their scarlet welwet bonnets with the appurtenances. Some wags say that wheat is called 'ard corn, because it stands a wast of ridin' over; but I maintains that it no more means that, than that 'ard-money currency means 'money 'ard to get at,'—or that an 'ard rider means a man wot will trot down 'Olborn Hill on a frosty mornin'. Let every feelin' man, then, consider, when he is about

to ride over wheat, that he is about to trample under foot scarlet welwet bonnets, and with them the farmer's darters' best and tenderest 'opes.

"And here let me observe, that I cannot help thinkin' that that celebrated man, Gambado, has been the unconscious means of many a field of wheat being trampled down. When such great men talk lightly on a subject, little minds catch the infection, and far outstrip the author's most sanguinary conceptions.

"Speaking in laudatory terms of the merits of the dray 'oss—merits which no one will deny—Gambado talks of the figure they are calculated to made on the road or in the field. 'Scarce any of them,' says he, 'but is master of thirty stone and upwards!' (Roars of laughter.) 'What a sublime scene would it be,' continues he, 'to see fourscore or a hundred of these hanimals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of an 'ound!' (Roars of laughter.)

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, "I'm sorry for your mirth—(hisses and laughter)—shocked at your immorality, in fact!—Dash my vig if I arn't!" (Renewed laughter and cheers.)

"Such undecent mirth would disgrace a Cockney! A Cockney looks upon a farmer as an inferior crittur!—a sort of domestic convict, trans-

ported beyond the bills o' mortality, and condemned to wander in 'eavy shoes amid eternal hacres o' dirt and dandylions. I 'opes such is not your opinion.—(Loud cries of "No, no," and cheers.) I'm glad sich wickedness finds no response here." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks retired behind the curtain, and composed himself with a draught of brandy and water.

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"Now," said he, licking his lips, as he returned to the front of the platform; "let ingenuous youth suppose himself at the meet, and that he has been presented to the M. F. H., to whom great respect and reverence should always be paid;—the meet is the place for lettin' off the fulminatin' balls of wit; but unless young green-'orn be a tolerably jawbacious sort of chap, he had better be a listener at first. There are a few stock jokes that do for any country, the ready appliance of which stamps the user as a wag or a sportsman among those who don't know no better. 'Dear sir,' says one man to another, ridin' a wite-faced 'oss, 'I fears your nag is werry bad!'

"'Ow so?' inquires t'other, all alarm.

"'Vy, he's all vite in the face!' ("Haw! haw! haw!")

"'Yours is an expensive nag, I see,' observes a second.

"'Not more than other people's,' is the answer.

"'Yes, he is; for I see he wears boots as well as shoes,' pointing to speedy-cut boots.

"''Ave I lost a shoe in coming?' inquires a gentleman, who with a late start has come in a hurry.

"'They 're not all on before!' exclaims half a dozen woices, ready with the joke.

"'Does you 're mother know you are out?' is a familiar inquiry that may be safely hazarded to a bumptious boy in a jacket. 'More dirt the less hurt!' is a pleasant piece o' consolation for a friend with a mud mask; and 'One at a time and it will last the longer!' is a knowin' exclamation to make to a hundred and fifty friends waiting for their turns at an 'unting wicket. 'Over you go; the longer you look the less you'll like it!' may be 'ollo'd to a friend lookin' long at a fence. 'Hurry no man's cattle! you may keep a donkey yourself some day!' is the answer to the last. When you see a lawyer floored, sing out, 'There 's an 'oss a layin' down the law!' If a chap axes if your nag will jump timber, say, 'He 'll leap over your 'ead.' These, and sich as these, are your tickets for soup, as the cook said, when she basted the scullion with the hox-tail! (Loud laughter.)

"Flattery is easier accomplished than wit,

and the meet is a place where butter, with a little knowledge, will go a long way. All masters of 'ounds like praise. Some are so fond on it, that they butter themselves. If you see 'ounds' ribs, and their loins are well filled and flanks hollow, you may say they look like their work; if they're fat, say they are werry even in condition; if lean, that they look like goin' a bust; if jest noways in particklar, you can't get wrong if you say, you never saw a nicer lot. If you see some with clips on the hears, or along the backs, you may conclude they are new comers, and ax where he got them. Big-'eaded 'ounds, you may observe, look like John Warde's sort, or, more properly, Mr. Orlocks, seeing Orlock's to the fore and poor John is'nt. Coarse-sterned ones, you may put to the Badsworth. Badger-pyed ones may lead to the inquiry, if they arn't from Lord Fitzvilliam's; and then you can talk of Tom Sebright, Stanwick pastures, and all that sort o' thing; or of Furrier and Hosbaldeston; and swear you never saw sich legs and feet; in short, let legs and feet be the burthen of your song. Beware of callin' 'ounds dogs, or sterns tails. Sich a slip would make the M. F. H. turn tail on you directly.

"It looks werry knowin' to take a bit o' biscuit out of your pocket, as you are lookin' over the 'ounds, and make them rise on their

hind legs to receive it, while you scrutinise them werry attentively. This is a most scientific proceedin' and will immediately stamp you as a werry knowin' 'and, if not for an M. F. H. himself. Still let your talk be of legs and loins, with an occasional mention of elbows and shoulders. Perfection! symmetry! 'andsome! level! bone! breedin'! condition! Lord Ducie! Ralph Lambton! Musters! — are terms that may be thrown in at random, jest as the butter seems to go down.

" 'Untsmen are either 'eaven-born or hidiots —there's no medium. Every schoolboy can criticise their performance. It's 'stonishin' how quickly 'untsmen are run up and down, jest like the funds, with the bulls and the bears. As no M. F. H. keeps what he considers a fool, it may be well to commence in the soapy line; for even though a master may abuse a servant himself, he may not fancy his field doing so too.

" At the meet, every man's time is accordin' to his own convenience. Should he have been too early, the 'ounds have come late; and should he be late, the 'ounds were there before their time. The last man always says that there's no one else comin', as he does not see the wit of waitin' after he arrives.

" Among the followers of the chase, there be

some men wot start with wot seems like a good mould-candle passion for the chase, but, somehow or other, after a few seasons, it simmers down to little better nor a fardin' rushlight. After the first brush of the thing is over, they begin to economise their 'osses in November, that they may have them fresh about Christmas; or they don't work them much in February, as they wish to save a couple to take to town in the spring; or tool their missesses about in the Booby Hutch. Ven I hear chaps talk this way, I always reckon upon seein' their coats nailin' the happle-trees up afore long.

"Some are much greater 'oss coddles than others. When Tat wrote to Ferguson to know vot he wanted for 'Arkaway, and whether the 'oss was in work, Ferguson replied, 'The price of 'Arkaway is six thousand guineas, and I 'unts him twice and thrice a-week!' (roars of laughter). Quite true, I assure you," continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking very serious. "Saw it in print in that famous work, 'The Cracks of the Day.'

"Some men keep servants to be their masters.

"'I shall ride the roan, to-morrow, Jones,' says a gen'lman to his groom.

"'Can't, sir; just given him a dose o' physic.'

"'Well, then, the black. He's not been out since yesterday week.'

"'His turn's not till Tuesday.'

"'Oh, never mind! Just let me have a look at him.'

"'*Can't.* Stable's done up—not be hopen till four; so mizzle, master.'

"In course these chaps have 'igh wages," continued Mr. Jorrocks, "or you couldn't expect them to have such himperence. A man with a strong bouy and a hash-plant is generally master of his stud; a master with a bouy and no hash-plant is like a fiddle without a stick.

"More 'osses are ruined from want o' work than from the excess on't. Take a season through, and 'ow werry few days there are on which there is really any thing for gen'lmen's 'osses to do; though, to be sure, such days generally come in a heap; yet, as no one can say how long a run o' luck will last, my adwice is, to keep goin' as long as ever you can. A man can but get six days a-week if he labours ever so, and there are werry few wot would not rayther have four, or maybe two. The flash o' ridin' long distances to meet one pack of 'ounds, when another's at 'and, arises from the pleasure of sportin' a red coat through a longer line o' country, and vinkin' at the gals on the road, or from a desire to be talked of as havin' done so, and as being werry keen 'ands. I generally find them werry great fools!

"There is another way that would-be sportsmen have of shewin' their keenness. Durin' a storm sich as this, it is not unusual for the M.F.H. to advertise where th' 'ounds will meet the first day the weather permits. Well, as soon as ever the eves begin to drop, the would-bes put on their red coats and go to the meet, continuin' the process day after day until the thaw really arrives; when, disgusted at the slackness of the master, they throw the thing up, and swear they von't 'unt with him any more.

"'Not hung yourself yet, Gilhespie?' suitin' the haction to the word by feelin' your neck and cockin' your thumb under your hear, is a werry sportin' interrogatory to put to a frind in the street durin' a frost. All these mendacious means let ingenuous youth despise. It's one thing to cover your hignorance and another to help you to imperance. I does the former only.

"But come, let's be doin'!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his elbows against his sides as if anxious for the fray.

"Let us s'pose the last, *last* fumigatin' piece o' conceit has cast up, and the M. F. H. gives the hoffice to the 'untsman to throw off. 'Osses' 'eads turn one way, th' 'ounds brisk up at the move, the coffee-room breaks up, frinds pair off to carry out jokes, while the foot people fly to the 'ills, and the bald-'eaded keeper stands 'at in 'and at the gate, to let th' 'ounds into cover.

"'*Eleu in!*' at length, cries the 'untsman, with a wave of his 'and, and in an instant his 'osses' 'eels are deserted. The vipper-in has scuttled round the cover, and his rate and crack are 'eard on the far side. 'Gently, Conqueror! *Conqueror, have a care!* Ware are!—ware are!'"

* * * *

Here Mr. Jorrocks paused apparently for the purpose of recollecting something.

"There 's a bit o' poetry due here," observed he; "but somehow or other it von't come, to holloo!

> 'Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower o' the hocean, first——'"

continued he. "No, *that* von't do, that 's old Dan's dodge. Yet it 's somethin' like that, too; can no one help me? I have it:—

> 'Delightful scene!
> When all around is gay, men, 'osses, dogs;
> And in each smilin' countenance appears
> Fresh bloomin' 'ealth, and uniwersal joy.'

And yet that 's not exactly the place it should have come in at neither," observed Mr. Jorrocks, recollecting himself; "that scrap is meant for the meet; throwin' off is thus described by Peter Beckford, or some other gen'l'man wot described it to him. Howsomever it von't do to waste a cotation, so you can jest joggle t' other one back

in your minds to the right place. This is throwin' off:—

> 'See! on they range
> Dispersed, 'ow busily this way and that,
> They cross, examinin' with curious nose
> Each likely 'aunt. 'Ark! on the drag I 'ear
> Their doubtful notes, preludin' to a cry
> More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth.'

"Now that's poetry and sense too," observed Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips; "which is more than poetry often is; for a poet, you see, has to measure his words, and werry often the one that would express vot he vonts von't fit in with t'others, so he's obliged to alter his meanin' altogether, or mount a lame steed. For my part I likes prose best, and I reckon Peter's prose better nor most men's werse. Hear 'ow he finds his fox." Here Mr. Jorrocks took his copy of Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting" from the table at the back of the platform, and read as follows:—

"'How musical their tongues! And as they get nearer to him, 'ow the chorus fills! 'Ark! he is found. Now, vere are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls! one holloo has dispelled them all. Vot a crash they make! and hecho seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The 'stonished traveller forsakes his road; lured by its melody, the listenin' ploughman now stops his plough, and every distant shepherd

neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. Vot joy! vot heagerness in every face!'

"Now," said Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips again, "that 's what I call *real prime stuff*—the concentrated essence of 'untin'—the XXX of sportin', so different from the wire-spun, wishy-washy yarns of modern penny-a-liners, who smother their meanin' (if they have any) in words. If I 've read Peter once, I 've read him a hundred times, and yet I finds somethin' fresh to admire every time. Wernor and Hood, Birchin Lane, published this edition in 1796; and on the title-page is pasted a hextract from a newspaper that would adorn a monument. 'Monday, 8th March, 1811, at his seat, Stapleton, in Dorset-shire, Peter Beckford, Esq., aged 70. Mr. Beck-ford was a celebrated fox-'unter, and hauthor of 'Letters on 'Unting.'' There 's an inscription for a marble monument! 'Multum in parvo,' as Pomponius Ego would say. Blow me tight! but I never looks at Billy Beckford on his monument in Guildhall, but I exclaims, 'Shake Billy from his pedestal and set up Peter!' (Hisses and applause.)

"I once wrote my epitaph, and it was werry short,—

'Hic jacet Jorrocks,'

was all wot I said; but the unlettered 'untsman, or maybe M. F. H., might pass me by, jest as he

would a dead emperor. Far different would it be should this note follow,—'Mr. J. was a celebrated fox-'unter, and lectorer upon 'unting.' Then would the saunterin' sportsman pause as he passed, and drop a tribute to the memory of one who loved the chase so well. But I'm gettin' prosaic and off the line. Let us 'ark back into cover! The chase, I sings! Let's see.

"We had jest found our fox. Well, then, one more cotation from Peter and I'll be done, or you'll say I'm a reg'lar paste-and-scissor lectorer.* Here's a description of the thief o' the world afore he breaks:—

"'Mark 'ow he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth; the 'ounds are still too near! That check is lucky! Now if our friends 'ead him not, he will soon be off!'

"TALLI-HO!" screamed Mr. Jorrocks, at the top of his voice. "Dash my vig, that's the cry!" continued he, holding his hand in the air. "See 'ow pale the gen'leman in light scarlet and bishop's boots is turnin', and how delighted old Jack Rasper, in the cut-away olive, broad cords, and 'hogany' sis; his low-crowned 'at's in the hair, for he sees the warmint, a sight more glorious nor the lord-mayor's show; yet he

* "A paste-and-scissors author" is one who deals wholesale in other people's ideas, which he cuts out and pastes into his own manuscript.

'olloas not! Ah, it's talli-ho back! The fox is 'eaded by you puppy in purple, strikin' a light on the pommel of his saddle. 'Ope he'll soon be sick! Th' 'ounds turn short—no metal* there, Mr. Smith—and are at him again. Have at him, my beauties! Have at him, my darlin's! Have at him, I say! Yonder he goes at t' other end!—now he's away! Old Rasper has him again! 'Talli-ho, *away!*' he cries. The old low-crowned 'at's in the hair, and now every man 'oops and 'ollows to the amount of his superscription. *Twang! twang! twang!* goes the Percival; crack! crack! crack! go the whips; 'ounds, 'osses, and men, are in a glorious state of excitement! Full o' beans and benevolence!

"So am I, my beloved 'earers," observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a pause; "and must let off some steam, or I shall be teachin' you to over-ride the 'ounds." So saying, Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and cooled himself with a glass of hot brandy and water. Presently he returned, and thus resumed his discourse.

"Here let me observe, that it's a grand thing for a youngster to get a view of the warmint at startin': by so doing he gains a sort of wested interest in the fox, and rides after him as he

* *Metal.* When hounds are very fresh, and fly for a short distance on a wrong scent, or without one, it is called all metal. —Hunting terms in Smith's "Diary of a Sportsman." Query, Was *mettle* what he meant?

would after a thief with his watch. There's a knack in doin' this, and some men are cleverer at it than others, but half the battle consists in not being flurried—'Yonder he goes! yonder he goes! Talli-ho! talli-ho!' exclaim a dozen people, pointin' different ways—and hearin' that a fox is a quick travellin' beast, ingenuous youth begins to look some half mile a-head; whereas, if the people were to cry 'Here he is! here he is!' Spooney would take a nearer range, and see that a fox travels more like a cat nor a crow.

"Well, then, my beloved 'earers, glorious talliho! talliho!—whose very echo kivers me all over with the creeps—is holloaed and repeated, and responded and re-echoed, and th' 'ounds are pealin' to the scent. As soon as ever you hear the cry, make up your minds either to go on or go 'ome. But I won't s'pose that any man will stop stirrin' till the puddin's done; at all ewents, not till he sees a fence, so thrust your 'eads well into your 'ats, tighten your reins, 'arden your 'earts, and with elbows and legs, elbows and legs, get forward to the 'ounds." Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and straddling while he worked an imaginary horse with his arms.

"Now we are away! The cover's wacated, and there's not another within seven miles! Vich way's the wind? South-east, as I live. Then he's away for Brammelkite Brake! Now for your

topographical dictionaries, or, vot is still better, some gemman with a map of the country in his 'ead. The field begins to settle into places, like folks at the play. If there's no parson to pilot the way, gen'lmen with 'osses to sell take the first rank. Every one now sees who are there, and many may be wantin' at the end to tell who come in so; a rasper well negotiated at this time o' day has sold many a screw. After the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell comes the 'untsman, entreatin' the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell not to press upon the 'ounds; but as he only talks to their backs, they regard the exhortation as a mere figure o' speech. The top-sawyers of the 'unt will be close on the 'untsman. There will not be many of these; but should there be a barrack in the neighbourhood, some soger officers will most likely mex up and ride at the 'ardest rider among 'em, The dragon soger officer is the most dangerous, and may be known by the viskers under his nose. A foot soger officer's 'oss is generally better in its wind than on its legs. They wear chin wigs, and always swear the leaps are nothin' compared with those in the county they come from—Cheapside, p'raps.

"In the wake of the top-sawyers and soger officers will come your steady two 'oss men, their eyes to the 'ounds, their thoughts in the chase, regardless of who crams or who cranes. These generally wear cords, their viskers are greyish,

and their boot-tops incline to a brown. As men get older, their boots get darker.

"The 'safe pilot' is one with a broad back, clad in bottle-green, with plain metal buttons, white neckcloth, striped veskit, drab kerseys, with ribbons danglin' over a 'hogany top; or may be in the scarlet coat of the 'unt, with a hash-plant, to denote that he is a gate-opener, and not a leaper: a man of this sort will pilot a youngster all day without ridin' over a fence. He knows every twist, every turn, every gate, every gap, in the country, and though sometimes appearin' to ride away from th' 'ounds, by skirtin' and nickin', will often gain Reynard's p'int afore them—p'raps afore Reynard himself!

"We must not follow him, but 'streak it' across the country a bit, as brother Jonathan would say, and this is the time that, if ingenuous youth's 'oss has any monkey in him, he will assuredly get his dander up and shew it. The commonest occurrence in all natur' is for him to run away, which is highly disagreeable. Geoffrey Gambado well observes, that when a man is well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his 'oss. Some will run him at a ditch, which is a werry promisin' experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all: others try a gate-post, but it requires a nice eye to hit the centre with the 'oss's 'ead, so as not to graze your own leg.

Frenchmen—and Frenchmen ride as well now as they did in Gambado's time—will ride against one another; and Geoffrey tells a good story of an ingenious Frenchman he saw make four experiments on Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His 'oss ran away with him whilst Gimcrack was runnin' a match, and the Count's 'opes of stoppin' him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course and rode slap at Gimcrack, 'opin' to effect it by a broadside; but Gimcrack was too quick for the Count, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him slantin': baffled in this second attempt, the Count relied on the Devil's Ditch as a certain check to his career, but his 'oss carried him clean over; and had not the rubbin' 'ouse presented itself, the Count asserted he werily believed he should soon have reached London. Dashin' at the rubbin' 'ouse, with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his 'oss, not being able to proceed, stopped, and that so suddenly that Ducrow himself would have kissed his own saw-dust. The Count, it is true, came off but tolerably well; the 'oss broke his 'ead and the Count's likewise, so that, accordin' to the opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no 'arm was done, an ingenious, if not a satisfactory, mode of disposin' of damage.

"And here let me observe, that to 'unt plea-

mainly two things are necessary—to know your 'oss and to know your own mind. An 'oss is a queer crittur. In the stable, on the road, or even in a green lane, he may be all mild and tamiable—jest like a gal you're a courtin' of—but when he gets into the 'unting field among other nags, and sees th' 'ounds, which always gets their danders up, my vig! it's another pair of shoes altogether, as we say in France. Howsomever, if you know your 'oss and can depend upon him, so as to be sure he will carry you over whatever you put him at, have a good understandin' with yourself afore ever you come to a leap, whether you mean to go over it or not, for nothing looks so pusillanimous, as Wooley Wolliamson* would say, as to see a chap ride bang up to a fence as though he would eat it, and then swerve off for a gate or a gap. Better far to charge wiggorously and be chucked over by the 'oss stoppin' short, for the rider may chance to light on his legs, and can look about unconsarnedly, as though nothing particklar had 'appened. I'm no advocate for leapin', but there are times when it can't be helped, in which case, let a man throw his 'eart fearlessly over the fence and follow it as quick as ever he can, and being well landed, let him thank Fortin' (or whoever he gets his sugar

* Williamson, the highly respected huntsman of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh.

of) for his luck, and lose no time in lookin' for the best way out. Thus he will go on from leap to leap, and from field to field, rejoicin'; and havin' got well over the first fence, it's 'stonishin' 'ow fearlessly he charges the next. Some take leapin' powder—spirits of some sort— but it's a contemptible practice, and unworthy a sportin' ingenuous youth.

"The finest receipt, however, for makin' men ride is shakin' a sportin' hauthor afore them at startin'. Crikey! 'ow I've seen them streak across country so long as he remained in sight! Coves wot wouldn't face a furrow if they had had their own way, under the impulse of glory will actually spur their steeds! Reportin's a custom of modern inwention, and has proved werry takin'. 'Bell's Life,' that glorious repertory of all wot's good and waluable in sportin' life, opens wide its columns to the unpractised pens o' rural writers; but it is to the polished periods of the hitinerant chief-justices o' the chase that future ages must look for the darin' doin's o' the present. There, in goodly wolumes, and well-set type, old age shall live life o'er again in the refreshin' werdure o' fireside fields. Old times, old seasons, and old sports, shall be revived, as the familiar name and well-known spot draws back the recollections of each scene with all the vivid keenness of a yesterday.

"But I can't pursue the subject," continued Mr. Jorrocks, pressing his hand upon his forehead. "No one can refer to life's backward course without feelin' the chokingness of severed friendships, disappointed 'opes, and blighted expectations.

"Dash my vig if he can!" said he in a good loud tone to himself, as he turned round to seek consolation at the back of the platform, amid the uproarious applause of the meeting.

"Gentlemen wot take their ideas of 'unting from Mr. Hackermann's pictor'-shop, in Regent Street," observed he, as he returned, "must have rum notions of the sport. There you see red laps flyin' out in all directions, and 'osses apparently to be had for catchin'. True, that in 'unting men will roll about—but so they will on the road; and I'd raythor have two bumps in a field, than one on a pike. Danger is every where! An accomplished frind o' mine says, 'Impendet *omnibus* periculum,'—Danger 'angs over an omnibus: and 'Mors *omnibus* est communis,'—You may break your neck in an *omnibus:* but are we, on that account, to shun the wehicle of which the same great scholar says, 'Wirtus parvo pretio licet ab omnibus,'—Wirtue may ride cheap in an omnibus? Surely not!

"Still, a fall's a hawful thing. Fancy a great sixteen-'and 'oss lyin' on one like a blanket, or

sittin' with his monstrous hemispheres on one's chest, squelchin' one's werry soul out! Dreadful thought! Vere's the brandy?" Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks again retired to the back of the platform to compose his nerves.

"'OLD 'ARD!" exclaimed he at the top of his voice, advancing to the front, causing silence throughout the room. "'OLD 'ARD!" repeated he, holding up his hand; "appallin' sound!" added he mournfully, "fearful to the forward, and dispiritin' to all. Now's the time that the M.F.H. if he has any mischief in him, and 'appens to be hup, will assuredly let drive at some one.

"'OLD 'ARD' means that gen'l'men are to stop their 'osses, a thing easier said than done, sometimes. Then if any troublesome stranger, or unpunctual payer, appears to be forrard, he is sure to catch it.

"'Thank you, Mr. Red Veskit!' or, 'I'm much obleged to that gen'l'man with the big calves for over-ridin' *my* 'ounds!—werry *much* obleged to him!—most *partick*larly obleged to him!—most confoundedly obleged to him!—G—d d——d obleged to him!—*Wish the devil had him*, big calves and all!'

"Meanwhile the 'untsman makes his cast, that's to say, trots his 'ounds in a circle round where they threw up: 'threw up' doesn't mean womitin' mind, but standin' starin' with their

'eads up, instead of keepin' them down, tryin' for the scent. As this is a critical moment, young gen'l'men should refrain from inwitin' the 'untsman or whips to follow them over gates or dangerous leaps. All should be attentive. A cast is a thing to criticise, on the principle of the looker-on seein' the most of the game. If there are no big fences in the way, and the 'untsman knows how far the 'ounds ran with a scent, he will probably hit it off pretty soon. That will be science.

"If the leaps are large, he may not be so lucky, and then Mr. Red Veskit, or the gen'l'man with the big calves, will catch it again.

"Should any one 'int that they have seen a better cast, little buoys will go home and tell their ma's they don't think much of Jack Jones, and Jack's character will begin to go. A fish-fag's ware isn't more perishable than an 'untsman's fame; his skill is within the judgment of every one—'Cleverest feller alive!'—'Biggest fool goin'!'

"But to the run! The *Chass* I sing! A run is either a *buster*—elbows and legs throughout—or it is sharp at first, and slow arterwards—or it is slow at first, and sharp arterwards. The first is wot most frequently finishes the fox; and when every 'ound owns the scent, unless Old Reynard does the hartful dodge, by lyin' down in an 'edge-row, or skulkin' among cattle or ship, in all

humane probability his life arn't worth twenty minutes' purchase from the find.

"The second class run—sharp at first, and slow arterwards—is the most favourable to the fox; for the longer it lasts, the slower the 'ounds go, until they get to wot Agony Coachmen call Parliament-pace—that is to say some six miles an 'our, when they are either run out o' scent, or a big 'are jumps up afore them, and leads them astray. It's then, '*Ware are, Venus! Victory, for shame!*' and off 'ome.

"The third class—slow at first, and sharp arterwards—is hawkward for the fox, but good for beginners, for they get warm in the progress, instead of bein' choked at the start. The thing improves, jest like a hice-cream in the eatin'.

"No two men agree upon the merits of a run, unless they 'appen to be the only ones to see it, when they arrange that wot one says t'other shall swear to; your real jealous buoys can't bear to see many at the finish. In relatin' a run to an absent frind, it is always allowable to lay on fifty per cent for presence.

"Ingenuous youth should speak in praise of the 'ead the 'ounds carried. This doesn't mean that they ran with an 'ead of no sort in their mouths, but that they packed well together, and each strived to be first. It is this wot distinguishes a real pack of fox-'ounds from your trencher-fed

muggars, and constitutes the charm o' the chase. If the death of a fox be all that's desired, a gun will do the business better than Farmer Muggins and Co.'s towlers.

"What looks so contemptible as a stringin' lot o' towlin' beggars toilin' in long line over the heavy fallows, and the fox gettin' knocked on the 'ead because the dogs are too tired to kill him themselves? Out upon sich outrages! say I. But to the legitimate run.

"Not bein' in at the death is reckoned slow, and numerous are the excuses of defaulters—losin' a shoe, is one of the commonest; assistin' a friend in trouble, another; 'oss fallin' lame, a third; thrown out in turnin' 'ounds, a fourth: any thing but the real one—want o' nerve. Nerve means pluck: in Alderman Harley's time, they called it courage.

"If ingenuous youth, after ridin' the line, sees 'osses bein' led about a field, and red coats standin' in a ring, he may conclude bold Reynard is killed, and, by quickenin' his pace, he may steal quietly in afore the worry.

"No run is perfect without blood, that's to say without killin' the fox. Oh, vot a sight it is to see twenty couple of noble fox-'ounds racin', and bristlin' for blood, all jealous, and hanxious to have the first cranch! Wot's more disgustin' than to see a lot o' towlin' 'arriers smellin' at the

dishonoured carcase of a gallant fox? Come, then, my beloved 'earers, let us kill our Reynard as we should do, and let every little lad in the country go home to his mammy with his face all covered with blood! Ah, joyful times that the recollection of that ceremony must awaken! It will rewive the wision of our buoyish days, and make us fancy ourselves young again! Talk of the life of a sportsman! Vot's the life of a sportsman but a recollection of his first fox, and his last! Come, then, again I say, let us run into the warmint, and let every man in the room join me in one loud, soul-stirrin' 'WHO-HOOP!'"

Here Mr. Jorrocks put his finger in his ear, and gave a "Who-hoop!" that shook the very rafters of the room, which being responded to by the party, a noise was created that is more easily imagined than described.

Three cheers for Mr. Jorrocks were then called for, and given with such vehemence as to amount to nine times nine, and one cheer more, during which the worthy master kept bowing and scraping on the platform, until he got a crick in his neck from the exercise.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Take not out your hounds on a very windy day."—Bickford.

Despite Mr. Jorrocks' opinion of her, Mrs. Junks was a true prophet. The day after the lecture, Gabriel himself descended from the stable top into the garden with a loud and piercing scream. His crest was erect, his neck feathers slightly ruffled, and as he lifted one foot and then the other out of the snow, there was an air of comfort in his walk that told of other feelings than that of frost—Mr. Jorrocks went out at the back-door in his slippers, and poking his finger into the snow, proclaimed it was a thaw—a large drop splashing on his wig confirmed the judgment—spouts began to trickle, then to run, sewers to overflow, streets stood in snow-broth, and the prospect of a return to verdure and animation was the only consolation for wet-footed walkers. It was a decided thaw. There was a gentle wind, and the rain fell soft and

warm—laurels expanded to the more genial atmosphere, the leafless trees seemed to increase in size, and the distant objects fell back to their places in the landscape—Nature's fetters were dissolved.

The snow had not drifted so much as the violence of the wind led our friends to imagine. The storm had been partial, and the neighbourhood of Handley Cross seemed to have got more than its share. Mr. Jorrocks exercised his hounds through all parts of the country, and at the end of ten days indulged in a bye-day. He got blood, and came home as happy as a prince. He then resumed his advertisements, and things went on in their usual met, found, killed, lost, sort of way until the day whose adventures we are about to describe.

* * * *

"Could that be the vind, or was it a dream?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting out of his sleep at something like thunder over-head—*rumble, rumble, tumble*, went a stack of chimneys, and Mr. Jorrocks was on the floor in an instant. *Blast* went the wind, and in came his window—"Vot next? as the frog said when his tail dropped off," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, wondering what was going to happen—over went the looking-glass, which was dashed to atoms, two five-pound notes were whisked about the room, and

the clothes-horse came clattering among the jugs.

"It's a *con*founded wind," said Mr. Jorrocks, running after the five-pound notes, "wonder wot's the meanin' of it all—fear th' 'ounds will be werry wild," recollecting that they were to meet at the "World turned Upside Down," on the Hookem-Snivey road.

It was a terrific morning—the wind blew a perfect hurricane—chimneys were toppling and tumbling, slates falling, tiles breaking, and here and there whole roofs taking flight—family washings were whisked away, or torn to tatters on the drying lines—children were lifted off their legs, and grown-up people knocked against each other at the corners of the streets.

"This is summut new at all events," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing a large laurel torn up by the roots in the garden, "that tree never had such a hike afore in its life," and as he looked, the back-door flew open with a crash that split it from top to bottom.

"Wish there mayn't be mischief," said he, huddling on his dressing-gown and running down-stairs, recollecting there was something about repairs in his agreement. Here he found the soot covering the drawing-room carpet, and the kitchen floor strewed with bricks and mortar—"Oh dear! oh dear," exclaimed he, "here's

a terrible disaster, five pounds worth of damage at least, and, ord rot it! there's my Jerry Hawkins mug broke:" gathering the fragments of a jug representing that renowned Gloucestershire sportsman.*

The wind was cuttingly keen, and swept up and down with unrestrained freedom. There was not a fire lighted, and the whole place smelt of soot, and was the picture of misery.

"Shall never get to the World turned Upside Down to-day," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the scene of desolation, and wishing what he saw might be the extent of the mischief. "Pity to lose a day too," added he, thinking it might only be a squall.

He now sought the refuge of the parlour, but oh! what greeted him there!—the window wide open—chairs huddled in the centre of the room, the table in the corner, and Betsey, with up-turned gown, scrubbing away at the grate.

"Now blast it, Batsay," roared Mr. Jorrocks, as a gust of wind swept a row of china off a chiffonier, "vot in the name of all that's hugly are you arter now?"

"Only polishing the grate!" exclaimed Betsey,

* Mr. Hawkins is now dead, and few of the jugs being in existence, our readers will the more readily sympathise with Mr. Jorrocks on his loss.

astonished at seeing her master walking about in his night-cap and dressing-gown.

"But vot in the name o' badness are you workin' with the winder open for?"

"To air the house, to be sure!" replied Betsey, tartly.

"HAIR THE 'OUSE!" screamed Mr. Jorrocks, whisking his dressing-gown round as he spoke; "Hair the 'ouse, it's hairy enough already!—ord rot it! you 'ousmaids have no sort o' compassion about you—the colder the day, the hairier you are—see vot you've done now! Belinda's pet-lambs, your misses's Cupid, and my model of the Saracen's 'Ead on Snow 'Ill, all dashed to spinnage! Enough to make the Harchbishop o' York swear!" saying which, Mr. Jorrocks bounced out of the room, lest he might be tempted into an oath.

Our master ran up-stairs, but little consolation greeted him there. His dressing-table was covered with blacks—his looking-glass was on the swing—his soap was reduced to wafer—there was nothing but cold water to shave with, and his beard being at all times rather untractable, he inflicted sundry little gashes on his chin, as he jagged a blunt razor over the stubborn stubble. Altogether his toilette was performed under most discouraging circumstances. Still he dressed for hunting, the hounds being adver-

tised, and there being a possibility of the wind lulling.

Batsay had got the parlour "haired" before he made his second appearance, but she had had to borrow a neighbour's kettle, and was making some toast in the room when he entered. The wind having abated, Mr. Jorrocks thought he might as well make up with her, as a sort of peace-offering to Æolus.

"Now, Batsay," said he, in an agreeable tone, "I've never had cause to find fault with you afore, but really on a vindy day like this, it does seem raythor unkind lettin' old Boreas take the run o' the 'ouse in ——"

"It *warn't* old Boreas," replied Betsey, reddening up.

"Oh, dash my vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, hurrying out, "that confounded young carpenter's been here again! That's the way they hair one's 'ouse."

Roar went the wind, as Mr. Jorrocks left the room.

* * * *

Stubbs wouldn't get up, and Mr. Jorrocks got through breakfast alone under very disheartening circumstances. The kettle had only half-boiled, and the tea was little better than water,—blacks floated on the cream, and the butter was similarly ornamented,—the eggs were cold in the middle,

and the sausages only done on one side, added to which, the baker's oven was blown down, and there was nothing but stale rolls; altogether, it was a very sorry affair. "Well, better luck next time," said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, hurrying away from the scene of discomfort.

* * * *

"Can we 'unt, think you, Pigg?" inquired he of James, who he found turning the horses round in their stalls, preparing for a start.

Pigg.—"Yeas, ar should think we may, towards noon; the wind's uncommon kittle now, though,—maist had my head smashed with a pan-tile comin' past ard Tommy Trotter's Biar."

"It's werry cold," observed Mr. Jorrocks, thumping his right hand against his thigh. "Now, Binjimin, wot's 'appened you?" looking at the boy all bathed in tears.

"*So cold,*" drawled out the boy.

"Cold! you little warmint!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks; "wot business have *you* to be cold?—Think o' ginger. I'm froggy myself, but I doesn't cry! Think o' ginger, I say."

The boy still went on blubbering, wiping his eyes with the back of his hands, imparting a little of their dirt to his face.

It was ten o'clock before they got started, and the wind still blew with unabated fury. Pigg and Benjamin turned their cap's peak backwards,

and Mr. Jorrocks shortened his hat-string two holes. The hounds set up their backs, and the horses shied at every thing they came near,—indeed, they were not wholly without excuse, for the broken and uprooted trees, the prostrate walls, demolished barns, and flying stacks, they encountered in their progress, were enough to startle less observing animals than they are. Here was half an elm-tree rolling about the country,—there a thrashing-machine lifted to the skies. Our party made slow progress in their journey. The wind veered about, now catching their coats, now taking them in the rear, and now nearly blowing them over their horse's tails. The hounds, too, took advantage of the scrimmage; some cut away home, while others hung back, or hurried before the horsemen. Had Mr. Jorrocks guessed it was any thing but a high wind, he would never have gone.

There were few people astir, and the Borrowdale Turnpike-gate was still shut. "Gate! gate! gate!" roared Pigg. "Gate! gate! gate!" shouted Mr. Jorrocks, but the wind scattered their voices in all directious. They were kept there for ten minutes at least, when Mr. Jorrocks had recourse to his horn, and gave it a twang that brought Tom Taketicket out in a hurry.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed he; "is it you,

Mr. Jorrocks?—I thought it was the mail.—Sure*lie* you arn't going to hunt such a morning as this?"

"But I am," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "and I'll thank you to hopen the gate.—Kept me here quite long enough.—Got to meet at the World Turned Hupside Down, and been bellerin' here for 'alf an hour and more. Here, take your pay; I harn't got no copper, but there are three postage-stamps instead."

Having got his stamps, Tom turned the key in the lock, and a blast blew the gate against the post with a crash that shivered it to splinters.—The party then jogged on.

* * * *

The World Turned Upside Down was one of those quiet way-side inns that the march of railroads will shortly leave mere matter of history. It was a substantial old stone mansion, standing a little off the road, approached by a drive round a neatly cultivated oval-shaped garden, where, amid well-rolled gravel walks, and fantastically cut yews, swung a blue and gold sign bearing its name—The World turned Upside Down. A clustering vine covered one end of the house, and reached nearly up to the latticed windows in the stone roof, while luxuriant Irish ivy crept up to the very chimney-

pots on the other; rose-bushes and creepers were trained upon trellices in front, and, altogether, it was as pretty an *auberge* as any in the land.

It was a posting-house, though not exactly a first-rate one, inasmuch as the stage on either side was short, and four-horse people generally went through; but it was a favourite resort for newly-married couples, and was equally esteemed by stage-coachmen, who always made an excuse for pulling up at its honeysuckled porch. Venerable elms sheltered the ends, and the side from the road opened into a spacious garden overlooking rich meadows, sloping away to a smoothly gliding stream, while distant hills closed the scene in circling greyness of romantic form.

That was its summer aspect. On this eventful day things wore a different garb. As the hounds approached, Flash Jim's swell Taglioni coach was seen resting against the bank, while the purple stream of life was fast flowing from a dying horse. The huge elms at the east end of the house were all uprooted, while one on the west had fallen with destructive crash upon the house, bearing down a whole stack of chimneys, and stripping the ivy off the wall.

The blue and gold sign creaked and flapped in the wind, while the pride of the road, a yew-tree equestrian, was torn up by the roots, and dashed against the railing beyond.

"Bliss my 'eart!" exclaimed Jorrocks, eyeing the fallen horseman, "*that's too bad!* Those great helms I wouldn't care about, but to ruin sich a triumph of the h'art is too bad—cruel in the extreme." A cutting sleet came on, and a passer-by put up an umbrella, which was immediately turned inside out, and carried over the house-top. Mr. Jorrocks' horse swerved, and nearly capsized him.

"Let's get shelter," said he, making for the yard, "or there'll be mischief, I'm blow'd if there won't."

"Mine host," Jemmy Lush, or the "Old World,"—as he was familiarly termed—was almost frantic. He, poor man, had retired to rest early, and almost the last thing he did, was to arrange some twigs in the yew-tree horse-tail, and train a couple of shoots at the rider's heels for spurs. For twenty years the Old World had loved and nursed that tree; it was the pride of the country! Not a stage-coachman passed, but jerked his elbow at it; and its image was engraven on the minds of hundreds of husbands and wives, now cultivating little olive-branches of their own, who had admired its symmetry in connexion with each other.

"Oh, Mr. Jorrocks!" exclaimed Jemmy, waddling out of the house in his shirt-sleeves, his tapster's apron flying up to his bottle nose, dis-

playing the substantial form of his garterless legs, and his breeches open at the knee; "Oh, Mr. Jorrocks, *I'm ruined, sir!* — I'm ruined! — *I've lost my bush!*" and the poor man put his hand before his eyes to avert the sad calamity.

"Never mind, old cock!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, cheeringly, grasping his hand as he spoke, "plant another, and I'll warrant you'll see it grow."

"*Never! never!*" responded the Old World, sobbing as he spoke. "That man and hoss ——" and here his feelings choked his utterance. He would have said that Mrs. Jemmy and he planted it on their wedding-day, and had long regarded it as their first-born.

The wind blew, the hail beat, the trees creaked, and seemed inclined to follow their leaders, and our party, half benumbed, gladly sought the shelter of the Old World's barn. The poor hounds shivered, as if in the last stage of the distemper; and the horses' coats stood like Friezland hens' feathers.

"Surely no man in his senses will come to 'unt such a day as this," observed Mr. Jorrocks, slackening his horse's girths as he spoke, "would deserve to have a commission of lunacy taken out again him for his pains."

Leaving Benjamin in the barn, Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg sought the shelter of the house. The

wind had stove in the back door, and a venerable elm was prostrate before it. Scrambling through the branches, they at length gained admission, but the inside was almost as cheerless as the out. No fire — no singing kettle, for hot stopping, as was wont, and the elder-wine bottle remained in the cupboard. Bricks, soot, lime, dust, and broken furniture, strewed the house, and the "little Worlds" were huddled together in a corner, not knowing whether to be frightened or pleased.

The "Old World" had thrown himself into an easy chair in the parlour, having taken the precaution of wrapping his wife's red petticoat about his shoulders to prevent his catching cold. "I shall never get over it," exclaimed he, as Mr. Jorrocks entered, whip in hand; "ruined, sir!—beggared!—nothing left for me but the bastille!"

"Vy the vind has certain*lie* paid you a hawful visit," observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the trees lying across each other outside; "but it would have been worser if it had broke them."

"Oh, it's not *them* I cares about," exclaimed Jemmy, pulling the petticoat about his ears; "it's not them, nor the great oak at the bottom of the field — kept the sun off the grass; those are my landlord's. It's my bush I'm bad about;" and thereupon he pulled the petticoat up to his bottle nose, and burst into tears.

"What ails the cull man?" inquired Pigg, with a fine stream of tobacco, all clotted with dust, running from his mouth.

"It's his beautiful bush," replied Mr. Jorrocks, in a whisper. "Didn't you see that the yew-tree 'oss and rider were torn up by the roots? The Old World loved that bush."

Pigg.—"Ord sink! what's the use o' blubberin' about that? there are plenty o' bushes left. There be twe fine hollins, he may cut into what he likes, shot towers, steeples, or ought;" saying which, Pigg left the room.

"Come, cheer up, old bouy," said Mr. Jorrocks, soothingly, "and let's have a drop o' comfort. I declare I'm perfectly perished. Let's have bottoms of brandy."

At the word brandy, the Old World brightened up. He dived into his apron pocket, and ringing the bell, ordered his missis to bring glasses and the bottle.

Drink brings comfort to some minds, and Jemmy Lush's mind was of that description. The first glass he said little; the second, not much more, but the petticoat began to droop from his ears; and at the third, he had it upon his shoulders.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," at length observed he, with a sigh. "That great oak at the bottom of my meadow has been an

eye-sore to me these twenty years. Its great ugly branches covered half an acre of land, and our squire never would have it lopped or cut down. Said he, 'There's the finest view in the country from it—you see the river, and the ruins of the abbey, and the Gayhurst hills in the distance,' and I don't know what; the silly man forgetting, all the time, that he would see just the same things whether the tree was there or not; and it spoiled as much grass as would have kept me a calf."

"Great humbrageous beggar!" observed Mr. Jorrocks; adding, "I s'pose the tree would be worth summut?"

"No doubt," replied Jemmy. "But nothing like so valuable as my bush;" and thereupon he heaved a sigh, and pulled the petticoat about his ears.

Just then a man passed the window, with a couple of horses, and Mr. Jorrocks ran to look at him. He was dressed in a very old hat, with a new cockade in it, a faded green neckcloth, a stained red waistcoat, a fustian frock and trousers, with thick shoes and worsted stockings, and wore moustachios. He rode a weedy chestnut, and led an unhappy-looking grey, the latter decorated with a running martingale and a noseband, and sundry rings and contrivances.

"Whose be those?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with great importance.

"Captain Smith and Lieutenant Brown," replied the soldier-groom, saluting him.

"Foot-captins, I presume?" replied our master, looking at their horses.

"Grenadier company," replied the man.

"It's all the same to me," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "They don't expect I'm agoin' to 'unt sich a day as this — do they?"

"Don't know," replied the man; "got my orders last night, and of course I came away."

"Then you 'd better cut away and meet them, and say that unless good *payin'* subscribers, to the amount of thirty pounds, cast up, I shalln't cast off;" adding, as he wheeled about, "Don't think any man with thirty pence he could call his own would turn out such a day as this."

Mr. Jorrocks returned to the parlour, and was beginning a dissertation upon hunting, when Pigg entered the room, with a spade over his shoulder, and addressed Jemmy Lush with —

"Now gan and water your buss with your tears, 'ars getten it oop again."

"No!" exclaimed Jemmy, running to the window; sure enough it was up, and two horse-keepers were busy securing it with ropes and strong posts.

Jemmy Lush was half-frantic. He threw the petticoat into the corner, and ran to the garden to embrace his old friend. Little mischief had

ensued from its excursion. The rider's hat had got a cast on one side, and the bit of the horse's bridle was broke; but there was nothing that Jemmy's fatherly care would not easily rectify.

Great was Jemmy's gratitude. He placed all the cold meat in his larder at Pigg's disposal, and as the storm abated and the party were about to set off, he insisted upon putting a bottle of brandy into each of Pigg's pockets.

The "Paul Pry" of that week contained a long list of damage and disasters, and Mr. Jorrocks learned from the heading of the article that he had been out in a hurricane.

We forgot to mention, that on this eventful day Mr. Hullah gave his first lesson in singing for the million at Handley Cross, under the patronage of Mrs. Barnington, and that Mrs. Jorrocks insisted on Belinda and Charles accompanying her, that she might join the class, and beard Mrs. Barnington.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Barnington did not come.

Mr. Jorrocks is strongly of opinion that Mr. Hullah raised the wind.

CHAPTER IX.

"In a new hall, hung round with pikes and with bows,
And new bucklers, and corslets, that had not borne any blows."—
Warnley Varified.

"And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined."—SHAKSPEARE.

"State, without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst."—
WALKER'S *Original.*

TOWARDS the close of a February day, one of those untaxed dog-cart sort of gigs, with "JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H." painted up behind, whisked from the turnpike up the well-sheltered drive of Cockolorum Hall.

The hounds were to meet there in the morning, and Mr. Jorrocks had written to apprise his unknown host of his coming. Being rather late, and having a hack, Mr. Jorrocks had driven a turn faster than usual, and as he cut along the sound drive, the Hall was soon before him.

It had originally been a large red-fronted farm-

house, converted by a second owner into a villa; increased by a third into a hall; while under the auspices of its present more aspiring master it was fast assuming the appearance of a castle. Massive stone towers, with loop-hole battlements, guarded the corners — imitation guns peered through a heavy iron palisade along the top— while a stone porch, with massive black nailed folding oak doors, stood out from the red walls of the centre. A richly emblazoned flag, containing the quarterings of many families, floated from the roof.

Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs had been a great stay-maker on Ludgate Hill, and, in addition to his own earnings (by no means inconsiderable), had inherited a large fortune from a great dry-salting uncle in Bermondsey. On getting this he cut the shop, bought Cockolorum Hall, and having been a rampant Radical in the City, was rewarded by a J. P.ship in the country. Mr. Jorrocks knew all about him.

* * * *

"Quite genteel, I declare," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the mansion as he pulled up at the door, and clambered down his vehicle to give the massive bronze helmet-handled bell a pull. "Perfect castle," added he; "'opes I shalln't get soused," recollecting his last adventure in one.

The spacious folding-doors were presently opened

by an ill-shaped, clumsy-looking youth, in a gorgeous suit of state livery, and a starched neck-cloth, so broad and so stiff as perfectly to pillorize him. A quantity of flour concealed the natural colour of his wild matted hair, while the ruddiness of a healthy complexion was heightened by a bright orange-coloured coat, with a white worsted shoulder-knot dangling at the side. His waistcoat was a broad blue and white stripe, breeches of scarlet plush, and white silk stockings, rather the worse for wear, as appeared by the darning up the calf; stoutish shoes, with leather strings, completed the costume of this figure footman.

"Now, young man!" said Mr. Jorrocks in his usual free-and-easy way, "jest stand by my nag while I takes out my traps, for I harn't brought no grum.—See, now," continued he, pulling out the gig-seat, "put that in my bed-room, and jest give them 'ere tops a rub over for the mornin'," producing a pair of mud-stained boots that he had worn the last day's hunting; "it wern't no use bringin' a clean pair," observed he, half to himself and half to the servant, "for they'd a' got crumpled i' the comin', and those won't take no more cleanin'. Now, where's the stable? Love me, love my 'oss," continued he, adjusting the reins in the territs, and preparing to lead round.

"That way," said stiff-neck, extending his left arm like the wand of a telegraph, as he stood

with the dirty top-boots in the other, saying which he wheeled about, and re-entered the house, leaving Mr. Jorrocks to find his way as he could.

"Ah, never mind," said the worthy man to himself, seeing he was gone, "if I could find the 'ouse, be bund I can find the stable;" saying which he turned his vehicle round, and following the old wheel-marks on the gravel, was very soon in the stable-yard at the back of the castle.

Here he found another youth in red plush breeches and white silk stockings, washing his face at the cistern, purifying himself from the stable preparatory to appearing in the dining-room.

"Here, young man," said Mr. Jorrocks, "jest put up my 'oss afore you adorn yourself; and if you take well care of him, I'll give you half-a-crown i' the mornin'. He's a clipped 'un, and won't take no cleanin'," continued he, eyeing the smoking, curly-coated brute, and wondering whether the chap would believe him or not.

This matter being arranged, Mr. Jorrocks ferreted his way back to the front, and, opening the door, passed through the green folding ones of the porch, and entered a hall beyond. This was fitted up in the baronial style. Above a spacious mantel-piece, occupying about a third of the apartment, branched an enormous stag's head, hung round with pistols, swords, cutlasses, and

warlike weapons of various kinds, and the walls were covered with grim-visaged warriors, knights in armour, and ladies of bygone days. Many had their names painted in white at the bottom of the pictures, or done in black on the various patterned frames: there was Sir Martin Muleygrubs, and Dame Juliana Muleygrubs, and Darius Muleygrubs, and Erasmus Muleygrubs, and Memnon Muleygrubs, and Pericles Muleygrubs, and Demosthenes Muleygrubs, and John Thomas Muleygrubs.

"Such a lot of stay-makers!" as Mr. Jorrocks observed.

A full-length figure of Nemesis, the goddess of justice, with her balance in one hand and whip in the other, hung over a richly carved high back old oak chair; and on a table near were ranged Burns' Justice, Statutes at Large, Archbold's Magistrate's Pocket-Book, and other emblems of the law.

"The chap must be a *beak!*" said Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, as he glanced them over.

The fire threw a cheerful gleam over the baronial hall, and our master, having hung his hat on the stag's horns, and deposited his Taglioni on the table, took a coat-lap over each arm, and, establishing himself with his back to the fire, proceeded to hum what he considered a tune. His melody was interrupted by the partial opening

and closing of a door on the right, followed by a lisping exclamation of—"Oh, ma! here's Kitey come again!" A "*Hush*, my dear," and scuttling along the passage, reminded Mr. Jorrocks that he was not at home, so, dropping his tails, and pulling his wig straight, he made for the recently opened door.

This let him into a passage, lighted with expiring lamps, along which he kept till he came to a pink sheep-skin mat before a door, at which he turned off, and entered a room, in which he found a lady and children. The former rose, and concluding she would be the "missis," Mr. Jorrocks tendered the hand of fellowship, and then gave each child a chuck under the chin; nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for Mrs. Marmaduke Muleygrubs immediately began apologising for the absence of her lord.

"Duke," she said, "was unfortunately engaged at that moment with some important justice business"—(decanting the wine).

Mr. Jorrocks "'Oped his grace wouldn't 'urry himself."

"It was very provoking," she continued, without regarding Mr. Jorrocks' observation; "but the whole county came to him for justice, and Duke could hardly be said to have a moment to himself. Every Saturday he was engaged the whole day on the bench, and at the Poor-Law

guardians, but she hoped before long they would find some more people fit to make magistrates of, for really it was taxing ability rather too highly. Not but that Duke's affection for the Queen would prompt him to serve her as long as he could, but——" Just as she had got so far, the door opened, and Duke himself appeared, smoothing down his cuffs after the exercise of his magisterial functions.

He was a little, round-about, pot-bellied, red-faced, bald-headed, snub-nosed, chattering chap, who, at first sight, would give one the idea of being very good-natured, if it were not notorious that he was the most meddling, officious, ill-conditioned little beggar in the county.

He was dressed in a short, sable-collared brown duffle frock-coat, buff waistcoat, drab kerseymeres, and leather leggings. Over his waistcoat, he sported a broad mosaic gold chain, made to resemble a country mayor's as much as possible.

"Mr. Jorrocks, I presume," said he, rubbing his hands as he advanced up the room.

"*Right!*" replied our master, extending his hand.

"Beg ten thousand pardons for not being here to receive you," said Duke, intending to be very gracious.

"Make no apology," interrupted Mr. Jor-

rocks; "where there's ceremony there's no frindship."

"Been bored with justice business all the afternoon," continued Mr. Muleygrubs; "bailing a bull that was unjustly put in the pound. You are not in the Commission of the Peace, perhaps?"

"Not I," replied Mr. Jorrocks carelessly; "never was in any commission, save one, as agent for Twankays mexed teas, and a precious commission it was; *haw! haw! haw!*—lost three 'undred pund by it, and more. But, however, *n'importe*, as we say in France. Werry glad to come here to partake o' your 'ospitality,—brought my nightcap with me, in course,—a rule o' mine, that where I dine I sleep, and where I sleep I breakfast. Don't do to churn one's dinner up,—'ow long does't want to feedin' time?"

Mr. Marmaduke was rather posed with his guest's familiarity. He intended to patronise Mr. Jorrocks, whereas the latter seemed to think himself on a perfect footing of equality. Not in the Commission of the Peace, either! But then Duke didn't know that Mr. Jorrocks knew about the stays.

Pulling out a great gold watch, our host asked his wife what time they dined. (Duke included the kitchen department in his magisterial functions.)

"Half-past six, my dear," replied his wife, with great humility.

"Wants twenty minutes to six," observed Mr. Marmaduke, striking the repeater. "Perhaps you'd like to take something before dinner—sandwich and a glass of sherry?"

"Never touch lunches," replied Mr. Jorrocks, disdainfully. "Never know'd a chap good for nothin' wot did. Wonder you don't dine at a reasonable hour, though," added he.

"Faith, we think half-past six rather early," replied Mr. Muleygrubs; "seven's our usual hour,—same as my friend Onger's,—but we have some neighbours coming, and made it a little earlier on their account."

"Well, it 'll be so much the worse for your grub when it does come," observed Mr. Jorrocks; "for I'm well-nigh famished as it is.

At six o'clock, *rumble*, *dumble*, *dumble*, *dumble*, went a great gong, startling Mr. Jorrocks, who thought it was another hurricane.

"An old-fashioned custom we still preserve," said Mr. Marmaduke casually, observing Mr. Jorrocks' astonishment; "that gong was brought by one of my ancestors from the holy wars:—shall I shew you to your room?"

"If you please," said Mr. Jorrocks.

Our master, of course, had the state room. It was a large gloomy apartment, with a lofty

four-post bed, whose top hangings were made of green silk, and curtains of green moreen.

"Here's a fine twopenny 'ead and farthin' tail," observed Mr. Jorrocks, whisking his candle about as he examined it.

The absence of fire, and the coldness of the apartment holding out little inducement for dallying, Mr. Jorrocks was soon in his blue coat and canaries, and returned to the drawing-room just as the stiff-necked boy announced Mr., Mrs., and Miss Slowman, who were quickly followed by Mr. and Miss De Green, who apologised for the absence of Mrs. De Green, who was suffering under a violent attack of tic douloureux.

The Rev. Jacob Jones having combed his hair, and changed his shoes in the entrance, announced himself, and Professor Gobelow, a wandering geologist, having dressed in the house, the party was complete, and Mr. Muleygrubs gave two pulls at the bell, and the party sat staring at each other, or wandering about as people at funerals and set parties generally do.

* * * *

"Dinner is sarved!" at length exclaimed the stiff-necked foot-boy, advancing into the centre of the room, extending an arm like a guide-post. He then wheeled out, and placed himself at the head of a line of servants, formed by the gentleman Mr. Jorrocks had seen in the yard; a square-built

old man, in the Muleygrubs livery of a coachman; Mr. De Green's young man in pepper and salt, with black velveteens; and Mr. Slowman's ditto, in some of his master's old clothes. These lined the baronial hall through which the party passed to the dining-room. Muleygrubs (who was now attired in a judge's undress-coat, with knee-buckled breeches and black silk stockings) offered his arm to Mrs. Slowman, Mr. De Green took Miss Slowman, the Professor paired off with Miss De Green, and Mr. Jorrocks brought up the rear with Mrs. Muleygrubs, leaving Jacob Jones and Mr. Slowman to follow at their leisure. This party of ten was the result of six-and-twenty invitations.

* * * *

"Vot, you've *three* o' these poodered puppies, have you?" observed Mr. Jorrocks, as they passed along the line.

"We can't do with less," replied the lady, with the cares of dinner strong upon her mind.

"P'raps the income-tax will make ye," observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself.

The dining-room was a blaze of light. Countless candles sweeled and simmered in massive gilt candelabras, while ground lamps of various forms lighted up the salmon-coloured walls, brightening the countenances of many ancestors, and exposing the dullness of the ill-cleaned plate.

The party having got shuffled into their places, the Rev. Jacob Jones said an elaborate grace, during which the company stood.

"I'll tell you a rum story about grace," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Muleygrubs, as he settled himself into his seat, and spread his napkin over his knees. "It 'appened at Croydon. The landlord o' the Grey'ound told a wise waiter, when a Duke axed him a question, always to say Grace. According the Duke o' Richmond, in changin' 'osses, popped his 'ead out o' the coach, and enquired wot o'clock it was.—'For wot we're a goin' to receive the Lord make us truly thankful,' replied the waiter."

Mrs. Muleygrubs either did not understand the story, or was too intent upon other things; at all events, Mr. Jorrocks' *haw! haw! haw!* was all that greeted its arrival.—But to dinner.

There were two soups—at least two plated tureens, one containing pea-soup, the other mutton-broth. Mr. Jorrocks said he didn't like the latter, it always reminded him of "a cold in the 'ead." The pea-soup he thought werry like 'oss-gruel:—that he kept to himself.

* * * *

"Sherry or *My*dearer?" inquired the stiff-necked boy, going round with a decanter in each hand, upsetting the soup-spoons, and dribbling the wine over people's hands.

While these were going round, the coachman and Mr. De Green's boy entered with two dishes of fish. On removing the large plated covers, six pieces of skate and a large haddock made their appearance. Mr. Jorrocks' countenance fell five-and-twenty per cent, as he would say. He very soon despatched one of the six pieces of skate, and was just done in time to come in for the tail of the haddock.

* * * *

"The Duke 'ill come on badly for fish, I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the empty dishes as they were taken off.

"Oh, Marmaduke don't eat fish," replied Mrs. M.

"Oh, I doesn't mean your Duke, but the Duke o' Rutland," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

Mrs. Muleygrubs didn't take.

"Nothin' left for *manners*, I mean," said Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the empty dish.

Mrs. Muleygrubs smiled, because she thought she ought, though she did not know why.

"Sherry or My-dearer, sir?" inquired the stiff-necked boy, going his round as before.

Mr. Jorrocks asked Mrs. Muleygrubs to take wine, and having satisfied himself that the sherry was bad, he took My-dearer, which was worse.

"Bad ticket, I fear," observed Mr. Jorrocks

aloud to himself, smacking his lips. "Have ye any swipes?"

"Sober-water and Seltzer-water," replied the boy.

"'Ang your sober-water!" growled Mr. Jorrocks.

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After a long pause, during which the conversation gradually died out, a kick was heard at the door, which the stiff-necked foot-boy having replied to by opening, the other boy appeared, bearing a tray, followed by all the other flunkeys, each carrying a silver-covered dish.

"Come *that's* more like the thing," said Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, eyeing the procession.

A large dish was placed under the host's nose, another under that of Mrs. Muleygrubs.

"Roast beef and boiled turkey?" said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, half inclined to have a mental bet on the subject. "May be saddle o' mutton and chickens," continued he, pursuing the speculation.

Four T. Cox Savory side-dishes, with silver rims and handles, next took places, and two silver-covered china centre dishes completed the arrangement.

"You've lots o' plate," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Muleygrubs, glancing down the table.

"Can't do with less," replied the lady.

Stiff-neck now proceeded to uncover, followed

by his comrade. He began at his master, and, giving the steam-begrimed cover a flourish in the air, favoured his master's bald head with a hot shower-bath. Under pretence of admiring the pattern, Mr. Jorrocks had taken a peep under the side-dish before him, and seeing boiled turnips, had settled that there was a round of beef at the bottom of the table. Spare ribs presented themselves to view. Mrs. Muleygrubs' dish held a degenerate turkey, so lean and so lank that it looked as if it had been starved instead of fed. There was a rein-deer tongue under one centre dish, and sausages under the other. Potatoes and turnips, stewed celery and pig's feet and ears, occupied the corner dishes.

"God bless us! what a dinner!" ejaculated Mr. Jorrocks, involuntarily.

"Game and black-puddings coming, isn't there, my dear?" inquired Mr. Muleygrubs of his wife.

"Yes, my dear," responded his obedient half.

"'Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, base, and unnatural,'"

muttered Mr. Jorrocks, running his fork through the breast of the unhappy turkey. "Shall I give you a little *ding dong?*"

"It's turkey," observed the lady.

"True!" replied Mr. Jorrocks; "*ding dong's* French."

Conversation was very dull, and the pop and foam of a solitary bottle of champagne, handed round much after the manner of liqueur, did little towards promoting it. Mr. Jorrocks was not the only person that wondered "what had set him there."

The few remnants of that course being removed, a large, richly ornamented cold game-pie made its appearance, and was placed before Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Large tart!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, thinking if he could help himself he might yet manage to make up his lee-way: "thought there was dark puddin's comin'," observed he to his hostess.

"*Game* and *black* puddings," replied Mrs. Muleygrubs. "This comes between courses always."

"Never saw it afore," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

Mr. Marmaduke helped the pie very sparingly, just as he had seen the butler at Onger Castle helping a *patî de fois gras;* and putting as much on to a plate as would make about a mouthful and a half to each person, he sent stiff-neck round with a fork to let people help themselves. Fortunately for Mr. Jorrocks, neither Mr. nor Miss De Green, nor Miss Slowman nor Mr. Muleygrubs, took any, and the untouched plate coming to him, he very coolly seized the whole, while the foot-boy returned to the dismayed Mr. Muley-

grubs for more. Putting a few more scraps on a plate, Mr. Muleygrubs sent off the pie, lest any one should make a second attack.

The second course consisted of a brace of partridges and a snipe, and three links of black-pudding, which were removed by a cold omelette and fondieu. Stewed celery, fried potatoes, puffs, and tartlets, formed the side dishes.

"Vot, have you nothin' but puffs?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as the stiff-necked boy brought him the two last in succession.

Chopped-cheese, celery, and sour beer, closed the repast. The cloth was left on, and Mr. Jones delivered a long, energetic grace. Four little Muleygrubs being delivered at the door, went the round of the room, as the apples and oranges, figs and raisins, and a large sponge-cake, were set on the table.

"Nice children! And how old are you, sir?"

"That's a girl. Say four, my dear."

"Charming child!" — (*aside*) — "Little nuisance!"

Sherry and Madeira, port and claret, having twice made the grand tour, Mrs. Marmaduke began pulling on a pair of lace mits, and having collected her chickens, made the signal to Mrs. Slowman, who led the procession to the drawing-room.

* * * *

The usual inquiries of "Are you warm enough there, sir?" "Won't you take an arm-chair?" having been made and responded to, the party closed up towards Mr. Muleygrubs, who now assumed the top of the table, each man sticking out his legs, or hanging an arm over the back of his chair, as suited his ease and convenience. Mr. Jorrocks being the stranger, the politeness of the party was directed to him.

"Been in this part of the country before, sir?" inquired Professor Gobelow, cornering his chair towards Mr. Jorrocks.

"In course," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "I 'unts the country, and am in all parts of it at times—ven I goes out of a mornin' I doesn't know where I may be afore night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the professor. "Delightful occupation!" continued he: "what opportunities you have of surveying nature in all her moods, and admiring her hidden charms! Did you ever observe the extraordinary formation of the hanging rocks about a mile and a half to the east of this? The ——"

"I ran a fox into them werry rocks, I do believe," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up. "We found at Haddington Steep, and ran through Nosterley Firs, Crampton Haws, and Fitchin Park, where we had a short check, owin' to the stain o' deer, but I hit off the scent outside, and

we ran straight down to these rocks, when all of a sudden th' 'ounds threw up, and I was certain he had got among 'em. Vell, I got a spade and a tarrier, and I digs, and digs, and works on, till near night, th' 'ounds got starved, th' osses got cold, and I got the rheumatis, but, howsomever, we could make nothin' of him; but I ——"

"Then you would see the geological formation of the whole thing," interposed the professor. "The carboniferous series is extraordinarily developed. Indeed I know of nothing to compare with it, except the Bristol coal-field, on the banks of the Avon. There the dolomitic conglomerate, a rock of an age intermediate between the carboniferous series and the lias, rests on the truncated edges of the coal and mountain limestone, and contains rolled and angular fragments of the latter, in which are seen the characteristic mountain limestone fossils. The geological formation ——"

"Oh, I know nothin' about the geo-nothin' formation o' the thing," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks hastily, "nor does I care; I minds the top was soft enough, as most tops are, but it got confounded 'ard lower down, and we broke a pick-axe and two spades afore we were done."

"That's *very* strange," observed Mr. Marmaduke, who had been listening attentively all the time; "Old Tommy Roadnight came to me one

morning for a summons against Willy Udal for that very thing. He would have it that Willy had bored the rock to draw the water from his well. Now I as a justice of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen—perhaps you are not in the Commission of the Peace, are you, Mr. Jorrocks?" inquired Mr. Muleygrubs again.

"*Not I*," replied Mr. Jorrocks, carelessly.

"Well, never mind, perhaps you may get in some day or other," observed the consoling justice; "but as I was saying, I as a county magistrate, with the immense responsibility of the due administration of the laws, tempered always with mercy, without which legislation is intolerant and jurisprudence futile,—I, I say, did not feel justified in issuing my summons under my hand and seal for the attendance of the said William Udal, at the suit of the said Thomas Roadnight, without some better evidence than the conjecture of the said William, besides, perhaps, you are not aware that the trespass act, as it is termed, should rather be called the wilful damage act, for the J. P. has to adjudicate only on the damage actually sustained by the trespass, and not on the trespass itself, therefore I felt unless the said Thomas Roadnight could prove that the said William Udal really and truly drew off the said water ——"

"*Con*found your water!" interrupted Mr.

Jorrocks; "give us the *wine*, and let's have a toast: wot say you to fox-'unting?"

"With all my heart," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, looking very indignant, at the same time helping himself and passing the decanters. "Upon my word," resumed he, "the man who administers justice fairly and impartially has no easy time of it, and were it not for the great regard I have for the Lord-Lieutenant and my unbounded loyalty to the Queen, I think I should cease acting altogether."

"Do," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks eagerly, "and take to 'unting instead,—make you an honorary member of my'unt,—far finer sport than sittin' in a 'ot shop with your 'at on."

Mr. Muleygrubs did not deign a reply.

The wine circulated languidly, and Mr. Jorrocks in vain tried to get up a conversation on hunting. The professor always started his stones or Mr. Muleygrubs his law, varied by an occasional snore from Mr. Slowman, who had to be nudged by Jones every time the bottle went round. Thus they battled on for about an hour.

"Would *you* like any more wine?" at length inquired Mr. Muleygrubs, with a motion of rising.

"Not any more I'm obleged to you," replied the obsequious Mr. Jacob Jones, who was angling

for the chaplaincy of Mr. Marmaduke's approaching shrievalty.

"*Just another bottle!*" rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, encouragingly.

"Take a glass of claret," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, handing the jug to our master.

"Raythor not, thank ye," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "not the stuff for me.—By the way now, I should think," continued Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of sudden enlightenment, "that some of those old ancient ancestors o' yours have been fond o' claret."

"Why so?" replied Mr. Muleygrubs, pertly.

"Doesn't know," replied Mr. Jorrocks, musingly, "but I never hears your name mentioned without thinking o' small claret. But come, let's have another bottle o' black strap—*it's good strap*—sound and strong—got wot I calls a good grip o' the gob."

"Well," said Mr. Muleygrubs, getting up and ringing the bell, "if you must, you must, but I should think you have had enough."

"PORT WINE!" exclaimed he, with the air of a man with a dozen set out, to his figure footman as he answered the bell.

* * * *

"Letter from the Secretary of State for the HOME Department," exclaimed the stiff-necked

boy, re-entering and presenting Mr. Muleygrubs with a long official letter on a large silver tray.

"Confound the Secretary of State for the Home Department!" muttered Mr. Muleygrubs pretending to break a seal as he hurried out of the room.

"*That's a rouse!*" (*ruse,*) exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, putting his fore-finger to his nose, and winking at Mr. De Green—"*gone* to the cellar."

"Queer fellow, Muleygrubs," observed Mr. De Green.

"What a dinner it was!" exclaimed Mr. Slowman.

"'Ungry as when I sat down," remarked Mr. Jorrocks.

"All flash!" rejoined Professor Gobelow.

"I pity his wife," observed Jacob Jones, "they say he licks her like fun."

"Little savage," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, "should like to make a drag of him for my 'ounds."

The footboy now appeared bringing the replenished decanter. Mr. Muleygrubs returned as the lad left the room.

Mr. Jorrocks rose and addressed Mr. Muleygrubs as follows, "Sir, in your absence we have had the extreme felicity of drinkin' your werry good 'ealth, coupled with the expression of an 'ope that the illustrious race of Muleygrubs may long

flourish in these your ancestral and baronial 'alls," a sentiment so neat and so far from the truth, as to draw down a round of mirth concealing applause from the party.

* * * *

"Mr. Jorrocks and gentlemen," said Mr. Muleygrubs, rising and holding a brimmer of wine in his hand, "if any thing can compensate a public man for the faithful performance of an arduous and difficult office—increased by the prolixity of the laws and the redundancy of the statute-book, it is the applause of upright and intelligent men like yourselves (hear, hear). He who would administer the laws faithfully and impartially, needs the hinward harmour of an approving conscience, with the houtward support of public happrobation (hear, hear). I firmly believe the liberal portion of the unpaid magistracy of England are deserving of every enconium the world can bestow. Zealous in their duties, patient in their inquiries, impartial in their judgments, and inflexible in their decisions, they form a bullwork round the throne, more national and more noble than the coronetted spawn of a mushroom haristocracy."

Mr. M. waited for applause, which, however, did not come. He then proceeded:—

"I feel convinced there is not a man in the commission who would not prefer the tranquillity

of private life to the lofty heminence of magisterial dignities, but there is a feeling deeply implanted in the breasts of English gentlemen which forbids the consideration of private ease when a nation's wants have been expressed through the medium of a beloved Sovereign's wishes, — England expects that every man will do his duty!" continued Mr. Muleygrubs, raising his voice and throwing out his right arm,

"Bravo, Grubs!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "you speak like Cicero!" an encomium that drew forth the ill-suppressed mirth of the party, and cut the orator short in his discourse.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Muleygrubs, looking very indignantly at Mr. Jorrocks, "I thank you for the honour you have done me in drinking my health, and beg to drink all yours in return."

"And 'ow's the Secretary o' State for the 'Ome Department?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, with a malicious grin, after Mr. Muleygrubs had subsided into his seat.

"Oh, it was merely a business letter—official! S. M. Phillips, in fact—don't do business at the Home Office as they used when Russell was there —wrote himself—Dear Muleygrubs—Dear Russell—good man of business, Lord John—good magistrate-maker, too."

"Ah," said Mr. Jorrocks, "Lords are all werry well to talk about; but they don't do to

live with. Apt to make a convenience of one—first a toul (towel), then a dishclout."

"I don't know *that*," observed Professor Gobelow, who got into great houses under cover of his earth-digging propensities; "there's my friend Lord Northington, for instance. Who can be more affable than he is?"

"He'll make a clout on you some day," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks.

"If geologists are right in their conjecture that this country has been drained by large rivers, which were inhabited by gigantic oviparous reptiles, both bivorous and carnivorous, and small insectivorous mammifera, one may naturally conclude that an out-of-doors gentleman like you will often meet with rare specimens of animal antiquity," observed the professor, again attempting to get on to his favourite subject, instead of replying to Mr. Jorrocks' observation.

"*No, I never does*," replied our master of hounds, rather snappishly. "When a man's cuttin' across country for 'ard life, he's got summut else to do than look out for *mammas*, or whatever you call the things.—That's the way chaps break their necks," added he.

"*True*," jerked in Mr. Muleygrubs. "Then comes the coroner's inquest, the jury, the finding, and the deodand," observed the host. "I regard the office of coroner as one of the bulwarks of the

constitution. It was formerly held in great esteem, and none could hold it under the degree of knight, third of Edward the First, chapter ten, I think; and by the fourteenth of Edward the Third, if I recollect right, chapter eight, no coroner could be chosen unless he had land in fee sufficient in the same county, whereof he might answer to all manner of people. My ancestor, Sir Jogglebury Muleygrubs, whose portrait you see up there," pointing to a bluff Harry-the-Eighth-looking gentleman in a buff jerkin, with a red-lined basket-handled sword at his side, "held it for many years. He was the founder of our family, and ——"

"Then let's drink his 'ealth," interposed Mr. Jorrocks, finding the wine did not circulate half as fast as he could wish. "A werry capital cock, and every way worthy of his line;" saying which he seized the decanter and filled himself a bumper. "I wish he'd been alive, I'd have made him a member of our 'unt; and who's that old screw with the beard?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the portrait next Sir Jogglebury, a Roman senator-looking gentleman, wrapped in a loose pink and white robe.

"That," said Mr. Muleygrubs, "is my great-great-grandfather, an alderman of London and a member of Parliament for Tewkesbury."

"I thought you said it was Shakspeare," observed Mr. Jones, somewhat dryly.

"Well," said Mr. Jorrocks, knowingly, "that's no reason why it should not be his great-great-grandfather too; I should say our 'ost's werry like Shakspeare, partiklar about the 'ead—and, if I recollects right, Shakspeare said summut about justices o' the peace too."

"Tea and coffee wait your pleasure in the drawing-room," observed the stiff-necked footman, opening the door and entering the apartment in great state.

"Cuss your tea and coffee!" muttered Mr. Jorrocks, buzzing the bottle. "Haven't had half a drink;" adding, "Here's good sport for to-morrow!" said he, sipping his wine. "You 'unt with us, in course?" observed he to the professor.

"Oh, indeed, no," said Professor Gobelow, "that is quite out of my line; I am engaged to meet Mr. Lovel Lightfoot, the eminent geologist, to examine the tertia strata of——"

"Well, then," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, "all I've got to say is, if you meet the fox, *don't 'ead him;*" saying which he drained his glass, threw down his napkin, and strutted out of the room, muttering something about justices, jackasses, and fossil fools.

Tea and coffee were enlivened by a collision be-

tween the footboys. Stiff-neck with the tea-tray made a sudden wheel upon No. 2 with the coffee-tray, and about an equal number of cups and saucers were smashed. The crash was great, but Muleygrubs' wrath was greater. "Stupidest beggars that ever were seen—deserve a month a-piece in the treadmill!"

"Weary of state without the machinery of state," Mr. Jorrocks gladly took his chamber-candle to retire to his twopenny head and farthing tail. No reproving nightmare censured him for past indulgence, and he awoke without the symptom of a headach. His top-boots had got the mud washed off, and his red coat and drab shags stood invitingly at the bed-foot. He was soon in them and down-stairs. The active magistrate was before him, however, and they met in the baronial hall.

Mr. Muleygrubs' costume was very striking. A little brown coat with filagree buttons, red waistcoat, white moleskins, and Wellington boots with wash-leather knee-caps. His Britannia metal looking spurs, with patent leather straps were buckled inside. A large breast-pin representing Justice with her scales, secured the ends of a red-striped white neckcloth.

"Good morning, Mr. Jorrocks!" exclaimed our J. P., with extended hand; "I fear you've not slept well, you are down so early; hope the

bed was comfortable, best in the house, barring ——"

"O, quite comfey, thank ye," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "only I have had as much of it as I want, and thought I'd have a turn round your place afore breakfast. It seems a werry fine mornin'."

"Beautiful morning," replied Mr. Marmaduke.

"'There is a freshness in the mornin' hair,
And life, wot bloated ease can never 'ope to share;'"

replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Let's have a look at your stud."

They then got their hats. First they went to the stable, then to the cow-bier, next to the pig-sty, and looked into the hen-house.

"You haven't a peacock, have ye?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"No," replied Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Wonders at that—finest birds possible; my Junks is as wise as most Christians. A peacock on each of those towers would look noble," observed Mr. Jorrocks, turning to the castle as they sauntered along to the garden.

Two or three men in blue trousers were digging away; but a garden in February being an uninteresting object, Mr. Muleygrubs merely passed through it (by the longest way, of course), and striking into a gravel walk by the side of a slug-

gish stream, made a *detour*, and got upon the carriage-road. Here they suddenly came upon two mechanic-looking men in white aprons and paper caps.

"Holloa, there, you, sirs! where are you going?" exclaimed Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Poor men out of work, sir," replied the foremost, touching his cap. "Weavers, your honour—been out of work all the winter."

"Poor fellows!" said Mr. Muleygrubs, soothingly.

"True, I assure you, your honour," rejoined the other. "My comrade's wife's just lying-in of her tenth child, and I've a wife and six bairns all lying ill of the fever."

"Poor fellows!" repeated Muleygrubs again. "You don't look like common beggars—S. Vs., sturdy vagrants—I. R. incorrigible rogues."

"Necessity's driv us to it, yer honour—never begged afore."

"You'd work if you could get it, I dare say," continued the J. P., in the same consoling strain.

"*Oh, that we would, yer honour!*" exclaimed both. Mr. Muleygrubs smiled, for he had them.

"Come along, then," said he, leading the way to a heap of stones by the side of the carriage-road. "Now," said he, slowly and solemnly, "mark what I say. I am a justice of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, charged with the

preservation of the peace and the execution of the laws of this great kingdom—hem!" (The men looked blank.) "There is a hact called the Vagrant Hact," continued Mr. Muleygrubs, "which declares that all persons who, being able to work and thereby maintain themselves and their families, who shall wilfully refuse or neglect so to do, shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, within the true intent and meaning of the hact, and may be committed to hard labour in the house of correction—hem!—Now, gentlemen," said he, "there are two heaps of stones, hard and soft, you are both out of work—there are two hammers, and when you have broken those stones, my bailiff will measure them off and pay you for them, and thus you will get employment, and save a trip to the mill. Take the hammers and set to work."

* * * *

"*Down upon them*, I think," chuckled Mr. Muleygrubs to Mr. Jorrocks, as they returned to the house. "That's one of the few pulls we magistrates have—I keep my avenue in repair and my walks weeded by the vagrants."

"But not for nothin'?" observed Mr. Jorrocks, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes—they never work long—generally sneak off at the end of an hour or two, forfeiting what they've done. All these heaps," pointing

to sundry heaps of stones among the trees, "have been broken by beggars. Shall be able to sell some to the surveyors this year. Working beggars, and employing the new police about one's place occasionally, are really the only pulls we justices have."

"Dress the poliss up as flunkeys, I s'pose," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Just so," replied Mr. Muleygrubs, "or work them in the garden. It's far the best way of disposing of the force," continued Mr. Muleygrubs; "for you see, in a thinly populated district, where each man has a considerable range, you never know where to lay hands on a policeman; whereas, about here, they know they have only to send to his worship's to get one directly."

"No doubt it is," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adding, aloud to himself, as the bearings of the case crossed his mind, "and the best thing for the thief too. Wonders now if the beggar would let one make earth-stoppers on them—stop the thief o' the world."

In the present instance the police were not of much avail, for the weavers, having seen the justice into his castle, pocketed the hammer-heads and cut their sticks.

Among the group who stood in the baronial hall waiting Mr. Muleygrubs' return was Mr. Macpherson, the wily churchwarden of the neighbouring parish. "Taken the liberty of

calling upon you to request your countenance to a subscription for repairing our organ," said he.

"Confound your subscriptions!" interrupted the justice—"my hand's never out of my pocket. Why do you all come to me?"

"We always go to the people of the first consequence first," replied the churchwarden, in a tone more directed to Mr. Jorrocks than to Mr. Muleygrubs.

"Very *kind* of you," replied he, satirically—"kind and considerate both."

"The example of gentlemen in high stations has great influence," replied Mr. Macpherson.

"Then why not go to Sir Harry Martin?"

"Because you are the largest landowner in the parish," replied the Scotchman, in the same "talk-at-him" tone as before.

This was a clencher—proclaimed in his own baronial hall, in the presence of Mr. Jorrocks, as the greatest man and largest landowner in the parish, was something.

"Well," said he, with a relaxing brow, "put me down for a couple of guineas."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mr. Macpherson, taking a horn inkstand out of his pocket, and writing the name Marmaduke Muleygrubs, Esq. J. P., 2*l.* 2*s.* at the head of the first column.

"You'd like it put in the papers, I suppose?" observed Mr. Macpherson.

"*Papers!* to be sure!" replied Mr. Muleygrubs, ruffled at the question; "what's the use of my giving it if it isn't put in the papers?"

A Jew picture-dealer next claimed the justice's ear. He had a kit-cat of a grim-visaged warrior, with a lace-collar, and his hand resting on a basket-handled sword.

"Got a match for your dining-room por——"

"I'll speak to you after!" exclaimed Mr. Muleygrubs, hastily pushing the purveyor of ancestors aside, and drawing Mr. Jorrocks onward to the breakfast-room.

There was a great spread in the way of breakfast, at least a great length of table down the room. A regiment of tea-cups occupied one end of the table, coffee-cups the other, and the cold game-pie was in the middle. Four loaves, two of white, and two of brown bread, guarded the corners, and there were two butter-boats and four plates of jelly and preserve.

"Come, there's plenty to eat, at all ewents," observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, as he advanced to greet Mrs. Muleygrubs, and give the little Muleygrubs the morning chuck under the chin. "S'pose you've a party comin' this mornin'," continued he, looking at the cups, and then pulling out his watch; "five minutes to ten by 'Andley Cross," said he: "'ounds will be here in twenty minutes—Pigg's werry punctual."

Mrs. Muleygrubs said, "That being a county family, they wished to make themselves popular, and would give a public breakfast to the Hunt."

Mr. Jorrocks said, "Nothin' could be more proper."

* * * *

Five minutes elapsed, and he looked again at his watch,* observing, "that the 'ounds would be there in a quarter of an hour.

"Hadn't we better be doin', think ye?" asked Mr. Jorrocks impatiently, as Mr. Muleygrubs entered the room after his deal for the ancestor; "'ounds 'ill be here in no time."

"I suppose there's no great hurry," observed Mr. Muleygrubs, carelessly.

"'Deed but there is," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "punctuality is the purliteness o' princes, and I doesn't like keepin' people waitin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. Muleygrubs, "we'll ring for the urn."

* * * *

In it came, hissing, for the footmen wanted to be off to the Hunt.

Dry-toast, buttered-toast, muffins, twists, rolls, &c. were scattered down the table, and two stands of eggs flanked the cold game-pie in the centre.

* Reader, if you are a non-fox-hunting housekeeper, and ever entertain fox-hunters, *never let them wait for their breakfasts.* The most sumptuous repast will not compensate for the loss of ten minutes, or even five, at this time of day.

There is no greater nuisance than making a feast and no one coming to eat it,—even Gog and old Magog complained when William the Fourth disappointed the guzzlers in Guildhall :—

> " Said Gog to old Magog, ' Why, fury and thunder!
> There surely is some unaccountable blunder,' " &c.

In vain Mr. Marmaduke played with his breakfast, and pretended to enjoy every thing. His eye kept wandering to the window in hopes of seeing some one, even the most unwelcome of his friends, cast up. Still no one arrived, and the stiff-necked boy sat in the baronial hall without being summoned to open the doors. A group of children first ventured into the forbidden field in front of the Justice's, emboldened by a mole-catcher, who was combining business with pleasure. A boy on a pony next arrived, and was the object of attention until two grooms appeared, and began to fuss about the stirrups, and rub their horses down with handkerchiefs. Presently more arrived; then came more ponies, then a few farmers, and at last a red-coat, to the delight of the youngsters, who eyed the wearer with the greatest reverence. Meanwhile Mr. Jorrocks worked away at his breakfast, first at the solids, then at the sweets, diversified with a draught at the fluids.

Four red-coated gentry came cantering into the

field, smoking and chattering like magpies. Out rushed the figure footman to enlist them for the breakfast, but the hard-hearted mortals ask for cherry-brandy outside. Mr. Jorrocks looked at his watch, and the children raise a cry of "Here they come!" as James Pigg and Benjamin were seen rounding a belt of trees, with the hounds clustered at Pigg's horse's heels, while a Handley Cross helper on Mr. Jorrocks' horse assisted to whip in. They come to the front, up goes the window, and Mrs. Muleygrubs and the children rush to the view.

Pleased with the sight, Mr. Muleygrubs desired the footboy to give the men a glass of claret a-piece.

"Thank ye, no!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "I'll give them a Seidlitz *poo*der apiece when they gets 'ome."

"Bless us! what a many dogs you have!" exclaimed Mr. Muleygrubs.

"'Ounds! if you please," replied our master.

"Well, *hounds!*" aspirated Mr. Muleygrubs, as if correcting Mr. Jorrocks' pronunciation: "is it possible you know all their names?"

"Quite possible," replied Mr. Jorrocks, rising and making for the window that had just been opened.

Giving one of his well-known shrill gallery whistles, the pack caught sight of their master,

and breaking away, dash through the windows, demolishing the glass, upsetting the children, and seizing all the dainties left on the breakfast-table of Cockolorum Castle.

CHAPTER X.

"And stands a critic hated, yet caressed."

The Muleygrubs catastrophe deranged the whole proceedings of that day. Indeed it was like to have been a serious affair. Mr. Muleygrubs was knocked under the table, Mrs. Muleygrubs and all the little Muleygrubs hurried out, and the stiff-necked foot-boy had a chase after Priestess, who ran off with the cold rein-deer tongue. Three or four hounds worried the pie, and Rummager charged through the coffee-cups to get at the rolls. Altogether, there was a terrible crash.

Mr. Jorrocks bolted out of the window, and, by dint of whooping and holloaing, aided by the foot-boy's endeavours, succeeded in drawing off the delinquents, and sending Benjamin in for his hat, desired him to apologise for not returning to bid his hostess adieu, on the plea that the hounds

would follow him if he did. They then trotted down to Sherford Bridge, and exhausted their day's draw in a blank.

Despite the little *rencontre*, Mr. Jorrocks had confidence in his hounds. Sheep they would not look at; he had seen them run through deer, and they were not more given to puss than nine-tenths of the packs in the country. By choosing a meet, wide of preserves, he thought they might get through a creditable day, and by pretending to underrate the hounds himself, he thought to bespeak the favourable opinion of the critic.

The name of Pomponius Ego had long been familiar to the sporting world as the *nomme de chasse* of the great chronicler of the chase, and to him Mr. Jorrocks looked with deferential eye for that enduring fame which statuary and stationary best can give.

Mr. Jorrocks, as appears hereafter, had had some acquaintance with the illustrious individual, indeed the following letter might lead one to suppose that a degree of familiarity had existed between them, were not Mr. Jorrocks' affable, or free and easy manners taken into consideration. Be that, however, as it may, the following is what he wrote:—

"Dear Mr. Ego,

"Should your intercourse with dukes and great guns o' the world leave any interest for the doin's

of the little pop-guns of the chase, I shall be werry 'appy if you will come here and take a look at our most provincial pack. In course I needn't tell you that my 'ouse is not so large as to require a kiver 'ack to canter from the dinin' to the drawin'-room, neither is the pack on a par with many you have seen; still I can give you a good blow-out, both in the way of wittles and drink, and shall be 'appy to mount you as well as I can, and show you as good sport as the country will afford. *Entre nous*, as we say in France, I want to be famous, and you know how to do it. In course, *mum's* the word.

"Yours to serve,

"JOHN JORROCKS.

"*Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa.*

"To Pomponius Ego, Esq.
"New Sporting Magazine Office, London,
or whatever else he may have chopped
over to."

The following is Mr. Ego's answer :—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—You remind me of Catullus! None but the old Latian could have put the point as you do. D—n all dukes! I'm for mercantile life—£ *s. d.*—I shall have great satisfaction in inspecting your pack, which I have no

doubt I shall find all I can desire. Pick me out an easy-going, safe-leaping horse, with a light mouth, and let him have a Whippy-saddle on—I can't ride on any other. I like a bed-room with a southern aspect,—the feathers above the mattrass, if you please. Compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks, from, dear Jorrocks,

"Yours, very truly,
"Pomponius Ego.

"P.S. What would you like to be done in? The 'Q. R.,'* the 'O. S. M.,' the 'N. S. M.,' the 'S. R.,' the 'S.,' 'Fraser,' 'Blackwood,' 'New Monthly,' Old ditto, 'The Encyclopedia,' 'Oracle of Rural Life,' or 'Almanack for Country Gentlemen?'"

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Master of Fox-Hounds,
"Diana Lodge, Handley Cross Spa."

"To my mind, the 'N. S. M.' is the very best of all."

Great were the preparations for the important scrutiny. Hounds may go on for centuries

* "Q. R." stands for "Quarterly Review;" "O. S. M.," "Old Sporting Magazine;" "N. S. M.," "New Sporting Magazine;" "S. R.," "Sporting Review;" "S.," "Sportsman;' from one to another of which Mr. Ego jumps with the agility of a harlequin.

without being known beyond the limits of their county, but the one day that brings the Inspector-General lives for ever in the page of history. Where, then, is the master of hounds, where the member of a hunt, whose heart does not beat responsive to that of Mr. Jorrocks', on this trying occasion? Who, in the sincere and friendly language of a clerk of arraigns, does not wish him a "good deliverance?"

* * * *

"Now, James," said Mr. Jorrocks to his huntsman, as they stood in the kennel-yard looking over the hounds, a few days before the appointed visit, "you must get all on the square; the great Pomponius Ego is comin', and we shall be all down in black and vite."

"Whe's he?" inquired Pigg, scratching his head.

"Vot! not know Pomponius Ego!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in astonishment; "you sure*lie* don't mean to say so."

"Ar' dinna ken him, ar's sure," replied Pigg, with the greatest indifference. "Is he a skeulmaister?"

"A *skeulmaister!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, with a sneer and an indignant curl of his lip; "a skeulmaister! *No!*—he's a master of 'unting—not an M. F. H., like me, but a man wot makes hobserwations on M. F. H.'s, their packs,

their 'osses, their 'untsmen — their every thing, in fact."

"What's he de that for?" inquired Pigg, with surprise.

"Vy, that the world at large may know what he thinks on 'em, to be sure. He prints all he sees, hears, or thinks, in a book."

Pigg.—"Ye dinna say se!"

"Quite true, I assure you," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "and if by any unlucky chance he blames an 'untsman, or condemns a pack, it's all dickey with them for ever; for no livin' man dare contradict him, and every one swears by wot he says."

"Woon's, man," replied Pigg, in a pucker, "we maun be uncommon kittle then, ar' guess."

"You must exert your hutmost powers," replied Mr. Jorrocks, most emphatically; "for dash my vig, if we fail, I, even I—John Jorrocks himself, will go perfectly mad with rage and wexation."

"He'll ken all aboot the hunds and huntin' then, ar's warn'd," replied Pigg, catching the infection of fear.

Mr. Jorrocks.—"Oh, yes! — at least he writes about them; and no one disputes print. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I fear I've made a mess o' myself, by axin' of him to come. I question if the world would not have been as 'appy without the

mighty Ego. Butter, sugar, soap, all that sort o' thing is werry pleasant; but then — oh, 'orror! the idea of bein' rubbed the wrong way by Ego! *Death itself would be better!*"

Pigg. — "Hout, tout! — niver fear! there's nowt to boggle a man! Were I ye, with all yeer brass, ar' wadn't care for nebody."

Jorrocks.—"Ah! but, Pigg! — think of hambition! — think of fame! — think of that summut arter life wot prompts men to great hactions! Here, for five-and-twenty years, have I been a hardent follower of the chase — loved it, oh, 'cavens! for its own sake, and not for any hanxious longin' after himmortality; and now ven greatness has been thrust upon me — ven I shines forth an M. F. H. — to think that all may be dashed from me, and instead of reignin' King of 'Andley Cross — instead of bein' the great and renowned John Jorrocks — I may be dashed back t'oblivion! Oh, Pigg! — hambition is a dreadful thing!"

Pigg.—"*Hout*, *tout*, fear nowt. Does he ride, or nabbut (only) looks at pack at cover-soide like?"

Jorrocks.—"Both, both—first, he'll come and look us all over, ax the name of that 'ound, and then of that—call 'em level—enquire 'ow each is bred—talk of Hosbaldeston's Furrier, Corbet's Trojan, or Meynell's Guzman—look at this nag

—then at that — ax their pedigrees —their hages their prices — their every things — vether we summers them in the 'ouse or the field—do a little about 'ard meat—'ow much corn they get—vether we split our beans, or give them whole—then ven we throws off he marks each motion—sees vether we put in at the right end of the cover—observes vether the men have 'ands equal to their nerves, or nerves equal to their 'ands; books their seats and names—not their seats by coach, mind—but their seats in the saddle. To read his accounts of the runs you'd fancy he was every where at once, both before, behind, and above—with the fox—with the 'ounds—with the first, and with the last man in the field—so knowin'ly does he describe every twist, every turn, every bend of the run. Oh! Pigg, now that the day approaches, and I see's the full brightness of my indiscretion starin' me in the face, I begins to repent havin' axed him to come. Vot can fame do for Jorrocks? I have neither wife that delights in the deeds of her spouse, nor son to succeed to the reputation of his dad. Would that I was well out o' the mess!"

"Never fear," replied Pigg, "here be good loike hounds; if we de but find, the deuce be in it if we don't cook him up a run."

"Oh Pigg!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "those

ifs are the deuce and all in 'unting—There's the rub you see! *If* we find a fox, there's the difficulty in gettin' well away with him; or *if* we do get well away, there's the chance of his bein' 'eaded back; or of there bein' no scent, or of his takin' a bad line, or of his bein' chased by a cur, or of his gainin' an earth we don't know of, or of his beatin' us disgracefully at the far end—these things are dreadful to the anxious mind of a M. F. H. at all times, but *'orrible*, most *'orrible*, on an occasion like the present."

"Dinna fear," replied Pigg, "dinna fear—you'll see he'll be nowt but mortal man after all. If you want to kill a fox, gan to big wood, and have somebody there with black bitch."

"Black bitch," said Mr. Jorrocks, thoughtfully, "black bitch—Vot should we want with black bitch when we have all the 'ounds out?"

"*Hout*, thou fondy!" said Pigg, "doesn't thou ken what black bitch is?"

"No I doesn't—unless it be a dog's wife."

"A dog's wife!" roared Pigg; "Ne sike thing. It's a *gun*, man! Just pop a few shot corns into fox's hind-legs, and hounds will soon kill him."

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of sudden enlightenment. "I've often seen chaps in welweteen with guns at cover sides, but never knew what they were for. Ah," but added

he with a shake of his head, "Ego will be up to the black-bitch rig—No, no, that won't do—no use tryin' to 'oax him—it must be summut genuine. Oh, Pigg, if you could but manage to give him a *real* tickler, so that he might have summut good to put in his book, the gratitude of John Jorrocks should rest with you for ever and ever—you should drink brandy in pint-pots—quarts, if you like!"

"You dinna say se!" replied Pigg—"Quart-pots!—Let's see—dang'd if ar ken—yes, ar de tee (do two)—run him a drag and sheck bag fox at far end like."

Jorrocks.—"That von't do—*no, not it.* He'll be sure to find out, and trounce us to all eternity; besides if F. or any of the Bell's Lifers were to catch us, they'd never let us hear the end on't."

"Not they," replied Pigg: "nebody 'ill find it out if ye de but keep your gob shut—start i' big wood—run drag round—bother him well—then out o'ur (over) big loup—give him summut to glower at, instead o' hounds."

"No, Pigg, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks, shaking his head and jingling a handful of silver in his breeches pocket; "it must be summut more genuine—*Tally ho! yonder he goes!* then elbows and legs,—elbows and legs;" Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, by straddling and working his arms as though he were on horseback.

"Give him that tee," replied Pigg; "stick chap up a tree to holloa away—another on a hill to had (hold) up hat."

"Ah, but so many cooks will spoil the broth, Pigg; suppose, for a moment, one should peach! I should sit on pins—on wool-combers—with nothin' but summer drawers on, till the account appeared, and then I question if I should have courage to cut the pages. Oh, hambition! hambition! wot a troublesome warmint you are!—bad as Morrison's pills."

Pigg.—"A, man alive, niver fear; he cannot de thee ne harm. Let me manish him,—ar'll give him summut to bragg on."

Mr. Jorrocks.—"I vish I dirst—you Scotchmen are cliver fellers; but s'pose he should smell a rat, 'ow he would trounce us, as much to shew his own 'cuteness, as to punish us for our imperance!"

"You've nowt to fear, ar tell ye," replied Pigg, confidently; "just leave it te me, and had yeer jaw about it, and dinna call me a Scotchman, and keep thy bit bowdekite quiet—ar'll manish matters."

With much fear, and many misgivings for his rashness in asking Ego to come, Mr. Jorrocks at length consented to intrust the management of the day's sport to his northern huntsman and Matt Malby.

By these it was arranged to run a drag of aniseed and red herring over some of the best of their country, and to turn down a fox at the far end, in some convenient unsuspicious-looking place. The evening before Mr. Ego was to arrive, James Pigg communicated the find, the run, and the finish, to Mr. Jorrocks, with such other information as would enable our master to ride to points without exciting suspicion, and Mr. Jorrocks undertook to say as much to Benjamin as would put the boy on his mettle without letting him too much into the secret.

Accordingly, when Stubbs left the dining-room to play his usual game of beggar-my-neighbour with Belinda, Mr. Jorrocks rang the bell, and desired Betsy to send in the boy. The latter entered in his usual sneaking way, knowing that he had been guilty of several "piccadillies," as his master would call them, for which he deserved to be well thrashed.

"Now, Binjimin," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing his whipper-in with one of his most scrutinising looks, — "now, Binjimin," repeated he, with great dignity, "you are on the eve of a most momentous crisis!"

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin, wondering what sort of a shaped thing it was.

"That renowned man, Mr. Pomponius Ego,

is comin' to 'unt with our unrivalled 'ounds, and I would fain give him a tickler."

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin.

"Now then, you see, Binjimin, James Pigg is a mighty 'unter—keen and game to the backbone, and thinks he can 'stonish him. Now, Binjimin, you must lend us a hand."

"Yes, sir," replied Benjamin.

"You are werry fond o' marmeylad," observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a short pause, during which he considered how he had best put the point.

"*Uncommon!*" exclaimed Benjamin, with a grin of delight.

"Well then, now you see, Binjimin, if you hact well your part, obey James Pigg, and do all wot he tells you—if all goes on smoothly and well—ven you come home, I'll give you a pot o' marmeylad as big as your 'ead!"

"Crikey, oh!" exclaimed Benjamin, in ecstasies.

"But, 'ark to me again, Binjimin," continued Mr. Jorrocks, holding up his finger, and knitting his brow at the boy, "if by any chance you bitch the thing—if all does not go on smoothly and well on your part, so far from givin' of you any marmeylad, I'll take you to one of the new-fangled matrimony-shops, and tie you up with a stout gipsy wench, with such a small hindependence of her own as 'ill find you in tons of

misfortin' and black language, fresh from the pit's mouth, and make you miserable from now till the first Monday after eternity."

"*Oh!*" groaned Benjamin, inwardly, at the thought.

CHAPTER XI.

"The morning lark ascends on high,
And with its music greets the sky;
The blackbird whistles, and the thrush
Warbles his wild notes in the bush,
While ev'ry hedge, and ev'ry tree
Resounds with vocal minstrelsy."—*Dr. Syntax.*

A THICK white rind powdered the face of nature through the night, and Mr. Jorrocks found himself with a beautifully silver-foliaged window in the morning. Still the evergreens in the garden exhibited no symptoms of a nipping, and as the night clouds cleared off and the sun stood forth all lurid in the firmament, he congratulated himself on the appearance of opening day. Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, Stubbs, Betsy, and Benjamin, were up with the lark, all busy preparing for the great, well-known unknown. A fly was despatched to the Datton station of the lily-white-sand railway to meet him, and punctual to his time, Ego turned out at Diana Lodge, enveloped in shawls, numerous great-coats, and a pair of French-jointed clogs to keep his feet warm.

Mutual salutations being over, and having got rid of his husks, breakfast was attacked with a true railway appetite — kidneys, chops, eggs, muffins, crumpets, toast, red herrings, all the delicacies of the season in short, that make one's mouth water to write, vanished in succession, aided by large draughts of undeniable tea and coffee from "the Lane," as Mr. Jorrocks calls his place of business. At length they completely topped up, and after begging some brandy to put in his pocket-flask, Ego rose from his seat and began pacing about the room and looking out of the window, as men are in the habit of doing when they want to be commencing a "New Series" of the periodical occupations of life. — Stubbs had a bad headach — or pretended to have one.

Ten o'clock came, and as it struck James Pigg and Benjamin appeared outside the white rails before Diana Lodge, clad in their best habiliments, mounted, and each leading a horse. Uncommonly *spicy* they all looked, for Pigg, determined on doing up the thing in style, regardless of expense, had generously divided a penny's worth of ginger among the four, so that their tails stuck up like hat-pegs—and, as if in sympathy with the horses, Gabriel Junks flew on to the summit of the gateway arch, and expanded a glorious tail to the rays of the sun, at the same time setting up a scream that startled the horses. Forth sallied

Ego and Jorrocks; up went the bed-room window for Betsy to look out, Mrs. Jorrocks appeared framed in the lower one, with a face of most rubicund hue, while Belinda peeped past the green and white chintz curtain, and had her glimpse of the scene.

"There," said Mr. Jorrocks, pulling up short at the gate and pointing to his stud, "there are a lot of nags for you—none of your cat-legged, tumble-down, kick-me-off, run-away, break-my-neck, split-my-scull devils, but real seasoned 'unters, sure and steady, with an eye for each foot, and one over.—Binjimin," said he, turning to the boy, "take up those stirrups three 'oles, and don't let me catch you ridin' like a dragon.—Now, Mr. Ego, be after mountin'—time's precious, and punctuality is the purliteness of princes.—There," said he, as Ego got himself into his saddle, "you are mounted—delightful! make a pictor for Halkin!—Pigg, put Arterxerxes next the rails, so that I may get on easy. *Whoay, 'oss! Whoay!*" roared Jorrock, as the horse began kicking, on feeling his foot in the stirrup.—"*Whoay!* I say, you hugly brute!" A bold effort lodged him in the first floor of the saddle, and, gathering up his reins, Jorrocks turned Arterxerxes' head from the house, the horse walking with his fore legs, and kicking with his hind ones, an example immediately followed by the other three.

Away they all go, kicking and snorting, amid the renewed screams of the peacock and the shouts of the little boys who had congregated about.

> "And one and all aloud declare
> 'Twas a fit sight for country fair,
> Far better than a dancing bear."

The kennel reached, the pack were soon round Pigg's horse's heels, and after a few consequential cracks of his whip, and cries of "Go on, hounds! go on! *to him! to him!*" from Benjamin, as they proceeded through the streets, they cleared the town and entered upon the hedge-rows of the country.

* * * *

"A nice*ish* lot of hounds," observed Ego, casually, as he brought his horse alongside James Pigg, "to look him over," as he calls it; and Pigg, instead of capping him, gave him a most unceremonious stare.

"A d—d *nice* pack! ar should say," replied Pigg.

"Humph!" said Ego to himself, "a rummish genius this, I guess—I am POM-PO-NIUS EGO," observed he, with an air of annihilation.

"Sae they say," replied Pigg. "What's your cracks?"

"What's your *whats?*" repeated Ego to himself, without being able to hit off the scent. "Who told you I was Ego?" inquired he, after a pause, during which he kept scrutinising Pigg.

Pigg. — "Whe tell't me? Why, Jorrocks! Whe else should?"

"*Whe else should!*" repeated Ego, in disgust, "you're a pretty fellow for a huntsman."

"Well, my frind, and vot do you think of the 'ounds?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, riding up and interrupting the dialogue. "Some of the real sort here — all workmen — no skirtin', babblin' beggars kept for show, merely because they are 'andsome—'andsome is wot 'andsome does, is my happhorism?"

"A very good motto, Mr. Jorrocks," observed Ego; "we shall see presently what they are made of. They seem a goodish sort of hound—level—but, if any thing, rather too full of flesh."

"A werry good fault, too, at this time of year, we shall soon work them fine enough," replied Mr. Jorrocks.

"As fine as Sam Nichol had his, eh? — that poor John Warde used to say a man had only to take his shaving-pot to the kennel, and scrape his beard with the back of a hound — *he, he, he!* good joke that, Mr. Jorrocks, eh?"

"Haw! haw! haw! werry good joke, Mr. Ego, werry good joke, indeed—have laughed at it *werry* often — werry old friend of yours and mine, that joke. S'pose it will be due again soon? Shall be ready to laugh at it again when it comes."

As they rode along, the spangled hedges dropped their jewels — the fields gradually resumed their pristine hue — and on reaching Bumpmead Heath, all nature smiled with the sweetness of premature spring. What a concourse was there! Flys, carriages, gigs, hunters, hacks, donkeys, all to see an author on horseback!

"There!" said Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to the field as they turned from the road and entered the wide expanding common, "wot an 'unt mine is! Shall present them to you in proper horder — largest subscribers first, and so on, down to the three-guinea coves. Yon bouy on the brown, that is fidgetin' about as though he didn't like his load, is Squire Barnington, the man wot wanted to be master; he gives fifty. My missis and his don't hit it, but we are werry good friends. Barnington!" holloaed Jorrocks to him, "come and be presented to the mighty Ego. This be him, with the bird's-eye fogle round his squeeze —coolish mornin' you see, and Egotists are scarce —keeps his throat warm." Mr. Barnington and Ego made mutual salutations with their hats. "Hooi, Fleecy!" roared Jorrocks to his secretary, who was poking his way among the group on a long-tailed rat of a white pony, with a slip of paper in his hand and a pencil between his teeth, "come and pay your dewours to Ego, the man wot

makes us all famous. This be my sec.," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Ego, adding, in a lower tone, "Does a little word-combin' himself at times—signs himself Junius Secundus—*you twig!*"

"Proud to make the personal acquaintance of Junius Secundus," observed Ego, bowing and laying his hand upon his breast. Fleeceall brings his hat in contact with his heel.

"This is old Barleycorn," observed Mr. Jorrocks, stopping a jolly-looking farmer, in dark clothes, on a good-looking brown horse; "A werry good friend to 'unting—always goes first over his own wheat."

Pomponius Ego vouchsafed him a bow.

"Now, Fleecy," said Mr. Jorrocks, turning to his secretary, "'ow do the chaps buck up the blunt now that they 've got wot they want in the way of an 'untsman?"

"Why, only very middling, I'm sorry to say," replied the secretary. "Somehow or other, I never can find a man with any money in his pocket. It's always, 'Oh, I'll pay you next time we meet,' or, 'I suppose you'll be out on Monday, when I will bring my subscription,'—but the happy day never comes. Now, there is Mr. Gibbs coming up, as though the county was all his own," pointing to a stylish young gentleman cantering along on a dun cover hack, attired in a spic and span new scarlet coat, with patent

leather fisherman boots coming over his knees, and puffing large clouds of smoke from a cigar as he went; "he is down for twenty guineas, and I carn't get a halfpenny of it." Just then Mr. Gibbs, spying the master as he cantered along, pulled *short* up, and taking his cigar from his lips, accosted Mr. Jorrocks with—

"Holloa! good morning—how are ye, old boy?"

Mr. Jorrocks deigned no answer.

"Here's a fine hunting morning, Mr. Jorrocks," he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone.

"A werry *bad* 'unting mornin,' I should say," replied Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, and unconsciously spurring his horse, who was fidgeting about, from the effects of the ginger.

"A good scenting one, at all events, I should think," resumed the youngster, looking rather disconcerted.

"A werry *bad* scentin' one, I should say," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, ramming the spurs into his horse, which the animal acknowledged by a sudden and desperate kick, which fairly sent our master over its head.

Great was the consternation! Ego, Fleeceall, Gibbs, Barnington, and half-a-dozen more, all leaped off their horses at once, while Gibbs caught the hat and wig, and was loud in the expression of his hope that Mr. Jorrocks was not hurt.

"*Hurt!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, his eyes sparkling with rage, as he scrambled up and replaced his lost head-gear, "*hurt*, sir," he repeated, looking as though he would eat him, "*no, sir—not at all—rather the contrary!*"

Our hero, however, having fallen both clean and soft, and having vented his anger upon his non-paying subscriber, things soon resumed their right course, and after a few more presentations, preparations began to be made for throwing off.

South Grove, as our readers may remember, was the scene of Mr. Jorrocks' former bag-fox exploit, and was well adapted for such experiments. It was a long wood of stately oak, running parallel with the Appledove Road, for about a mile, the wood widening into something like twelve acres towards the middle. The other side was bounded by Bumpmead Heath, and the country around was of that undulating nature, that requires a man to lie close with hounds, or run a chance of losing them. From South Grove to Doitwich, the nearest cover, was four miles, as the crow flies, but a judicious winding of certain irregularities of surface would not only lengthen it into five or six miles, but also draw one bottomless brook twice into the run. Another great advantage it possessed for Mr. Jorrocks was, that sundry bridle-roads all made for the next cover, and yet each by itself appearing to lead in dif-

ferent directions, no one who did not know them would think of following him.

Having paid his respects to the ladies in the flys, and had a final confab with Pigg, Mr. Jorrocks looked at his watch, and seeing it was twenty minutes past eleven, screwed up his courage, and gave the word for throwing off.

"But where's Mr. Ego?" inquired he, looking around.

"He's just trotted back to the Cock-and-Bottle," replied Mr. Fleeceall, "but will be here directly."

"Vot can he want at the Cock-and-Bottle?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks. "He dosen't need any more jumpin' powder than he has in his pocket, surely!"

"No," replied Mr. Fleeceall, "but in looking into his silver sandwich-box just now, he found they had not put any mustard between the beef and bread, and he carn't eat it that way he says. He will be back directly, I dare say — yonder he comes, indeed!"

"Now let's be doin', Pigg," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as Ego neared them; "Binjimin, *mind your eye!* Marmeylad, you know!"

"*Gently*, hounds!" roared Pigg, as they approached the cover, and wanted to dash at the spot they took the scent up on the former occasion. "*Have a care*, all on you!" with a crack of his whip, as they reached the hedge.

"*Yooi, over in then!*" cheered Pigg, cap in hand, seeing they were bent upon breaking away. "*Yooi, over in!*" and every hound dashes into cover, with rather more music than strict etiquette would allow.

"*Beautiful!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, fist in side, hoping Ego might not hear the riot. "Unkimmun heager certain*lie*. Now, Mr. Ego, look out for the find. They'll drag up to him with all this rind, or whatever you call the stuff," knocking some of it off the bushes with his whip. "*Have at him* there, Manager, old man! Undeniable 'ound that," turning to Ego, and pointing out a black and tan dog; "ven he begins to speak, you may look arter your silver sandwich-box,—haw! haw! haw!"

"*Hoic in! hoic in!*" cheered Pigg along the ride, chuckling at the trick he was going to play. "Have at him, Crowner!" (Coroner) "good dog! Yooi! wind him, Lousey!" (Louisa) "good bitch! Have at him there, all on ye, and mind skeul-maister 's lookin'," turning to Pomponius Ego with a grin, and saying, "Bain't that *industry?*"

* * * *

"*Tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!*" screamed Benjamin from the thickest part of the cover, as though he were getting murdered.

"*Hoic, holloa! hoic, holloa! hoic, holloa!*" exclaimed Ego, in the most orthodox style.

"*A, how-way, canny man! how-way!*" roared

Pigg, gathering up his reins and ramming his spurs into his horse. "*How-way, ar say!* dinna stand blairin' there! Whativer ye de, keep the Tambourine a roulin' (rolling)."

Away tore Pigg to the holloa, through bogs, briars, bushes, and brambles, followed by Ego; and now the full music of the pack proclaims the finding of the drag. There is a tremendous scent, for though it has laid an hour it is strong enough to last a week. Round they go, full swing, every hound throwing his tongue, and making the old wood echo with their melody.

"They'll kill him in cover," observed Ego, taking out his watch. "Beckford 's wrong about scent never lying with a white frost. I'll write an article to prove it." A momentary check ensues—the drag has been lifted.

"Killed for a crown!" exclaims Ego, with delight.

"Niver sick a thing!—niver sick a thing!" retorts Pigg with a grin.

* * * *

Now they are on him again, and the old oaks seem to shake with the melody.

* * * *

"Is he a big 'un, Ben?" inquires Pigg, as they meet at the junction of the rides.

"*Uncommon!*" exclaims Benjimin, gasping for breath.

"Aye, but we'll bucket him," responded Pigg, turning his quid in his mouth; adding, "ar'll be the death of a shillin', ony how!"

It's near leaving time, and Mr. Jorrocks and the field come up in long drawn file. The worthy M. F. H. all excitement and agitation.

"Oh!" exclaims he, dropping his ponderous whip down his leg with heavy crash, "if we do but manish it, 'ow 'appy I shall be! My vig, they're away!"

Affable and Mercury top the fence out of cover, and the whole pack follow with desperate velocity. One twang of his horn is all Pigg gives, and then sticking it into his boot, he gets out of cover, hustles his horse, and settles himself into his seat. Away they go, up a long grass field by the side of the cover, scent breast high, the pack running almost mute, and the slow ones beginning to tail.

Pomponius Ego having got a good start, begins to spur, and passes Pigg in his stride, singing out,

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

A stiff fence, with a strongly made-up gap, brings him up short, and turning to Pigg, he holloas out,—

"I'll hold your horse if you'll pull it down!"

"*Ar niver gets off!*" replies James, flying over the fence.

A gap at the end by the wood lets Ego through, and away he strides after Pigg, as hard as ever his horse can lay legs to the ground. Three or four more large enclosures are sped over without any change of position, the hounds going best pace all the time.

"Sink him, but he's made it o'er strang!" exclaimed Pigg to himself, thinking of the drag; "ar wish they main't beat us," looking at the hounds running away from them.

* * * *

A hat held against the clear blue sky proclaims the line over the hill.

"That's the way on him," exclaims Pigg, pointing to the holloa.

"Curse the fellow!" replies Ego; "he'll have headed him to a certainty," inwardly rejoicing at the thoughts of a check.

On they go, at a pace truly awful. The drag has never been lifted till within a few yards of the holloa on the hill, and the rising ground tells on the heaving horses. Now they have a check, and on ploughed land, too. The hounds dash towards the fence beyond, and swing their cast without a whimper.

Pigg sits like a statue, giving his horse the wind, his eagle eye fixed upon the pack. They throw up; and now he takes out his horn, gives one blast, and in an instant the pack are with him.

"I'll lay my life he's headed back!" exclaims Ego. "That confounded fool on the hill did all the mischief. Do for once try back, as Beckford says."

"Forroard yonder, to the left of the harrow," whispers a confidant to James Pigg, "then along the bottom of the next grass field, and straight over Ulveston Pasture and Bysplit, to the back of the red house yonder."

"That can *never* be the line!" exclaims Ego, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "None but a born idiot would make such a cast—in the very teeth of the wind, too!"

"How-way, canny man!" exclaims Pigg, pointing to Priestess, hitting off the scent; "*how way*, ar say; what! hast getten *ne mair ink i' pen!*"

Away they go, at best pace as before, but a lane at the bottom of a turnip-field, a mile or two farther on, again brings them up.

This check joins heads and tails. Mr. Jorrocks, who has come pounding along, in a state of desperate excitement, through his pet line of gates, jumps with his man at a point in the lane where the drag has crossed. Both are in such a stew, that Mr. Jorrocks can only articulate, "Headies! 'ow they go!" and Pigg, all anxiety to get his hounds across before the tail comes up, exclaims, "*Had bye, ard man!*" The

tobacco-juice streams down his chin, and his lank hair floats on the breeze as, bare-headed, he caps the hounds over into the field. They are now upon grass again. The scent lies parallel with the lane, and Mr. Jorrocks, whose horse and whose self are nearly pumped out, keeps in the road, followed by a heterogeneous tail of mud-stained horsemen. The aspirants for fame stick to the hounds, and follow them into every field.

Nothing can be finer than the line! Large grazing grounds, some forty, none less than twenty acres, are sped over, and twice Dribbleford Brook comes in the way for those whose ambition is waterproof. What a scene!—what blobbing in and scrambling out; what leavings of hind legs, and divings for whips, sticks, and cigar-cases!

"If this don't 'stonish old Ego," says Mr. Jorrocks to himself, "there arn't no halligators! Come hup, you hugly beast!" he added to his horse, spurring and kicking him into a canter.

The hounds bend again to the right, the stain of cattle rather slackens their pace, and some heavy fallows at length bring their heads to the ground. "'Eavens be praised!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, easing his horse, and eyeing them topping the fence between the pasture and arable land: "we may now have a little breathin' time, and see

if they can 'unt as well as run. Oh, the beauties, 'ow they spread! one, two, three, and now altogether—oh, beautiful! beautiful! He's hup the furrow. Where's Ego?"

And echo answered, "Where?"

Mr. Jorrocks is right. The mock "thief o' the world" has gone up the wet furrow, to the injury of the firm of Herring and Aniseed, who carry on business very languidly. Old Priestess's unerring nose alone keeps the pack on the line. Pigg, however, is at hand, with a good idea of the run of his fox, and now carries away a rood of fence as he crashes into the field to his hounds. His horse's neck begins to stiffen, and there have been one or two ominous rattles in his throat, but Pigg hustles him along, and casts his hounds forward to Sywell Wood. What a crash! The feeble whimper that barely owned the scent is changed into a full and melodious chorus; every hound throws his tongue, and echo answers them a hundred-fold! *There's a rare scent!*

The cover being open at the bottom, the hounds are quickly through, and Pigg, catching Benjamin at the far end, pulls him off his horse, and makes a fresh start on the boy's.

Grass again greets the pack. The red-topped house is neared, and the scent improves. The hounds run stout, though, perhaps, not carrying

quite so good a head as might have been desirable, had Ego been near. On they go; and now a sudden check ensues at the corner of the stack-yard. The music that lately rent the air is lulled, the hounds having made a rocket-like cast, stand staring with their heads in the air.

"*Who hoop, gone to ground!*" exclaims some one in the rear, anxious for a termination of the enjoyment.

"*Not a bit of it,*" replies Mr. Jorrocks, knowing better. "'OLD 'ARD!" roars he to the forward roadsters, who are now getting among the hounds. "You 'air-dresser on the chesnut!" holloaing to a gentleman with very big whiskers; "PRAY 'OLD 'ARD!"

"HAIR-DRESSER!" exclaims the gentleman, turning short round; "I'm an officer in the ninety-first regiment!"

"Then you hofficer in the ninety-first regiment, wot looks like an 'air-dresser, 'old 'ard," replied Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on, adding most unconcernedly, "*Cast 'em forrard, Pigg!*"

On goes Pigg, making good the line the warmint should have taken. Not a hound speaks!—all mute as death.

"*Werry rum, Pigg,*" said Mr. Jorrocks significantly to his huntsman, as the latter trotted round with his hounds; "werry rum—for once cast back—clear the way there, gen'lemen, if

you please, who knows but you are right upon the scent!" cried Mr. Jorrocks to the horsemen who were clustering about, thinking of any thing but what they ought.

That would not do.

"Oh dear! oh dear! that's bad," said Mr. Jorrocks to James Pigg; "where can the fool have gone?"

We may here state, that Giles Gilbert the farmer having seen Pigg and his comrade setting out the line, and not exactly relishing their progress over his wheat a little farther on, had watched Maltby's coming, and seizing him, drag and all, had stowed him away in his cellar.

"Ar mun just try to cross the line on him," observed Pigg, pulling his horn out of his boot, and giving it a twang; "put hunds forrard 'ard, man," said he to his master, trotting on, and blowing as he went.

"Who ever saw such a cast?" exclaimed Ego, who had now got draggled up; "your huntsman must be mad, Mr. Jorrocks!"

"I'll lay a guinea 'at he recovers his fox for all that," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a good deal more confidence than he felt.

"If he does I'll eat him!" rejoined Pomponius Ego, with an air of importance.

This prediction, coming from so high an authority, combined with a little natural inclination,

had the effect of stopping the majority of a pretty well exhausted field, who all clustered round Ego to relate their daring leaps, in hopes of monthly immortality. "I leapt Dribbleford Brook." "I charged the ox-fence on the far side." "I never left the hounds." "I did this —I did that!" Ambitious men!

With fear and anxiety on each face, Pigg and his master bumped on in hopes of hitting off the scent. Mr. Jorrocks was in a desperate stew.

"Oh, Pigg!" exclaimed he, as they got out of hearing, "I'd give the world to finish with blood. If you could but manish to kill him, 'ow gratefully obleged I should be to you and your heirs for ever! You shall drink brandy out of a pint-pot for breakfast, dinner, and supper!"

"Ye said a *quart!*" observed the man of the north, eyeing his hounds.

Jorrocks.—"Did I? I'll be as good as my word."

Pigg.—"Ords wuns, ard man, fetch hunds on; does think thou ard gouk, ar can hit him off o' mysel'?" looking back at the hounds all straggling behind Mr. Jorrocks's horse.

Mr. Jorrocks pockets the rebuke, and bestirs himself to get the hounds on to his huntsman, Pigg trots on, letting them feel for the scent as they go.

His eagle eye lights up, as a hat is waved by the windmill on the rising ground.

"Yonder he is!" exclaims Pigg with delight.

"Vere?" inquires Mr. Jorrocks, all eyes, like Gabriel Junks's tail.

Pigg spurs his horse, and trots on to the holloa.

It is the man who has been waiting in anxious expectation, and has just shook the fox.

After staring about, Reynard proceeds from a crawl to a trot, and then sets his head for the vale, from which the hounds have just come.

Pigg views him stealing past a plantation end, and lays his hounds quietly on; they quickly take up the scent.

A stranger in the land, the fox goes stoutly down wind, with the hounds too near to give him much chance for his life. As if anxious for the promotion of the sport, he makes for the vale, and the pack come swinging down the hill in view of the field planted below. Fresh ardour is caught at the sight! Those who ridiculed the cast are now loudest in its praise. They reach the bottom, and fox and hounds are in the same field. Now they view him! How they strain! It's a beautiful sight. Old Priestess is tailed off, and Rummager falls into the rear. Ah, age! age! Now Vanquisher turns him, and races with Dexterous for the seize! Who-hoop! Fox and hounds roll over together!

Now Pigg crushes through the Bullfinch at the far end, followed by Mr. Jorrocks, who doesn't even ask "What there's on t'other side?" Master and man race for the brush, but Pigg throws himself from his horse, and has the fox high in air just as the field come up in the opposite direction. What delight is in every countenance! There is Pigg holding the fox above his head, grinning and gaping, with his cap on one side, his white neckcloth-ends flying out, and a coat-lap torn to ribands. Mr. Jorrocks gets off his horse, and, throwing his hat in air, catches it again, and then kicks the crown out, while his heaving horse stretches and shakes himself after his unwonted exertion. Lather! lather! lots of lather! Even Benjamin catches the infection, and whoops and holloas at the top of his voice.

Up comes Ego, and Mr. Jorrocks, with brush in one hand and crownless hat in the other, greets him on one leg, waving the proud trophy about, and hurraying at the top of his voice, "*Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!* Allow me, Mr. Pomponius Ego," says he, "to present you with the brush of the werry gamest old thief o' the world whatever was seen. Time, one hour and twenty minutes, with only one check—distance, wot you please to call it. Am sorry you wern't hup to see the darlin's run into the warmint! Did it in style!

"Never were sich a pack as mine; best 'ounds in England!—best 'ounds in Europe!—best 'ounds in Europe, Hasia, Hafrica, or 'Merica!" So saying, Mr. Jorrocks, resuming his equilibrium, presented Ego with the brush, who received it with laudable condescension.

"Now, vot will you do?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks; "eat your sandwiches and find another fox, or eat your sandwiches and cut away 'ome?"

"Why, for my part, I should like to try again," replied Ego; "but I fear your horse's condition is hardly equal to another burst; added to which, there's a frost in the air that will harden the ground, and, perhaps, damage your hounds' feet. I think, perhaps, we had better leave well alone."

"So be it," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Here, then, you chap with the bandy legs!" calling to a knock-kneed lad on the other side of the ring; "*fa*tch me my 'at-crown, the cold strikes through my coacoa-nut." Having got it, Mr. Jorrocks stuck the crown in the best way he could, and, remounting his horse, returned to Handley Cross in state, and great exultation.

CHAPTER XII.

"And stands a critic hated yet caressed?"

After many prefatory twangs of his trumpet, the following account of the run at length appeared in the "Sporting Review," to which periodical the celebrated Pomponius Ego suddenly transferred his contributions. Alack the day that as suddenly saw him retransfer them to the "New Sporting Magazine!"

"A Day with Mr. Jorrocks' Hounds:

BY

POMPONIUS EGO.

"All the world, of course, has heard of the renowned John Jorrocks — renowned as a citizen — renowned as a wit, — and renowned as a sportsman; but all the world may not know, until I have the pleasure of proclaiming it, that I have lately done Mr. Jorrocks the honour of pay-

ing him a visit at Handley Cross Spa. But a few words by way of introduction: I first became acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks at a soapy-tailed pig-hunt, at Moulsey Hurst, which I attended for the purpose of furnishing an original article on our great national sports and pastimes for the 'Encyclopedia,' the 'Quarterly Review,' all the Sporting Magazines, and 'Fraser's' and 'Blackwood's;' and liking Mr. Jorrocks's looks, I entered into conversation with him, without his having the slightest idea who I was. I met him subsequently at our excellent friend Ackermann's, when, on a regular introduction, he fully developed that sensation of reverential awe that necessarily pervades even the most obtuse when suddenly ushered into the presence of transcendent genius, that—is,—*me*. Of Mr. Jorrocks's early life, habits, tastes, pursuits, &c., I would gladly furnish the numerous readers of the 'Sporting Review' with some account, but unfortunately it does not lie in my power to accomplish so desirable an object. Many of my readers will doubtless ask why not? I answer them, because I do not know any thing! Of his present fame, however, there is no doubt; and if he owes his position in the commercial world solely to the efforts of his own head, who will deny that it does him very great credit? An English merchant, in my eyes, is one of the most honourable and enviable

of men. '*Stat nominis umbra*,' as the elegant Junius writes, for his name is in a blaze of light. Though some may affect to decry the lustre of civic honour, such sentiments meet with no response in the breast of Ego, who knows what is estimable in commerce as well as in cover. But to my point.

"One day, as I was polishing off, and weaving the quotations into an admirable article on the breed of the unadulterated 'Genuine Jack-Ass,' which many of the readers of this 'Review' will doubtless anxiously look for, I received an invitation from Mr. Jorrocks to inspect the Handley Cross hounds, of which I need hardly inform my readers he is the master. Now, this offer was very kind, and I will briefly explain why it was so. In the first place, Mr. Jorrocks being a master of hounds, will naturally be supposed to have to mount his own men, and offering me the loan of a horse under such circumstances, converted such a favour into a double obligation. But have I no other reason for expressing myself in this manner? Undoubtedly I have. He accompanied the offer with an invitation to stay with him. Could I be so unwise as to neglect such an invitation? No; for in the language of the classic moralist—I feel

'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!'

I regret that it was not in my power to go to

him overnight, or I should doubtless have been able to present my numerous readers with many excellent *jeu d'esprits*, or *bon mots*, from the lips of this amiable man; but I hope the following sketch of our day's sport will make some atonement for the omission.

"The meet was on Bumpmead Heath, a choice fixture, but though it has the reputation of never failing to shew sport, I could discern on mine host's countenance, as we rode along, an evident anxiety for the result. His conversation, as we proceeded, became strangely monosyllabic, and seeing little probability of getting what we call 'a rise' out of him, I trotted on to have a little chat with his huntsman, a fellow of the appropriate name of Hogg. But what an example of a man was he! A great, lanky, hungry, ill-conditioned, raw-boned Borderer, speaking a language formed of the worst corruptions of Scotch and English, intelligible only to a master of languages like myself—a man devoid of the slightest idea of civility or respect, and whose manner would have baffled any one who was to be borne down by impudent assurance. Thank God, however, such is not the case with Pomponius Ego!

> 'Yet if my name were liable to fear
> I do not know the man I should avoid
> So soon as that spare Cassius.'

Still fame will work its way, and even the illiterate loggerhead, for I question if the fellow can

write his own name, knew and venerated the name of Ego. May not I, then, without incurring the charge of vanity, exclaim with the ancient philosopher—

'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

I think I may!

"From the appearance of early morning I feared we should not have been able to hunt, so keen was the frost at the dawn; but the genial influence of an extremely powerful sun dispelled all fears, and before we reached the place of meeting, the country had quite laid aside its coat of white. I thought, what language can elevate the charms of Nature, and exclaimed, with the Tuscan poet—

'Difficile est propria communia dicere.'

Prior to throwing off, Mr. Jorrocks presented the principal members of his hunt to me, and, I am sorry to add, that he was also thrown off himself, by his horse pitching him over its head—an accident which I saw once occur to my friend Count Pitchinstern, at his *château* one morning, when I was chatting, with the charming countess on my arm. I also remember, many years ago, as my readers may suppose it is, when I say it was in the days of Mr. Corbet, in Warwickshire, seeing Will Barrow, his huntsman—and a better never

cheered hound — get precisely a similar fall, at the same time of day, just as he was turning his horse's head for the cover, and strange to say, I observed Mr. Jorrocks acted just as Will did on that occasion — he scrambled up as quick as he could, and remounted his horse.

"It may be well, perhaps, that I at once give the names of the principal sportsmen, who were assembled on this interesting occasion. They are as follows: — Mr. Snoggins, Mr. Hoggins, Mr. Foggins, Mr. Woggans, Mr. Doggans, Mr. Loggans, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Tobbs, Mr. Cobbs, and Mr. Gobbs, from the city of Gloucester.

"Now, then, for the sport! We quickly found our fox, and the scent being good, he soon saw it prudent to leave the cover and try his fortune in the open. The hounds got well together, and every thing seemed indicative of sport, when one of those 'untoward events,' to which all countries are liable, occurred, and completely changed the aspect of affairs. The fox was shamefully headed by a man at work, forced from his line—one of the best he could possibly have selected — and driven upon ground all foiled with the stain of sheep and cattle. Seeing what had occurred, I pulled up in perfect despair, and almost vowed I would never come out hunting again. How strange it is that men will hoop and holloa when

they see a fox, as though their lives depended on this exercise of their lungs! I have often meditated a paper upon holloas, and the events of this day made me more resolved to execute the intention than ever. The readers of this 'Review' may now look for its appearance.

"All prospect of sport being unhappily annihilated, I complacently resigned my place of leader of the front rank, and contented myself with trotting quietly on, and observing the performances of the others. Of those who went well, I may particularly mention a Cheshire gentleman, of large fortune, by the name of Barnington, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making some years since in Oxfordshire, when the late Sir Thomas Mostyn hunted the country Mr. Drake now has, and I was happy to see that the fine hand and nerve he then possessed, had matured, with experience, into the formation of a good sportsman. Mr. Barnington asked me to dine and stay all night at his house, which, I was given to understand, is the best in Handley Cross — every thing done in the most elegant style, which I so greatly admire — and kindly accompanied the invitation with the offer of a mount the next day the hounds went out; but the duties of preparing this article imperatively recalled me to my desk, at home. But did Mr. Barnington do nothing else for me? I answer

yes; he gave me some gingerbread-nuts! Unexampled kindness! He would seem to have sat for the picture so felicitously hit off by the ancient bard,—

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer!'

"But I fancy I hear some of your readers exclaiming '*Get forrard, Ego; get forrard*;' or you will be having the editor of the 'New Sporting Magazine' flanking you again.' I answer, that I do not care a *sou* for the editor of the 'New Sporting Magazine.' I will, however, dismiss this subject in a few words. After a good deal of cold and slow hunting, we at last worked up to the fox, and Mr. Jorrocks most politely presented me with the brush.

"*The Dinner.*—At five o'clock precisely, for no man is more punctual than Mr. Jorrocks, I found myself comfortably seated with my legs under his mahogany, in a delightful little party formed of my estimable host and his lady, a very Venus, and suggesting, by her complexion, the words of the Poet of Love, '*ut flos*,' &c. Miss Belinda Jorrocks, their niece, a most lovely and fascinating young creature, the Diana of private life, 'rosy, with dew,' as Moore says. Mr. James Stubbs, a Yorkshire gentleman—heir, I understand, to a pretty fortune, and who was evidently making love to Miss Belinda, and another gentle-

man of the name of Smith,* or Smyth, but which it was, I regret to say, I am unable to state.

"We had an excellent repast, in the old English style, of abundant profusion, which I so greatly admire—pig at the top, pig at the bottom, and myself on one side—turkey to remove one and a couple of hares to supplant the other. For side dishes, there were what I never saw before in any country—a round of beef, cut in two, one half placed on each side of the table; on inquiry, I found it was to get the real juicy part of the beef, without the salt. In addition to these, there were two pork-pies.

"But my readers will naturally inquire, 'Had you, Ego, with all this eating, any thing like drinking in proportion?' Oh, indeed, I answer yes—*Oceans of Port!* We drank 'Fox-hunting' again, and again, and again. In short, whenever my inestimable host found himself at a loss for a joke, a toast, or a sentiment, he invariably exclaimed, 'Come, Mr. Ego, let's drink Fox-'untin' again!' Particulars I will not enter into, but I may be allowed to speak of myself. I paid such devo-

* "Being always most anxious for the accuracy of my statements, I have written twice to Mr. Jorrocks, to inquire which it was, but regret to add, that up to this time, the 25th of the month, I have not yet received an answer. Should it not arrive in time for insertion in the 'Review' this month, my readers may rely upon its appearing in 'Bell's Life.'—P. E."

tion to Bacchus, that I fancied I became the God myself! Ego's forehead fancied the vine-crown around it! But he trusts he never, in his moments of deepest hilarity, forgot what was due to beauty and moral worth! Yet, the wine in— well may we say with the Augustan classic,—

> 'Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
> Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
> Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.'

"Any particulars of the establishment of so celebrated a gentleman as Mr. Jorrocks, will, I am sure, be interesting to the innumerable readers of the 'Sporting Review,' I may, therefore, mention the first thing that occurred to me on returning to sensibility on the following morning. I was lying tossing and tumbling about in a very nice French bed, with white furniture, with a splitting headach, from my over-night's Anacreonism, as Moore elegantly calls it, when a gentle tap at my door first drew my attention to the fact that I was not, as I fancied, in the Calais packet, off Dover. 'Come in!' at length I cried, after the knock had been more than once repeated, and in obedience to the order, little Benjamin, Mr. Jorrocks's 'buoy' of all work, presented himself at my bed-side. His whole person was enveloped in an old faded green baize apron, but there was no mistaking the rogueish *ginnified*

countenance that appeared above it, even if he had suffered his tongue to lie dormant, which was not the case.

"'I say, governor!' exclaimed he, in that slangy, saucy dialect, peculiar to the lower orders in London, 'Betsy complains!'

"'Sirrah! Remember what the Latian said!—

> 'Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur iambus,
> Pes citus.'

"'Hold your tongue!' cried I.

"Benjamin was struck with the language.

"'What business have you here?'

"'Vot business have I here? I'll tell you vot business I have here,' said he. 'The ould 'un' (meaning Mr. Jorrocks), 'bid me say, if your coppers were 'ot, you might have one of his Sizeley (Seidlitz) pooders,' producing a box as he spoke.

"Mr. Jorrocks, however, I suppose, gets Benjamin on such terms as makes it convenient for him to put up with his impudence, as on no other score can I reconcile the idea of his keeping such a scoundrel. One word more relative to Mr. Jorrocks, and, for the present, I take leave of my most respected friend. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that prior to Mr. Jorrocks becoming master of the Handley Cross Fox Hounds, his amiable lady and he did not live

upon the most amicable terms, and frequent feuds disturbed the serenity of Great Coram Street. Since he got them, all goes on smoothly and well. Mrs. Jorrocks identifies herself with the sports of her husband, and not unfrequently graces the field in a fly. Is not this a compliment to hunting; and may not I, the chosen, the only *real* historian of the chase, take some little credit to myself for the accomplishment of so desirable an object?

"I think I may!

"POMPONIUS EGO!"

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